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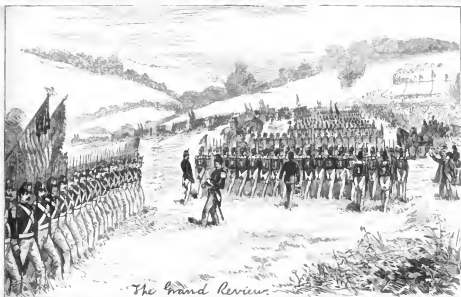




























GROUP OF SANSUCK DEBARS.—(Photographed by W. R. Jackson.)

## INDIAN TROUBLES.

THE outbreak of the Sansuck and other Indians living on the Hall Reservation has, without question, been provoked by the capricious and bad faith of the white agents. Mr. Foss, the Delegate in Congress from Idaho Territory, asserts that these Indians have been robbed of their annuities, and made desperate by wanton oppression. Rising at last of obtaining redress, they began several months ago to make preparations for war. About the middle of last May a large proportion of the

Sansuck went to Pocatello Valley and Big Camas Prairie, the usual resort of the Indians of all South-west Idaho. A large portion of the Indians from Fort Hall Agency and a portion of the Indians from Malheur Agency, in Oregon, assembled at Big Camas Prairie and in its vicinity. These included many of the small bands of Indians scattered over Southern Idaho. Soon after their arrival they began killing stock, and made hostile demonstrations in the vicinity of Big Camas Prairie. On the 25th of May they killed the first settlers, and so the threatened war began.

Mr. Foss further says, in regard to their plan of operations, that they have selected for their present field of action a locality very easy of access, approaching in natural means of penetration the best lands of the Indians. It is broken up by deep canyons and gulches, and so it affords natural defenses almost insuperable. It can be defended by the Indians against greatly superior forces.

The Sansucks are a small tribe of Shoshone stock, who roam over the desert plains of Idaho and portions of the surrounding Territories. They were first found about the Blue Mountains. In

1855 BOWENVILLE met them on the Snake River, near the mouth of the Fortness. He described them as "numbering about 120 lodges. They are brave and cunning warriors, and deadly foes of the Blackfeet, whom they easily overcame in battle when their forces are equal. They are not vengeful and enterprising in warfare, however, seldom sending parties to attack the Blackfoot towns, but contenting themselves with defending their own territory and homes." These Indians have enjoyed a reputation for friendliness toward the whites, and but for the rapacity and dishonest



LAVA BEDS, IDAHO.—(Photographed by W. R. Jackson.)

## THE INDIAN TROUBLES.



"NEXT TIME."

dealings of agents and centers their powerful attitude would never have been detected.

The latest intelligence, at the time of writing, is that the *Bassania*, in conjunction with the *Pteron*, have gathered in a corner of Oregon, between Rose City, Hahn, and Winesboro, Nevada. They are divided into several bands, widely separated, and if they can be prevented from finding forest, they will be unable to do mischief on a large scale. Isolated sections, however, have been driven from their homes or murdered, and many are threatening their farms as the frontier and seeking the shelter of the forts. The Indians are in a country where they can choose their own ground. They are familiar with every mark and corner of the territory over which they are ranging, and the small but potent forces on which the clearest evidence rely for protection labor under immense disadvantages in the pursuit. Our pictures of the region where hostilities have begun shows the difficulties of the country.

#### ANIMAL ENEMIES OF MAN.

None of the most powerful marauders upon human territory belong to the mollusks, or group of the true shell fish, and present themselves as near relatives of the system, usually, and their allies. The mollusks which become of interest to man are either as a gastronomic menu passage, like the *Scapharca*, or a similar shell, or one consisting of two halves. In the first of man's molluscan enemies to which we may direct attention the shell is of small size and so far from lacking the body of the animal, appears to exist merely as an appendage to man's anatomy, like, for want of a better term, we may say the head, although, as every one knows, no distinct head exists in the center and its kind. Suppose that from the head curvature, bearing its two small shells, a long worm-like or tubular body is extruded, and we may then form a rough and ready but correct idea of the appearance of the famous "ship-worm."

—the *Teredos* of the mariners. This animal was first styled the "ship-worm" by Linnaeus and his contemporaries, and in truth it resembles a worm more than a shell fish neighbor. As a worm, indeed, it was at first classified by naturalists. But subsequent to anatomical science are so deceptive as they are known proverbially to be in common life, and the progress of research afterward duly discovered beneath the worm-like guise of the *Teredos* all the characters of a true mollusk. The long body of the mollusk simply consists of the breathing tubes, by which a new life is introduced in the gills, being extremely developed, the body proper being represented by the small portion beneath the two small shells or attached.

The importance of the ship-worm arises from the use it makes of these apparently insignificant shells, as a boring apparatus; and any one who visits a harbor on a coast where an ocean steamer or a small boat is at anchor will find the ship-worm has had to see his eyes to secure himself of the attack

and perforation of the ship-worm's labors. Plores of drift wood may be seen to be literally drilled by these mollusks which live in the harbors, they thus penetrate. Each habitation is further secured by the fact that a layer formed by the mollusk body, and the boring for the most part is noted to proceed in the direction of the grain of the wood. The little excavator turns aside in its course, however, when it meets with a knot in the wood, and an iron nail appears of all things to be the ship-worm's greatest obstacle—a fact which has been taken advantage of by way of securing to work of destruction.

Linnaeus long ago designated the ship-worm as the *teredo navalis*, and although perhaps the expression as applied to ship is somewhat far-fetched—more in the case of broken-down hulks—and utterly laughable in the case of new, there can be little doubt that, regarded merely from a practical point, and, like the *teredo*, the ship-worm is unquestionably a nuisance prevented. By 41











"A BULL-FIGHT IN ANCIENT ROME."—[from a Picture by A. W. WOOD.]

## SOME PRECIOUS STONES.

PRECIOUS were the effects produced by certain precious stones; among others, the heliotrope had special virtues. It was called by the ancients the "Babylonian gem," and it rubbed over with the juice of the herb of its own name, it rendered the wearer infallible. In the Middle Ages the heliotrope which contained many red spots was highly valued, from a belief that the blood of Christ was diffused through the stone. The moon-stone was, as its name implies, valued from its supposed lunar influence. It is one of the prettiest, though most common, of precious stones in Ceylon. Piny describes it as containing an image of the moon, "which, if the moon be seen," he observes, "daily waxes or wanes, according to the state of that luminary." Chaldeans long about the rock dispersed and

now, and if a person carried one perforated, with the hope of an sea-ree through it, he would escape all dangers. Crystal dispelled witchcraft. The chrysoprase gladdened the heart. The chrysolite repelled phantoms, and, what was more remarkable, did people of their belief. The eyes in the Middle Ages were believed to prevent evil diseases by sight and lunatic by day. The gem was a charm of serpents and spiders, and was worn as a talisman in the Roman soldier; Burton, in *The Anatomy of Melancholy*, tells us that, "if hung about the neck, or taken to drink, it much refreshes sorrow and revivifies the heart." The same qualities were attributed to the beryl and topaz. The crystal has been the most popular of all amulet stones, a favorite name was the beryl, "which," says Aubrey, in his *Miscellanea*, "is a kind of crystal that has a weak influence of red; in this magicians use victims." The

crystal was to consecrate or "charge" them, as the modern term is, for which purpose set stones were used, which are described in Reginald Scott's *Discovery of Witchcraft*. The famous crystal of that prince of conjurers, Dr. Dee, is preserved in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford.

The properties of the ruby were well-known in ancient times; it was a panacea for all ailments, it had the power to, wherever worn, of discovering its presence by its heat, which would show through the thickest clothes. For this reason it was an infallible remedy for "all the ills that flesh is heir to." They called the Magi, as touching in Persia that stone could be evaded by burning again. The amethyst would prove a bane to modern supplies, if, as the ancients asserted, it prevented intoxication. The nephrite and the emerald strengthened the sight—a property said to have been also possessed by

the topazite; but it could confer a still more wonderful gift on its wearer: "Whatever," says Van Helmont, "wears a topazite, so that it or his gold setting touches the skin, may fall from any height, and the stone attracts to itself the whole force of the blow, so that it cracks, and the person is safe." The Romans regarded the diamond with superstitious reverence, and Piny tells us that it bore poison, keeps off enemies, and dispels vain dreams. Ben Jonson, alluding to the electric properties of the diamond, says: "It has an affinity for gold, small particles of which fly toward it." It is also wonderfully sought after by men, which could ever it so though they would swallow it up. A marvelous curative power was supposed to exist in a diamond belonging to the Rajah of Matsa, in the island of Sumatra; the Rajah believing that a drought of water in which it had been placed would cure every disease.



"ACQUITTED."





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THE NEW FLIGHT MACHINE.—Patented by Prof. [See Page 505.]







W. F. CARTER, THE CELEBRATED MARKSMAN.—(FURNISHED BY FARM.)

MRS. AGNES D. JENKS.  
(FURNISHED BY BARRY, WASHINGTON, D.C.)

## MRS. AGNES D. JENKS.

The coolness, self-possession, and pliant shrewdness displayed by this lady under the late assassination of General R. has before the House investigating committee have attracted attention all over the country, and there will be general interest in the portrait which we give of her. She is a lady of attractive appearance and fascinating manners. She is of medium height, and has a full figure, a bright round face, gray, expressive eyes, small mouth, brown hair, and regular features. Her hands are unusually small. She is about thirty-five years old, dresses plainly, and wears no jewelry. In her manners she was very delicate, and always ever-ready.

## A WONDERFUL MARKSMAN.

Dr. Curran, whose wonderful exploits with the rifle have excited admiration all over the country, was born at Saratoga, New York, in 1809. When

he was four years old his parents removed to Wisconsin. The following year they were killed by Indians, and the son was reared off by the Delawares, with whom he lived sixteen years. He was brought up with the Indians here, became an expert marksman with the bow and rifle, and by the time he was nine years old he skill was respected by the natives as something supernatural. He killed buffalo and deer, shooting from the top, and never missed the rifle in his eye when shooting at standing or flying game.

His marvellous skill at length attracted the attention of a white man named Swartz, who induced him to go to the Reservoir. Here for the purpose of shooting matches with the whites, he shot at different places along the river, creating great astonishment, and finally landed in the little town of Winona, Illinois. Here he got four years schooling, and learned to read and write. But a civilized life disagreed with him. He became restless, and finally went back to the plains and began killing buffalo for meat.



INACCUATING THE GLOBES FOURTH.—(DRAWN BY C. B. BIRNBAUM FROM A SKETCH BY H. S. CART.)





ARREST OF A PATRIOT—A REVOLUTIONARY INCIDENT.—[DRAWN BY E. A. ARNET.]

bet. He is inclined with killing more buffaloes than any man north of the Platte, shooting more of them with a rifle while his hands were on a dead tree.

After several years of wild life, full of stirring adventures, Carras went to San Francisco, where he endeavored to master the profession of detective. He soon, however, relapsed into his old habits, and returned about the country in search of game. His skill in shooting drew him into several matches with expert shots. In San Francisco he was matched in short glass balls with Francisco. The captain used a double-barreled shot gun, and the doctor a rifle. There were five matches in all. Each won one, and the other three were ties. His next match was for skin. He was to break 125 glass balls out of 200. He broke 161. Soon afterward he shot a match with James Breen, breaking 160 balls out of 200. Breen used a shotgun, and the doctor his rifle. Breen gave up the contest after scoring 90. On winning this match the doctor received a mag silver and gold badge, nearly as large as a shoulder plate, and fully as heavy. It is capped with the

image of a grizzly bear nearly two inches long, made of metal gold.

Dr. Carras won many other matches, which we have not space to describe. At Omaha he succeeded in breaking 1000 balls out of 1200, at two paces. At Iowa twelve or fifteen yards he will knock as many balls as one man can keep in the air, rebounding at every shot. He can throw two balls into the air at once, break one, rebound his rifle, and shatter the second before it reaches the ground. Dr. Carras generally uses a ten-pound Winchester rifle, with a 25-inch barrel and 44 caliber; but the pattern of the rifle makes little difference to him, provided it can be quickly loaded.

At Leavenworth, Indiana, he hit with a rifle-ball seven consecutive heads dollars thrown over a wire, and stopped shooting only when the thousand refused to risk their dollars. The doctor shoots at half dollars and dimes tossed in the air, and knows the spots out of which. He says that when a bullet strikes a nickel the coin bounces like a baseball, but the dime, quarter, dime, and

dollar make no noise, the bullet passing through them. Dr. Carras declares that he has broken glass balls while he was mounted and his horse was in the act of leaping a fence four feet high. He says that he never takes sight while shooting from the shoulder or from the hip. He can give no explanation, but says that it comes natural. Most of his matches have been shot at from 25 to twenty yards.

Dr. Carras is a handsome, well-proportioned man, six feet two inches high, and weighs 150 pounds. He has sandy hair, a red nose, a ruddy complexion, regular features, clear brown eyes, and a good-natured expression, and wears no other jewelry. He wears a broad-brimmed felt hat of a light color, and neither gloves nor necktie. While he takes a paragon's pride in exhibiting his medals, and does not hesitate to tell what he can do, he never refers to his exploits in a boastful manner.

This wonderful marksman, who is now in this city, intends to visit Europe some time in August and give exhibitions of his skill. On the ap-

proach of winter he will go to Africa to try his rifle on big game, and next afterward visit Australia on his way back to California.

#### FLYING MACHINES.

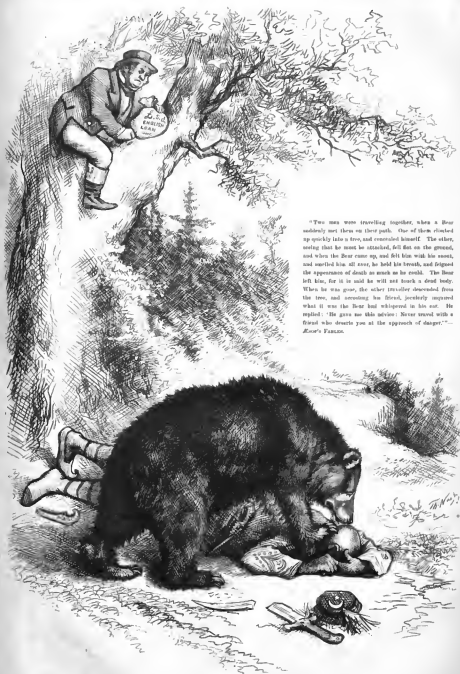
Gignas' stable poles in the Athenian museum, Dardanis, contemporary of Themistocles and Xanthos, is the inventor of the first flying machine. Col. Edward is positive from an artist and mechanical, the scientific story of his having crossed the Atlantic by means of wings of his own construction is but one of many instances in his inventive genius. Later on, the classical statue in many houses who were successful in navigating the air; but the accounts which carefully examined readily render themselves into exaggerated stories of facts performed on ropes, wings having been probably employed for the purpose of making the exhibition more attractive, or perhaps to render the performance less difficult by the resistance to the air. Other inventors we record







THE GREAT SOCIAL EVENT AT BLACKVILLE—THE WEDDING OF THE TWINS.—(Drawn by Geo. Eastman, Jr.)



"Two men were traveling together, when a Bear suddenly met them on their path. One of them climbed up quickly into a tree, and concealed himself. The other, seeing that he must be attacked, fell flat on the ground, and when the Bear came up, and felt him with his snout, and snarled him all over, he held his breath, and feigned the appearance of death as much as he could. The Bear left him, for it is said he will not touch a dead body. When he was gone, the other traveler descended from the tree, and, meeting his friend, joyfully inquired what it was the Bear had whispered in his ear. He replied: 'He gave me this advice: Never travel with a friend who doubts you at the approach of danger.'"

—Knox's Fables.







REGATTA ON PONDIA LAKE.—From a drawing by Gustav A. Cretz.—[See Page 547.]





ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF THE EMPEROR OF GREECE BY DR. NOBILING.

## NOBILING'S ATTEMPT.

On the 3d of June the people of Germany were startled by a second dramatic attempt upon the life of their venerable Emperor. The first, it will be remembered, took place on the 11th of May, when an assassin named Heintz fired two shots into the royal carriage, barely missing the Emperor and his daughter the Grand Duchess of Baden, who were returning from a drive. That was a quiet occasion as selected by the world; but now, when apparently but formed the design of carrying to a successful issue the scheme which in the hands of the other had resulted in failure. It is the habit of the Emperor to drive every afternoon in his open carriage, returning to the palace in time to dine. At two o'clock on the day mentioned, when within a few paces of the spot where the first attempt to assassinate him was made, a man who had taken up his station at six paces behind one of the horses along the route fired four shots, directed toward the person of the Emperor. There appears to have been two weapons used—a double-barreled rifle and a revolver. Several also entered the fray, and a loud clunk of his Majesty, and a bullet grazed his leg. Happily none of the wounds were dangerous, and in spite of his eighty-two years, his recovery has been so rapid as to put

an end to all apprehension in regard to the shock suffered by the nervous system.

The assassin, whose famous attack upon the life of Emperor William failed to accomplish its end, is named Kas. Konrad Nonnens. His family is thoroughly respectable, and he himself is an educated man, known in certain circles as a Doctor of Philosophy and an apothecary. One of his relations was until recently Privy Counselor of Finance in the Berlin Kingdom Department, and two others served as Privy Counsellors in the Home Department. His father was a major in the army, and his mother, after the death of her first husband, married a Major von Gierke. On the occasion of Nonnens's graduation at the University of Leipzig, in 1856, he prepared an elaborate thesis, entitled "Contributions to the History of Agriculture in the East District, Province of Saxony," the last page of which contains his curriculum-vite, and reads as follows:

"In the 14th of April to the eternal year 1816, in the small town of Kellen, near Bismarck, province of Posen, where my father met an end, I first beheld the light of the world. My earliest instruction I received from a succession of private tutors, to the last of whom, Herr Passmann-Less, then residing for his degree in philology, my grateful acknowledgments are especially due. It was his precept in education not

only to give his pupils a scientific training as full and many-sided as possible, but to know equal attention to qualifying them for the practical duties of life awaiting them. The main principle (was a whole, and not) also directed the liberal school at Züllichau, which I next attended, bearing passed through its first eight years, the upper school, the lower and upper second, the lower and upper first, in four and a half years—then Kassel, 1840, at Mühlhausen, 1841. The third period over, I devoted myself for three years to practical agriculture, after which I studied at Halle for three semesters from Winterhalles, 1845, at Kassel, 1847—political science (Göttingen) and practical agriculture. The two following years I was again at practical work, devoted, however, by several months' travel, which I undertook in order to become acquainted with a large number of farms and industrial establishments of various kinds. From Kassel, 1848, to Kassel, 1849, I resumed and continued my studies at Halle in the same manner as formerly, following them up by a march, and now eighth season at this Leipzig University."

The domestic history of the Nonnens family is a singularly unhappy one, and it would seem as if destiny might reasonably be pleaded as an excuse for the desperate attempt upon the life of the aged Emperor. The father of the assassin was

an eccentric man, who committed suicide, without any apparent motive. Of his sisters, one, whose affections were seized on an unlovely person, was locked up by her father in a sort of chapel built for the purpose; another died insane; a third sister has devoted herself to religion, and now serves as a Protestant Sister of Charity in a Berlin hospital. Nonnens himself is described as a gloomy and taciturn individual, isolated, withdrawn, and ambitious, with a certain modesty of behavior. In October, 1847, he went to Berlin and took an apartment in the Leipzigerstrasse, to be to spend much of his time engaged in study. In January of this year he removed to the thoroughfare "Unter den Linden," and lived in room on the second floor of No. 18. It was from the window of this house that the attempt at assassination was made.

After committing the miserable deed, Nonnens appears to have had no idea of attempting to escape; but upon the appearance of the persons who forced their way into his room, he discharged one or two shots in self-defense, and then attempted suicide, but only succeeded in wounding himself severely in the hand. Before turning his pistol upon himself, however, he stated to the gentlemen who attempted to seize him that he had shot at the Emperor from purely political motives, and that he was selected to do the deed







## LE CHIEN D'OR.

By WALTER BRAMANT AND JAMES RICE,  
 Authors of "BARRACUDA AND MARIEN FORT,"  
 "BY CILLA ARON," "DEAR THE BOY,"  
 "CROSS BONES," etc.

## CHAPTER I.

We are in Quebec, in the year of grace one thousand six hundred and ninety-seven. It is the close of a hot summer day in the month of August, and the colonists, after the heat and labor of the day, are gathered in groups upon the Grand Battery of Cape Diamond, enjoying the cool evening breeze and the prospect of their evening, which indeed, one can never tire. On the right is stretched the Plains of Abraham, not yet redoubled with the blood of Wolfe and Braddock. Here and there are in view a clearing, here and there the shining roof of the white Canadian homestead; farther west, still in the blue distance, may be detected the light wreath of smoke which tells of an English encampment, or the rattle of a battle. Lying beneath these, but just below, in the sunset and twilight river St. Lawrence. There are not yet so many

perme their steeper banks of spawning the fish attracted by a light held over the river. Beyond the river in Point Levi, already stained with a few wooden houses of Indians who trust in their own courage to defend themselves against the marauders and cowardly red Indians. To the west, the great river flowing below them forever as its way to the ocean, winds here and there, upon the high northern bank, the clear blue of evening, with their high-headed white houses. To the north of the settlement, nothing; only miles beyond side of forest, dense, dark, untracked, unexplored, where the bear may growl at his ease, without the least fear of being disturbed by man, and the hunter may build his den beside the clear distant tower of the steeple, marked miles of his, hawk, and eagle being themselves in the long line of hills beyond. And, just below the city, the fair and smiling face of Orleans, crowned with wind, the garden of New France.

The waters on this still evening in August are as calm, and the air is as clear and free from fog, that every thing is reflected clear and sharp. There are not two banks left bare, every spot is dotted, and each canoe presents its counterpart in the water beneath.

The city of Quebec was not so stately in the

and changed then was past when the flag had to be hoisted down in acquisition should one of the Britannia Majesty's ships sail up the river, its west of men to man the guns. As for the English, it was in 1700, only seven years since, when old Governor de Frontenac drove them in discomfiture from beneath the fort. When the Canadians here saw defeated they were no longer. And as regards the Indians, the Algonquians were dispersed and exterminated, the last survivors of the Hurons were living in Loreux, and the Iroquois came now late the city only to pray the white men for peace and forgiveness.

There are several old groups talking and sitting along the grass of the battery. We are interested only in one of four persons—a lady in middle age, a young girl of seventeen, and two young men. One of these young men, the older, is dressed in green serge, as a French gentleman; he wears lace at his cuffs and collar; his unbuttoned waistcoat falls loosely in his knee; his shoes have gold buckles; he wears a sword, and is a cavalier figure. He is a very early married; his face is clear, calm, and bears a quiet and sedate look, as if he was already heavily charged with the responsibilities of life. This, indeed, is the case. He is Philippe d'Erville, the young Seigneur of St. André on the St. Lawrence, who in this day

which gave it the appearance of considerable antiquity. The possession of this house, indeed, one of the most considerable in Quebec, gave the family of Erville a certain social rank which their poor lands would certainly not have effected for them. Among the guests of St. Francis, the d'Erville ranked as high as any, and were always present at those most select gatherings which the Count de Frontenac assembled at his commandment camp, standing beside Philippe was Jean d'Erville, his younger brother. He was not a boy of fourteen, and his face wore a better, spiritual expression; he wanted the clear features and fresh, golden-brown hair of the older. He was dressed like any young Canadian farmer of the time, and indeed, almost of the present time, in a long coat of homespun cloth, which reached to his knee, and was fast round the waist by a sash of crimson silk; he wore velvet gaiters, and a pair of leather moccasins that reached his ankles. Every thing in fact, was home-made: the silver hat upon his head, which was plumed by an Indian servant; his shirt, made here from spun out of the flax grown in their own fields; his stockings, his coat, and the knee buckles, which, left unbuttoned, allowed the coat air to get at his throat.

And though the lady, Madame de Montigny, wife of the Seigneur of Beaumont, was dressed



"THE CHEVALIER DRAWS THE STORM OUT CAREFULLY, AND SENDS OVER HIS FATHER'S ECKEN."

ships as are destined, to its open waters as the pages pass on, but it is August, the time when the vessels from France have brought their freight and passengers, and are waiting for the return cargo of furs and peltries, which as yet contains the whole wealth of the country. There are about a dozen of these craft, some as small that Indian sailors would laugh at it to propose to ship on board them for the American coast, some high-prowed, stately, like great East Indian ships, which are now almost converted into men-of-war for the king's most excellent Majesty, should he, in his wisdom, deem it right and fitting to declare war against England. The river is crowded, too, with canoes, mostly made out of a single belived trunk, in which two or three Indians sit, their paddles held in readiness, but content for the present to float idly down the stream. They are waiting with some impatience for the sun to set and the night to fall. Thus you will see all these little craft spring at once into animation. Every canoe will be greatly pulled in place where the river makes broad channels near its banks, or up one of the many creeks which flow into the St. Lawrence. For it is at night that those lastest

year 1697 as to her noble successor of 1711: his streets were narrow and more winding; the houses were crowded together, as it which was the fact, they were mostly plain, numerous built of wood; every year saw a configuration of part of the river, and the general appearance was new. But there was the Centre, there was the Hotel Dieu, there was the Curator of the Ursulines, in the old St. Joseph, standing almost where they stand now; there were the churches, which still remain, and there was the Bonaventure. Quebec was not without public buildings. There were also a few stone houses, and all, whether of wood or of stone, had high sloping roofs of shingle, which formed a picturesque feature; the pavements were of wood; and the streets, where they crossed the hill, were rough and almost perilous.

The stormy days of Quebec were over—those early days when the colony started through the miserable hours and fought for life through the summer; when the Algonquians, the Hurons, and the Iroquois by turns discovered their lives; and when its venture outside their pellucids and encampments was to risk anything. The distance

twenty-one years ago, and had deemed this magnificent appeal—which is, indeed, derived from his father—in honor of the event, and as suitable for the sort of language which he had paid to the Count de Frontenac, Governor of the colony.

Already the inferior influence of the Canadian climate are clearly manifest in him, one of the third generation of French Canadians. Jean d'Erville, his grandfather, had been one of Champlain's earliest settlers, his father, François d'Erville, like himself, was born in Quebec. Like all the native Canadians, Philippe d'Erville had lost the French vivacity, the brilliancy, and their reason. He was a grave and sober young man, who accepted life as a battle which he resolved to fight to the best of his ability. His superior rights were held over a small estate of little value, by the farming of which he could live, as Canadian active days have been, in comfort and plenty, has a distant memory. His estate, St. André de Tilly, lay just outside the city walls, where the land is poor, and yields little. He had, in addition, a house built handsomely and strongly of stone, on the French Plains. Although only about twenty years old, it was already covered with ivy,

after the fashion of houses in France—I mean, of course, of five tiers and when the little daughter, the girl resembling demurely beside her, were, just as Canadian girls in the Quebec country districts would have, as beaute, but a small whole cap, a mantle of some bright stuff, and a pocket of dark cloth. And as this group were dressed, so were all the rest, except that young d'Erville alone wore, as we have seen, the dress of evening. Evening, although it is rarely worn and more than the Marquis de Frontenac arrived with two thousand soldiers, and that regiment of Gascon which gave its name and covered on without against starvation, as we said a simple, frugal people, clinging to the traditions and customs of the old country from which we are drifting farther apart with every day. For France is losing the old faith, which we retain; and France is dropping her simple belief in the supernatural, which we hold fast; and France is falling away from her past, to which we cling every day; and France is beginning to discover the old manhood of the Church which we regard as the very portion of heaven; and France is following ways of pleasure and luxury of which we hear and shudder, because here life is so great a reality,







THE CURTAIN-GUYS SINGING THE PROLOGUE.



THE RAJAH AND HIS SIGNER.



NATCHE GIRLS DANCING BEFORE THE RAJAH.



THE RAJAH, HIS WIFE, AND THE POOL.



THE FINALE AND ORCHESTRA.

COULDER'S OPERA.—[See Page 363.]



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THE HENLEY REGATTA COCKE—A QUIET DAY FOR PRACTICE BEFORE THE RACE.—From Photographs.—[See Page 570.]







ANOTHER BARBERS QUESTION—THE INFELIX HINDU THIS INTERESTING EUROPE

## AMONG ALIENS.

BY MISS FRANCES S. TROLOPE.  
 Author of "Familiar Characters," "Yewdale,"  
 "Anne Fremont," "Randy Rivalry," "The  
 Summer's Recollections," etc., etc.

## CHAPTER I.

It seemed to have grown dark suddenly. I had had my eyes fixed on the glow of the sunset. The glow of crimson and purple and gold had died away behind the black dome of St. Peter's, and was succeeded by a long streak of orange-red, steel, intense, and radiant. One star glimmered next-bright above it, and the edges of the distant horizon were dim and vaporous. The profoundly pathetic beauty of those winter scenes from the Fieschi, always moved me like a poem or a strain of solemn music. Every common street would seem to jar imperceptibly with the serenity of the wonderful sky and the mournful richness of the landscape beyond it. I had a feeling that the world ought to pause in its march to be serene with a mysterious meaning. I had found that it could my eyes were dazzled, and I had learned then descended to the earth,

the shelter, and blew at the smouldering wood until it blazed brightly. It made the shabby room look as pleasant and better like I said, and, although I was quite alone, "How I wish Lucy would come home and enjoy it!" Then I put down to think a little study in black and white that I had been making from a plaster cast. I had my work all ready laid out on the table before me, and began to draw. In those days I never knew how time went when once I had my pencil in my hand; and, indeed, it is much the same with me now. I went on working and I was moved by a violent gust of wind, which made the window rattle. Windows rattle easily in Rome, where the paces of gales are generally heavily laden with the scurrying of wind, and where wood-work as a rule is made in a cheap, clumsy fashion. But this was a really strong kind of wind. I heard it howl and roar as it swept round the corner of our street. Some drops of rain, rain, struck against the glass. The thought that Lucy was out in such wild weather, while I was warm in-door, made me shudder sympathetically. I looked up my watch, and my astonishment was that it marked a quarter past six, which I had been driving for more than an hour, and Lucy not yet returned! She ought to have been at home long ago. The Palazzo Giordani, where she went to give lessons in English, was down in the more central part of Rome, near the grand

of a horrible danger seemed. What if Lucy had not come home late? The thought made my heart sick. I crept up all sorts of conjectures which might have befallen her, furiously wishing her from my place as she sat in the black of the fire. Her hair had got loose, and fell in wavy only locks on one shoulder, and there were two drops glittering on its clear soft tresses. She had very pretty hair—but of that one had which had fallen in disorder. Her cheeks and her delicate little nose were pink with the cold, and her pretty small hands were wet and numb, as she sat fumbling with stiff fingers at the damp lock. The second all the same little Lucy who used to come to me for help in her struggles with reluctant lessons and complicated ratios in our nursery days. And all at once she lifted up her blue eyes with the very most innocent helpless look I remembered in them when she was three years old, and said, "If I afraid I can't find it, Catherine; my fingers are so cold."

Then finding that I was on chasing her cold little feet without making any answer, she

that there should be a chord between us, and incident there had never come a chord that a word could not depend.

"And did you work late at the studio?" she asked. "And was old Signor Sordani very cross?"

"Yes; and so."

"No? I believe he is always cross. He would frighten me to death. But you have more courage. Oh, how beautifully you are finishing this sketch today!"

And so she chatted on while I filled the little tin with water and set it on the fire to boil, and got the tea-dishes ready. We talked ourselves the luxury of tea in an evening. It remained as of England, and then perhaps was the chief reason why I lived in.

"And now, Lucy," said I, when we were seated at the table, "now that you are thawed, you must tell me what made you so late. It must not happen again, my child. I don't like your being out in the streets in late hours."

"I am not afraid, Catherine."

"That is not the whole question. We will first understand you often are out by yourself in the street. Don't you remember, when I had the new cloak, how you went all the way to the chandelier's place in the Piazza, and it was nearly five o'clock, and you said—"

"That's very different, Lucy."

"Why?"



"SEEK AND BEE HEAD BENT DOWN OVER HIS VICTIM'S LETTER."

I found that it was dark. It had been raining but an hour ago, and the pools of water all along the straight line of the Via Condotta, where the street lamps glimmered in two alternating rows, reflected, here and there, the hanging lights in the sky, a like the beams on either hand in blackest shadow.

"It is late!" I exclaimed to myself, as I drew my shawl closer against the chill evening air. "I must have made haste, or Lucy will be angry!"

"Home" was not far distant. We lived in a street running simply up hill from the Via Roma, as a little building on the topmost street. This was all the better in Rome, they said; one was out of the malumore. I did not much concern myself with fears of the malumore (though, indeed, for Lucy's sake, it was well to make what precautions one could). Lucy was not so badly as I, but she topmost street talked on in anxious ways. In the first place, it suited our parents, which were slender. Then we had, from one window of my sitting room, a glimpse across the house-tops of the distant Campagna, and nearly on more more terrific than our neighbors on the lower floor. I climbed quickly up the long steep stairs, and opened our door with my key. Catherine in my apartment there was no light in the room a little served on her drawing room, stove, boiler, and disengaged, all in one. Lucy had not yet come home, there. A few lamps glimmered in the open street, as I had left them, and the lamp stood ready on the table. I struck a light and fastened

chuck of the door. But there was no distance for a good father with young active like this Lucy. Besides, she had never been in late before. I was weary. It was to wait that I held my cap frame and continued to stare at my mirror. The time would not come right. My head was anxious and preoccupied, and refused to guide my blundering hand. I threw down the bit of black cloth impatiently.

At that moment the clock struck and began to tickle, and I ran to open the door, and there stood Lucy with her little gown well clinging to her face with moisture, and drops of rain gathering on her cheek. She explained the clock from her shoulders as she stood, and shook it, and then drew her into the sitting room.

"What a nice day you have!" she said, in her fresh, clear voice. "It is a little late, am I not, Catherine?"

A heavy carpet up into my throat, and I felt as if at the same time. It hurt me to feel her so easy and untroubled, and talking so carelessly of being "a little late," when I had been suffering real pains of anxiety about her. Yes, I had been frightened, and I only knew how oppressive the vague throbbing fears had been when I saw her standing safe before me.

"The figure throbbing fears had been when I saw her standing safe before me. I was weary, dry, and had her hair all down by the fire and under her wet boots on me, while I went back to my drawing. But the pencil would not obey me even now. I felt the tremor of one who is suddenly made aware

and, slowly. "You must be tired with me about my thing, are you, Catherine?"

"I am tired with myself for having been so foolish as to be frightened," said I, speaking very quietly, and keeping my head bent down.

"You are not usually as how late, and when one is alone one gets nervous and fazed, I suppose."

"An hour later! Oh, you must be mistaken, Catherine. They did keep me a little, but not so long as that. It's impossible."

I held up my watch, and she looked at it in amazement. "Oh, my poor Catherine," she exclaimed, putting her arms round my neck and her soft cheek against mine, "how sorry I am! I know how frightened I should be if you did not come home punctually—only you are always punctual!"

I kissed her without letting her feel that there were tears in my eyes. I could not give good reason to myself for her coming there. I had felt in the unusual sense of motherly and apprehension on me all the evening. The very next had seemed more lately and then, small; and I was to be lonely in always sad. That such waves of emotion, if they are not to be altogether natural, are born home in silence. I held my breath and Lucy still, and the tide flows over me and passes away.

Lucy brightened up immediately when I kissed her. Her affectionate nature could not endure

"Because—your girl alone in the streets might be molested, or at least annoyed."

"One would think you were angry to have you talk! But, after all, you are only six years more than I am."

"Never about all that now, Lucy. We will finish that discussion another day. You must not answer my questions as to how I came to part that you are in late."

"Oh, they kept me at Palazzo Corsini. I mean they asked me to stay a little while."

"I think the Princess ought to know better. I am sure you will never your poor little pet in on home. It is too bad to ask her more work of you, Lucy."

"Oh, it wasn't the Princess. Besides, I don't grudge a little extra time, do I?"

"No, the Princess? Who was it, then?"

"It was Emma Laura and her brother."

"What had he to do with it?"

"Oh, he came in with a copy of a letter that he wanted translated into English, and Emma Laura would I help her, just to oblige her brother. And I did so."

"What was the letter about?"

"Merely a business letter, about sending a horse he has bought—Don Vinturco has bought one from England. I didn't mind doing it at all, Catherine dear."

"I did not like the translating at all, and I told so. They were not above asking a favor, there







MEETING OF

## THE BERLIN CONGRESS

One double-page engraving represents accurately the statue sponsored in the Radcliffe Park as it appears when occupied by the mighty potentates who are now endeavoring to adjust the difficulties that have grown out of the Transvaal war. The Heral Radcliffe, which has only been recently assigned to Prince Hermanus as his official residence, is an old-fashioned structure, in the flat Dutchman style, and occupies three sides of a quadrangle, the fourth being

take up by a paved court with a garden in front. Unsurpassing in size and design, the building has yet an aristocratic air. The large windows of the central section between noble halls; the low side wings indicate indifference to the use of space; while the absolute architecture and the timeless, discarded bricks of the roof combine with the new pointing of the walls to show antiquity in an excellent state of repair.

lefts simplicity. A grand staircase ascends from the north side to a corridor which leads to a meeting room for the activities of the Congress. This room opens into the hall of the Congress, which is fitted up in magnificent style. The museum is disposed in the discompartments, and very tastefully decorated. The stairway is of a light color with an inlaying of gold. In the centre of the hall is a table shaped like a horseshoe. To the position of the house which is considered more especially private there is a special entrance, guarded by well armed men, a system of Germany, and

**Bureau.** Close to the main salient is Prince Roman's study, and a reception room furnished in purposed Pevsley style. The latter room, together with several adjoining chambers fitted up as bedrooms, is now open to the Congress. From some of these, large folding-doors open upon a splendid old park, the last's recesses of which may be visited by the plenipotentiaries richer for private life, or for recreation after the fatigues of exhausting debate. In accordance with the terms of the Peace and Princess ROMANOFF, the furniture of the house is very magnificent.

The doctor who is at the head of the parade, from the perspective of the Secret, the secret was at first hidden in a copy. - [1] then, but











AMERICA'S CONTRIBUTION TO RUSSIA.

TWO PILLS OF REGULATION.—(Drawn by C. B. Rowan.)



RUSSIA'S CONTRIBUTION TO AMERICA.

## RAPID TRANSIT.

Dr. ERIC S. GILBERT, whose name has become familiar to the public in connection with the elevated railway in Sixth Avenue, is one of those remarkable men who, starting without other capital than talent, succeed in making a reputation for themselves in two or three different professions. Although for the last ten years he has been chiefly known to the public as a physician in various rapid transit schemes, he had already attracted considerable attention as a chemist, while those who knew him in his youth remember him as a physician of unusual talent.

Dr. Gilbert is a native of New York State, and was born at Guilford, Chenango County. His father, William Demarest Gilbert, was one of the associate judges of that county. Having received a rudimentary education, young Gilbert began life as a drug clerk, but his taste for manufacturing soon led him to seek a position in a manufacturing establishment, and he held the position of the knowledge that became so useful to him later in life. As proof of his integrity and fidelity, Gilbert may be mentioned the fact, that during the six years he spent in this establishment he was not absent a single day. The daylight hours were devoted to work, and in the evening he applied himself to study, even accepting an education which included a considerable acquaintance with classical literature, mathematics, and mechanics.

Having served an excellent apprenticeship at manufacturing, he left Sweden County and went to Corning. Here he began the study of medicine, and after pursuing his preliminary course, entered the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York, and at the same time served as the assistant of Dr. William Fanning, a physician of the city. His career being limited, he obtained a position as a night clerk in a drug store. After attending the first course of lectures at the college he returned to Corning, and commenced the practice of medicine under a resident physician of that place, where he remained eighteen months, busy in accumulating funds that would enable him to resume his studies under Dr. Fanning. Upon graduating Corning was universally the place selected by the young physician wishing to establish himself personally. Here he took up his profession, and soon became very popular in his profession, acquiring a large practice. In the course of a few years he married, the lady being a daughter of Chief Justice Matthews, of the Supreme Court of New York State.

It is possible that Dr. Gilbert might have remained unknown to the world, were he a physician, had not falling health and the loss of his wife directed him to seek the society of his father and seek for recreation abroad. His object in visiting London and Paris was to thoroughly inspect the local systems of those cities; but while attending disease was again apparent among the crowded populations where he went, he came to the conclusion that another remedy was needed, than



DR. E. S. GILBERT.—(Framingham as Artist.)

could ever be provided by medical skill. To give the inhabitants of tuncment-houses a chance to live, they must have better accommodations and pure air, and so they can not spend an hour or two going to and returning from their work, the desired end could only be reached by providing rapid transit.

This was the great thought that Dr. Gilbert brought back with him from Europe; but when he arrived here he was upon the point of civil war, and patriotism urged him to devote his energies to his profession. Without loss of time, he joined as surgeon in a regiment of New York. He took part in the battle of Big Bethel, where

he had his horse killed under him by the bursting of a shell, a fragment of which entered his hand, and remained there until 1871, when it was finally extracted. In this battle he performed the first amputation under fire made during the war. General Kautzmann, wounded in battle, was also at one time under his care. Subsequently he held the position of Medical Inspector at Baltimore, Medical Director in Fort Sumter, and was attached to the staff of General James A. Dix. General H. Thomas, and James M. Faxon, the last position as a military man was one of great responsibility. As Medical Director and Superintendent of the United States Army Hospital he had under him at various times many of the most distinguished surgeons in the service. How he continued until the close of the war, when he resigned his position and returned home to recuperate his health, which had suffered to a great extent from incessant application to hard work and the excitement attendant upon labor in field and hospital.

Unable to pursue his profession, Dr. Gilbert accepted a position as assistant in Jonas Brodway, then superintendent of the Central Railroad of New Jersey, where he gave his aid in remodeling the management of the line, and helped to introduce the present popular system. Here he had time to study thoroughly the problem of rapid transit. His first project was the pneumatic tube system, from which he anticipated great results; but the apparent impracticability of the scheme led him to devote his time and energies to the more feasible plan of elevated railways. Finally, in 1871, he resigned his position with the New Jersey Central, and since then he has been known to the public as one of the most ardent and enthusiastic workers in the cause of rapid transit. The result of his labors is embodied in the present complete and admirably arranged elevated railway which runs from the Battery to Central Park. No description of it is necessary here, however, for it has already been described at length in a recent issue of the Weekly. And a series of illustrations given exhibiting its characteristic features. The view of the Forty-second Street Station, given in connection with this article, shows the point where passengers whose horses are in the country leave the elevated road for the Grand Central Depot.

Now that the wide side of our city is as well supplied with elevated railways, the public are swarming with interest the new road that is to accommodate persons living on the east side. Here is a great part of the line, from Whitehall Street to Yorkville, the track is completed. The struggle along Third and Fourth streets has been continued by those who are not aware of the precautions used to insure safety, and the height above is sufficient to insure a single person. Were it not for the tortuousness of the roadway it would be difficult to believe that such one of the first lines has been subjected in a brief of six days the weight that it is intended that it can support.



FORTY-SECOND STREET AND SIXTH AVENUE STATION, METROPOLITAN (GILBERT) ELEVATED RAILWAY.—[Drawn by W. F. Rogers.]

















MOOSE-CALLING.



THE DEAD MOOSE.



MOOSE-TALKING—THE MOOSE SURPRISED.



BACK TO CAMP.



THE CAMP—MOOSE STEAK.

MOOSE-HUNTING IN NOVA SCOTIA.—[REX PAGE 583.]

# HARPER'S WEEKLY

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IT IS EVER TRUE WITH ARBITRATORS  
"TURKEY, TURKEY, EVERY WHERE, AND PUT A BIT FOR US!"







MURDER AT BLACKTOWN—WHITE HOCKEY-CLUB AGAINST THE "BLACK LAMP"—FIRST BLOOD FOR THE "BLACK LAMP"—[Scene at the River, Jan.]









HAIL, COLLEMBELLA!—THE BRITISH LION TAMED AGAIN.



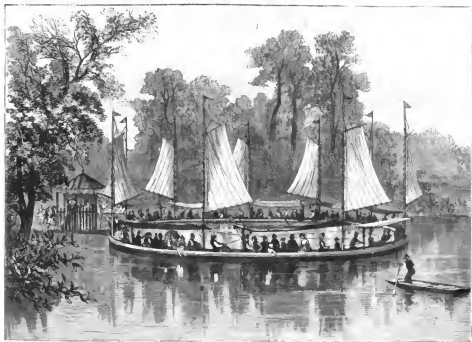








THE CATAMARAN.—FROM A SKETCH BY C. A. KASSILL.—[SEE PAGE 395.]



CIRCULAR YACHT IN PROSPECT PARK, BROOKLYN.—FROM A SKETCH BY CHARLES WEST.—[SEE PAGE 395.]





CONGRESS AT BERLIN—AFTERNOON IN THE RADZIWILL PALACE.

## THE BERLIN CONGRESS.

The condition of affairs in Europe, as they stand at the time of writing, goes far to show the magnitude with which England's standing statesman can take advantage of a political crisis to further his own schemes of national aggrandizement. While the plenipotentiaries of the different powers have been busy at Berlin rearranging the map of Europe in the vicinity of the Balkans, and apportioning Asiatic fortresses, equally active but more suspicious have been going on between England and Turkey, which have resulted in what is called a "defensive treaty" between those two countries.

This remarkable compact, which, it is claimed by English newspapers, "does not necessarily come within the scope of the deliberations of the Congress," but which will be submitted to that body "by reserve," may be summarized as follows: It is stipulated that if Russia, Rumania, and Austria are retained by Russia, and if an attempt is made to give force to a treaty in violation of the Sultan's territory in Asia not only by defective treaty of peace, Great Britain agrees to join the Sultan in defending his territory by force of arms. The Sultan, in return, promises to introduce the necessary reforms, to be agreed upon here. In order to enable Great Britain to make the necessary provision for res-

cuing her engagement, the Sultan consents to assign the island of Cyprus to be occupied and administered by Great Britain, which agrees to pay to the Porte the present taxes of the island's revenue over its expenditure. Finally, Great Britain engages to evacuate the island and terminate the convention if Russia retains Rumania, Rumania, and Austria in Turkey.

In thus making provision of the island of Cyprus, the English obtain practical command of the Mediterranean, and, if not hampered by conditions imposed by the Congress, could then import the convention if Russia retains Rumania, Rumania, and Austria in Turkey. With Gibraltar the command the entrance through the straits with Malta she holds the entry, and new with Cyprus, will furnish and guarantee as a naval station, will command the approach to the Dardanelles and the East Canal. Her long-range naval resources, superior to those of all other nations combined, will enable her to bid defiance to every threatened attack, and on the least shadow of approaching danger to place her fleets in the most advantageous position to repel it and inflict punishment upon the enemy.

England cannot her first hold upon the Mediterranean in 1794, when a combined Dutch and English force secured Gibraltar from the Spanish. The strength of the rock, even to those days, will be seen from the fact that the garrison, only 150 strong, placed 375 Englishmen here de-

scribed before they surrendered. Since 1794 Gibraltar has remained continuously in the possession of the English, but not without their having to resist many desperate efforts on the part of France and Spain to dislodge them. Before the victory had been able to add to the defense, their months was severely tried by a siege in 1704-5. In 1795 the fortress was threatened, and in 1797 actually attacked by an overwhelming force under the Count de de Ynes. During this siege the place came very near falling into the hands of the assailants. The most memorable of the sieges, however, in which Gibraltar has been engaged began in 1778, when England, busy on the one hand with her American colonies, and with France on the other, Spain took the opportunity of attacking her Mediterranean stronghold. The communications with Spain were closed June 11th, and a strict blockade established. The strength of the besieged town at this time was 1181. Provisions were scarce, and great suffering ensued, until the 13th of January, 1780, when Admiral Rodney overcame the Spanish fleet. A fair supply of provisions was conveyed to the fortress, 1500 men added to the garrison, all cannon munitions renewed, and the town left to depend on its own strength. During 1780 little of importance occurred, but by the spring of 1781 starvation again threatened the garrison in the fort. This time they were relieved by Admiral D'Arby,

who conveyed 100 merchant vessels into the bay in spite of a furious opposition from the Spanish fleet. The siege continued during the winter and spring of 1781 without any remarkable incident, but by summer it became apparent that the Spanish meditated a grand attack. On the 13th of September a bombardment was opened steadily upon all sides of the fortress, and on the 18th the combined French and Spanish fleets, numbering forty-seven sail of the line and ten hatter ships, together with a large number of smaller vessels, anchored in the bay of Algeiras. On the 13th every gun of the batteries and besieged was in play. The defenders then resorted to the expedient of red hot balls. Success was doubtful for many hours, but toward evening the efforts of the English force began to produce fruit. The ship of the Spanish admiral was in flames, that of the second in command soon shared the same fate, and although by night the attacking squadron was completely routed, the fire of red hot shot was continued without intermission until morning. This was in reality the deciding event of the siege, but the firing continued to a harassing extent from the Spanish fleet until the 24 of February, 1782, when peace was finally concluded. Since 1780 the English have remained in unquestioned possession of Gibraltar, and the history of the rock has been comparatively uneventful. Naturally English garrisons guard great fortresses with jealous









"A DRINK BY THE WAY."—[FROM THE PICTURE BY JOHN GUNTER.]

#### LIGHTNING.

The safest situation during a thunder-storm is in the midst of a wood, particularly if the neighborhood of the tallest trees be avoided. In such a place of shelter the traveler may take refuge in full assurance that he will there be effectually shielded from harm. The greatest risk of injury from lightning is undoubtedly incurred by persons traveling across a wide and very flat plain, because in such a situation they are the only elevated objects. To lessen the risk, which may here be somewhat serious, advantage should be taken of whatever undulations of surface may exist to keep upon the lowest ground. No doubt the proudest position would in these circumstances afford greater security than the rest. It happens not infrequently that animals are

killed by lightning under a tree in which they had taken refuge for shelter. In these cases the tree is struck, partly in consequence of its isolation, and partly on account of the presence of the animal beneath it. Usually there are several, and often many of these animals gathered together, huddled probably by severe rain contact with a single standard. Their heads, by their bodies, rest above them below with animals, destined mainly from their breath. Who has not noticed the cloud of vapor that in the early morning and in certain states of the weather hangs over a flock of sheep or a herd of cows? The volume of moist air, ascending through the branches of the tree toward the cloud, offers, in consequence of the comparatively high conductivity of water, a favorable passage for the electricity. A herd of cattle under a tree is thus exposed to a double risk; also

it is evident that in the open country they are less secure from injury than horses and dogs, who can not affect the atmosphere in a like degree.

The danger from lightning in a dwelling-house is exceedingly small. The materials used in building are, with the sole exception of the metals, very bad conductors, and the form of a house is not that which is favorable to the reception of an electric charge. Towers and spires, the latter especially, possess that form; but these structures are rarely shrouded by conductors affixed to them.

It has been suggested that chimneys may, through the conductivity of their moist lining, attract lightning. But no communication with moist earth is interrupted below the first floor, the influence of the moist in diminishing the total resistance is compensated. A house around the roof of which there is a system of water-pipes

leading to the ground is very effectually protected. The mind may put this down to rest by affixing a conductor to the highest chimney, and burying the lower end sufficiently deep in the ground to be always in moist earth.

The risk of personal injury from lightning is necessarily small. The conditions favorable to the occurrence of strokes are few, and of such a nature that the combinations requisite for their fulfillment can not often take place. There are but two situations in which danger is to be apprehended, namely, on the porch of a flat structure that are destitute of trees, and beneath the branches of an isolated tree standing in a spot that is not dominated at a short distance by high or ground. But even here the danger is not necessarily certain, the thunder clouds the rest by any means favorably discharge to the ground.

## LOUIS VAN DER MAELE

During the Middle Ages Flanders figured prominently in the political affairs of Europe, her rulers, bearing the title of "counts," being more powerful than many European kings. From these their authority came France, Flanders having been included in that kingdom by the treaty of Verdun in 843. While many other parts of Europe were granting under an iron despotism, and in a state of comparative ignorance, Flanders was happy in the enjoyment of rational liberty, and respected among nations to the east of Europe and the west. The ships of Antwerp, of Bruges, and of Ghent were the general carriers of Europe, and monopolized almost its whole commerce, and agriculture was nowhere so well understood. Finally, toward the middle of the fourteenth century, the industrial prosperity of Flanders had become so great that the citizens began to feel their own power and to claim independence. They formed republics resembling like the free cities of Germany, with this difference, that they acknowledged the sovereignty of the count. At the same time they were and still are taken up with their nominal rulers, many of whom behaved with absolute severity toward the people. Outbreaks occurred among the citizens, who, in defiance of their lords, found themselves compelled to take the power in their own hands.

It is one of these popular heroisms that first forms the subject of our engraving. In 1379 the extravagance and rapacity of the Count Louis was such that he had excited discontent and hatred among his subjects, especially the inhabitants of Ghent, who, weary of his extortion, at length fully refused to recognize him as another prince. The count, deeply offended, ordered Ghent to be besieged, the inhabitants of which were having accumulated him with a moderate sum, obtained permission to dig a canal from the river Leys, where Ghent, to Bruges. To these and other means of discontent was added the imprisonment of a burgher of Ghent by the count's bailiff, in consequence of the privileges of the city. Enraged by these circumstances, the Ghenters broke out into insurrection, assumed the white lion—the usual insignia of revolt—dressed the placards from the count at Bruges, members of the count's bailiff, who with 200 men had been sent to arrest the Ghenters, and plundered and burned Adolphus, a favorite country residence of Louis.

From this beginning the revolt soon extended itself to the other towns; the burghers chose leaders from among themselves, and under their command laid siege to Ghent and made an attack upon Bruges, which was continued without the count. They were failed in the latter attempt, and Louis, having ordered one or two hundred knights, assisted by a French army, to assist the count of Louis, and gave him such assistance as he was able. This, however, was but trifling, as Louis himself being steadily supplied with funds, while the great majority of his subjects were decidedly favorable to the insurgents. In defiance of his rigorous prohibitions they continued during the whole year to send those more of provisions, ammunition, and other necessaries, especially during the siege of Ghent, when the inhabitants, having secured the communication by water from Bruges to Ghent, received from thence regular supplies of food and meat, which was sent by the burgling army from the numerous boats on the country.

But their still, however friendly of Louis, was insufficient to prevent an attack among the insurrectionists and failed within the walls of the town, and at last the suffering burghers so hated that the men of Ghent brought the mediation of the Duchess of Brabant and Louise of Holland to prevent further and further from their servants. Six of their number, therefore, with the assistance of the two princes, repaired for this purpose to Louis at Bruges, who, being well aware of the results to which the town was reduced, hesitatingly replied that he "would consent to no power over the whole population, both male and female, from the age of fifteen to sixty, more than to meet him as the road to Bruges, herefoot and herefoot, with halberds about their necks, when he would pardon them or put them to death at his pleasure." The townspeople, in indignation among the inhabitants of Ghent, and it was determined to reject Louis of their choice and send them, under the name of "Pauvre Artzmann," a leading citizen, to attack the count at Bruges. The Artzmann family was a prominent one among the nobles of Ghent, and had already supplied the town with its best and popular leader, Louis van Artzmann, the father of Peter, who died in 1346 during an insurrection resulting from a proposition made by him to elect the count of Flanders, and was killed by the count's troops. When Louis heard of the message from that was breathing to meet him as the halberd troops, to the number of 40,000, and made himself

about a league beyond the town, determined to give his rebellious subjects battle, and put an end to the war by extinguishing them in a mass. The host of men to him, with rifle and musket, and halberd, gave to the citizens of Ghent the courage of despair. At the first blow they drove back the citizens of Bruges. The latter, of which there were 800, though composed of the flower of the nobility of Flanders, made the slightest resistance, and the fight soon became unequal. The men of Ghent took courage from their success, and following upon the heels of the retreating foe, entered the walls of Ghent together with the fugitives, and made themselves masters of the city.

The discomfiture of Louis was extreme. From

riding proudly at the head of an army of 40,000 men he found himself a wanderer in the streets of Bruges, and compelled to seek refuge in the last of a poor woman, who concealed him under a bed. Fortunately, the old French historian, who died at the time when these events were enacted, tells the story in his own language as follows: "The said count went into a hush land and made a refuge of his own home, and ran away his money, and put on an old cloak of his father's, and thus said to him, 'Go away from me and never return if you can, and have a good tongue if you fall into the hands of your enemies; and if they ask any thing of me, do not acknowledge me as I am the count.' He answered and said, 'No, I had rather die than being you.' Then

about the house of midnight the said count went from street to street, and by back lanes, so that at last he was fain to take a house, or else he had been taken by his enemies. And so, as he went about the town, he entered into a poor woman's house, which was not fit for such a lord; there was neither bed, pillow, nor chamber; it was a poor, smoky house; there was nothing but one poor piece, black with smoke, and above a small room, with a ladder of seven steps to go up to it, and in that room was a round couch, where the poor woman's children lay. Then the count, much ashamed and trembling, said, as he entered, 'Good women! save me. I am thy lord, the Earl of Flanders. But now I must hide myself, for some occasion pursues me; and if you do not a

service me often, how often sent him; as he made said: There she lay, and my children were at that time.



"LOUIS VAN DER MAELE, EARL OF FLANDERS, HIDING FROM







# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A  
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ARCHERY PRACTICE ON STATEN ISLAND.—DRAWN BY C. B. BISHOP.—[FOR DODGE PAGES.]





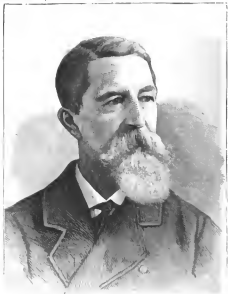


GENERAL E. A. MERRITT.—(Photographed at H. L. Brown.)

## THE CUSTOMHOUSE CHANGES.

GENERAL E. A. MERRITT, the recently appointed Collector of this port, is a native of St. Lawrence County, New York, and his first connection with public affairs was as a member and clerk of the Board of Supervisors of that county. In 1840 and 1841 he was the representative of his district in the State Assembly. On the breaking out of the war he was appointed Quartermaster of the Ninth Regiment of Volunteer Infantry, from which position he was soon promoted to that of Quartermaster-General of this State. This position he held for four years, and dis-

charged his important duties with marked ability. Under his supervision disbursements were abolished in his department, and the transaction of public business was greatly simplified. Without additional expense to the State, he superintended the delivery of bonds in this city, and when it was found to be no longer necessary, he discontinued all expenditures, sold the material, and turned the proceeds into the Treasury. His establishment of free agencies for the collection of licenses, back pay, and pensions has returned New York volunteers from the general government to the State more than thirty times, while the cost to the State was hardly that of an additional clerk



COLONEL S. W. BURT.—(Photographed at H. L. Brown.)

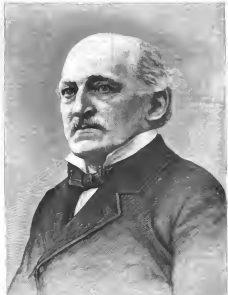
at a modest salary. His administration of the Soldiers' Home at Albany was marked by the same diligence and economy. When General Grant became President he appointed General Burt a Naval Officer of this port. He held the position a short time only, but during that brief period he displayed unusual abilities as an executive officer, and enjoyed a high reputation with the merchants of this city.

Colonel S. W. Burt, the new Naval Officer, was born at Albany in 1820. He graduated with honor from Union College, and afterward took a special course in civil engineering. On the breaking out of the war he was appointed

American Inspector-General and Auditor of Military Services on the staff of Governor E. D. Mott, and retained the position through the administration of Governors Seymour and Fessenden. In 1868 he was appointed Deputy in the Naval Office, and in 1870 was made Special Deputy. Since that time he has had the personal acquaintance of the officers on Special Duty and Auxiliary. Under the civil service rules established during the administration of President Grant he was chairman of the chief examination appointed in this city. Colonel Burt has always been a strong advocate of intelligence and thoroughness in the civil service of the government.



TOWNSEND CURTIS.—Photographed by Isaac W. Smith.—(See Page 604.)



THE LATE GEORGE S. ATKINSON.—Photographed by W. Brown.—(See Page 604.)







## THE WANING BOHEMIAN.

Two artists in whose lives of art are indicated for the origin of the beautiful movement in Mr. Cassatt's work, but generally regarded as an American painter, from the fact that his childhood and early youth were passed in the United States. Born in Norfolk, England, in 1834, Mr. Boreman was brought to this country at the early age of four years by his parents, who emigrated in 1840, and settled in Albany. During his boyhood he evinced considerable talent for art, but received little encouragement from those around him, and naturally sought long periods to devote himself to avocational pursuits. Finally, after no little hesitation, he determined to prove the answer toward which his inclination pointed, and set himself seriously to work as a student of art.

Mr. Boreman was little more than a boy when his first interest in the fine art centered his friends that he possessed an inappreciable amount of talent. The view of a series of little pictures which he produced was offered to the American Art Union, and finally purchased by the body. He next a series of illustrations of Shakespeare for a New York publishing house, and although they were declined, as much was said regarding their merit that the artist had every reason to feel encouraged. Illustration art was not, however, the aim toward which Mr. Boreman's ambition pointed. An opportunity to study oil painting was what he desired, and in 1851 the American Art Union supplied him with funds for a visit abroad. Six months were spent in Europe, during which time he made the acquaintance of many of the members of the art fraternity, and acquired an little facility in expressing his own ideas with his brush. Upon his return to Albany he soon found of the national prejudice of the time, and came to New York, where he might enjoy the society of those of his own profession.

Not long after his return home Mr. Boreman made his first essay at landscape painting. Writing also without a master, there was naturally no individuality about his productions, however fairly they might appear to a more practical kind, and it was probably this fact that attracted attention to his works. The artist possessed undoubted genius, and the want of instruction, that would have been disastrous to a weaker brain, only gave him an opportunity to display his superior talent. It isn't he sent to the committee making contributions for the Bazaar of a little while, which was great prize for its peculiar shapeliness and truth. This youthful expression of genius is now in the possession of LEVIN THOMAS, the sculptor; a certain amount of laurel attached to it from its having been chosen the first work of an artist who has since risen to distinction.

This success opened Mr. Boreman to in still greater achievement, and he produced several popular landscapes. The desire to introduce figures, however, now led him to feel the inadequacy of his training, and in 1859 he determined to visit Europe again. This time he went to Paris, where he learned much from the society and suggestions of other artists, though he still studied with a master. Among those who lent him kindly assistance was the celebrated Easton and Palma.

In 1861 Mr. Boreman exhibited a studio in London. Here he produced a series of pictures which secured him reputation not only in London but in Italy, but he was still far from the apex of his work that he met to the "Casting Iron" the "Rip" "Pond in the Forest." Coming from "Cherry." They were immediately recognized as great in power art. The last, in perhaps, the most successful. It represents an old French peasant woman and her granddaughter slowly sitting before their tiny tenancy room in cold and drury and covered with snow; the old



"THE WANING OF THE BOHEMIAN"

er woman wears the coarse but neat dress of Normandy; the young girl, upon whose arm she leans, is better attired, and wears a large bonnet, while in her hand she carries the paper book which has served them both. This picture attracted immediate attention to the artist. One critic says of it: "The artistic beauty of the mood, combined with the forward coqueness of the older woman, their slightly abstracted air, and the calm simplicity which the holy shadow of their recent devotion casts on their expressions, and is reflected, as it were, in the cold, well-preserved landscape, are singularly pleasing and impressive."

Although Mr. Boreman spent the greater portion of his time while abroad in England, where

he also married an English wife, France was the country which most attracted him as a student of art. His vacation improved rapidly during the time he spent in Paris, that being far the best school for the development and development of such special gifts as he possesses. Translated, referring to the period of his studies in the French capital, says "Boreman's French period, added to his entire perception and positive feeling, seemed to complete his artistic equipment, and the works he exhibited at home and abroad, on prominent sites and simple in subject, have won the most disinterested recognition on both sides of the Channel. Their beauty, and nobility of tone and color, and their genuine sentiment, have been repeatedly designated as superior

and satisfactory. "Through the Fields," "Baptism," "Retiring," "Twilight," "Cold Without," "The Cottage Window," and "Waning Prayer" are subjects which demonstrate the deeper and nobler of this artist's talent and taste; nature and sentiment, the familiar but suggested, not, where all the human element, in that he seems and unbelieved. A leading London critical authority declares that this picture has raised the merit of painting natural feeling into poetic spirit, which has been almost entirely wanting in English painting.

Of the above pictures, "Cold Without" deserves a special description, as being among the most comprehensive of Mr. Boreman's earlier triumphs. The subject is set, as a reader familiar with the

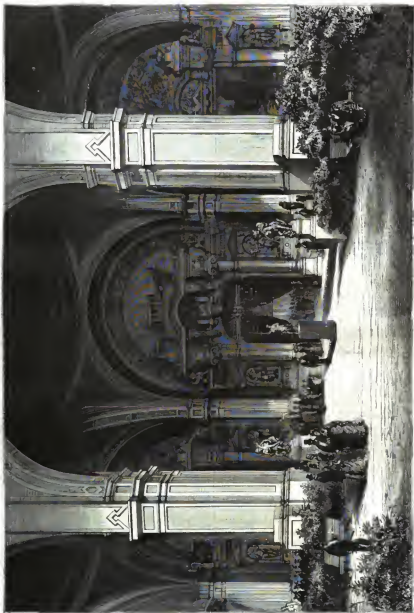
expenditure of the artist's talent and taste; nature and sentiment, the familiar but suggested, not, where all the human element, in that he seems and unbelieved. A leading London critical authority declares that this picture has raised the merit of painting natural feeling into poetic spirit, which has been almost entirely wanting in English painting.











THE PARIS EXHIBITION—ENTRANCE TO THE FINE-ARTS GALLERY, CHAMP DE MARS.

## THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

The Gallery of Fine Arts is one of the most interesting features of the Paris Exhibition. Not only does it monopolize a large portion of the Bois de Boulogne, but it divides that immense structure from end to end. The northern vestibule, which is situated at the meeting point of the two sections, the French and the Foreign, forms the subject of our illustration. Its facade is composed of three vast arches upheld by square pillars, and forming a triple portico, the architectural line being admirably softened by the cream-like tint of the walls. There is a spacious forecourt, beyond which is the entrance to the main hall. The side entrances lead-

ing to the sections just mentioned are decorated with colored landscape designs upon a surface of porcelain in majolica, below which are represented by colored faience figures the arts of Sculpture, Architecture, Painting, Engraving, Pottery, and Metallurgy, each with her proper tools. Over the entrance to the Fine Arts Gallery is a model of a Greek temple, with a hemisphere of a colonnade extended in rear of it and to right and left, all in of grey material, but adorned with a delicate very design.

The Committee of Selection, whose business it was to decide what works of art should be admitted to the Exhibition and what rejected, had a long task laid upon their shoulders, but they performed it conscientiously, and the result is ex-

cellent to satisfy the most fastidious. Every nation that has paid any attention to art is represented. France herself contributes some of the most wonderful specimens of ancient and modern art. The great public galleries have been laid under contribution, and with the best results. There are, for instance, forty works from the Louvre, representing about five-and-thirty artists, among them CARAVAGGIO, REMBRANDT, DELAUX, LEY, CLAUDE, FETTER, and CARPENTIER. These works include specimens of both painting and sculpture, and suffice in themselves to give the visitor an idea of the characteristic features of modern French art. EUGENE WATTEAU, the Paris correspondent of the New York Herald, is one of his brilliant letters devoting the last ar-

wonders of the Exhibition, says: "The work is made down a rapid growth of the marvellous influence of French art in the attempt to render its form alone, and without the aid of color, all the freedom and play of life—the laughter of children, the suppliant grace of Persian women, the utmost diversity, in fact, of facial expression, with a corresponding richness in the very texture of dress. It is a power which, never appearing so revealing, but its existence noted at a fact, other French literature in art who have been less successful than Carpentier with art he represented in the Exhibition—WATTEAU and his immediate school. They are not discouraged. WATTEAU takes of taking a place outside the building, starting it with his work, and then having



ROMANCE'S "AFTER-DESSERT" SPEECH.  
"GENTLEMEN, THERE IS REALLY NO MORE TO SAY."

a call to the unrepresented at his own expense. The great picture long old Tennessee history—a mother leaving the refuge from the ladies of her ruthless man—which was seen at Philadelphia, has again crossed the sea to figure here. In the collection is the fine "Museum Long in State," with the American flag saluting the South, which figured in the value last year, and which, with the "Robespierre" likewise exhibited, was the picture of the season. Portraits of children, the sea scenes, as of *Quarantine*, the scenes, by Krawna, and of *Zoula Bismarck*, by a Hungarian artist, *Patina*. The French are shown in figures enriched by a splendid collection of portraits of national worthies, many of these works of equal value to the painter and the historian.

The English exhibit is among the finest in the department, and shows a decided advance upon former achievements. The works are collected in five rooms, which of themselves have an attractive appearance. The walls are of a low-angled red with a black side, connected meeting corners

the floor; some marble panels and flowers give a suggestion of elegance to the display; the lighting is well managed, perhaps a little railing when the sun shines strongly. The principal drawback is the limited space—how limited it is will be understood when it is said that Mr. Allen Tansie's "Human Emperor" and Mr. Perini's "High Treason," both having small figures, are placed as high as to be practically out of sight. The works of the different pictures are, in most cases, brought together, and pictorially with good result. There is a little too much of the conventional arrangement, whereby some pictures are arranged as false to others; for instance, a quiet landscape by Mr. Rosa Fossa is so placed that it serves to lighten the effect of two cooler scenes by Mr. Millan. Proceeding on the system of contrast, one end of the largest room has been devoted to the works of Mr. Warr, recognized by Mr. Rosen Jungs and other men who may be said to be his disciples. The other end has been principally covered by the portraits and landscapes of Mr.

Millan, the central point being his "Tomb of the General." Germany, although conspicuous by her absence in other quarters of the Exhibition, is represented in this art department. The German artists have sent about two hundred pictures and many few works in sculpture. Many of their finest works are, however, excluded from the Exhibition because the German Commission was obliged to lay down very strict rules as to the size of pictures, and the Germans, historic painters especially, work on a vast scale. Battle pieces are excluded for another reason. The Emperor William, who has shown throughout great interest in the Exhibition, insisted on the rejection of all subjects that might in any way offend the sensibilities of the French. They are to be confined to portraits, metropolitan scenes, as that as pictures suggestive of the struggle between the two countries appear. Altogether the representation may be said to be creditable to the Germans, though it is not greatly superior to the

one made at Philadelphia two seasons ago. It shows, however, something of the four national schools. There are the Scandinavians, with Kallu and Malmgren for leaders; the Swedes, another band of improvisation, settled chiefly at Waldemar; the Catalans, who take the accident of residence, if not of birth, have the school of Tress (like Kallu for an example), and who paint for chief, and Kallu, Kallu, and Kallu for his lieutenant—all represented in the "Chang de Man" and the other school of London. These schools may again be locally named as those of Berlin, Munich, Vienna, and Düsseldorf.

France has sent a comparatively large number of pictures. There are 100, and many of her best artists are well represented. The most noteworthy of these is Maerens, the professor at the St. Etienne Academy of Fine Arts, who contributes a remarkable figure-piece entitled "The Bulgarian Boy." Kallu, Kallu, and Kallu send good landscapes, the best especially;











"A VISIT TO THE DENTIST."—(FROM THE PICTURES BY G. A. DODD, A. R. A.)







# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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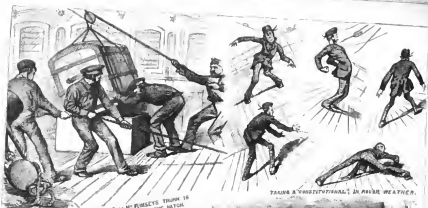


“THE NOBLE RED MAN.”

THE ANNUAL PLAGUE OF CHINA “BLOODY INDEED” OF THE BORDER.







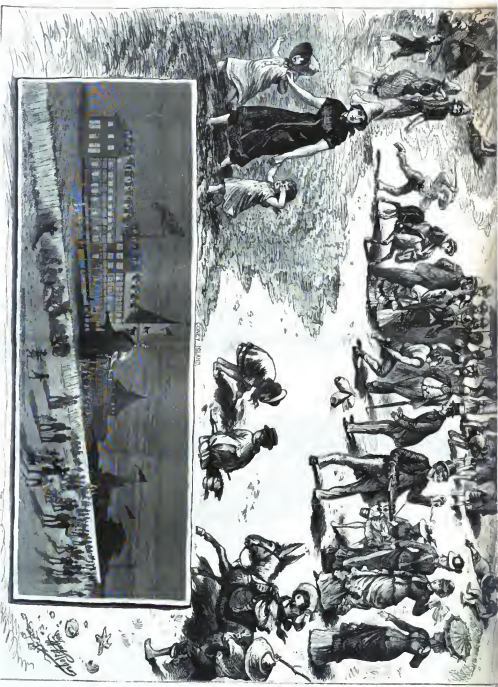
INCIDENTS OF AN OCEAN TRIP.—[DRAWN BY A. B. FROM.]

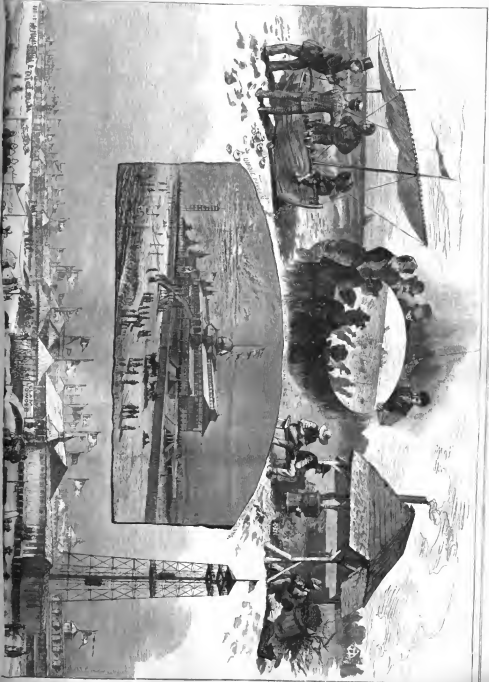






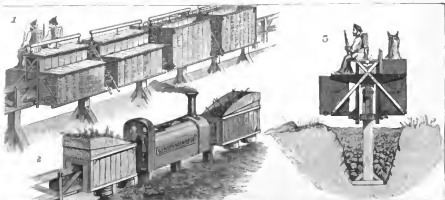












1. Cars of the Pioneer Railway. 2. Engine and Tender. 3. Section of Pioneer Railway Car. 4. Pioneer Railway Track crossing a River. 5. South African Transport.

#### PIONEER RAILWAYS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

**A PIONEER RAILWAY.**  
 Any, or post and rail railways, like the ones in the accompanying sketches, were opened about forty years ago, and have receded in this country and other parts of old, but generally on a comparatively level shore a pretty regular of railroad rights. A track up a steep hillside would be an operation on such structures. The railway of military transportation in the Transvaal, Africa, is a one-rail structure. Its advantages are many. The cost of construction is comparatively slight; it can be put up without loss of time in grading and boring or piling; it can be readily adapted to the sharpest curves. The girders have a constant height of seven feet, three of which must always be above-ground. This leaves a four-foot margin for such irregularities as cannot be overcome by a grade of one in ten. The stability of the structure is assured partly by sinking into the ground (about twelve to a mile) and partly by narrow footings. These holes are of varying depth, and really do duty as cuttings.

The structure may be either of wood or iron; but wood is preferred for military purposes, since machines or damages are more easily repaired. The upper rail is formed of a stout oak or beam on edge, breaking joint on the posts. An iron deck beam may be used in lieu, but it too would delay the construction, in being hard to anchor curves, which the pioneer does not afford. The lower or grip rail, which forms a continuous chain, as it were, for the grip engine to pull on, is in oak, wedged to hold firmly in the posts and driven. These deep sockets, occurring with reg-

ularity at every four feet, admit of ready but not too facile bending on curves, the maximum being fixed at 100 feet radius, or about two inches per bay. The cuts at every eight inches are for the same purpose. The breaking strength of the structure is twenty tons, the weight about eighty tons per mile complete.

The mode of erection is very simple, and is the same whether iron or wood is employed in the structure. After the most desirable route has been selected, by riding over the ground, a party is sent out



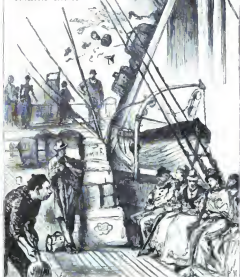


RIGHT TO THE 32<sup>nd</sup> FLOOR, AT THE HOTEL.



VIEW OF STAIR

SOMEONE'S LUGGAGE



THE MOST POPULAR MAN IN PARIS



CHARACTER SKETCHES IN PARIS.

to mark off the points due to be followed, in preference selecting soil of moderate hardness as the most suitable. The curves are put in by eye or with field-levels, and on particular attention must be given to long straight lines. With a facility of using grades if one is not, sharp curves will seldom be called for, or had ground rarely obligatory. The marking is performed by placing down lengths of a blue tape, on which the true-fact intervals for the points are indicated by consecutive numbers.

A second party follow, to fix the grades by means of special graduated T-shaped ranging rods. The top of the T slides up and down, and is used to range the grades, and the scale shows the corresponding depth of hole required to ob-

tain the grade indicated by the T slide. This party also note the special requirements, if any, of any particular number, and intent for it accordingly, indicating where pillars are to be set under the bays for road crossings, or where over-bridges are to be avoided, should it not be possible either to cut a gully or raise the railway. No levels are taken, but an inclinometer may be used when it is a question whether a grade exceeds the maximum.

A third party, of about 100 men, dig the holes of the depth indicated on the numbered pegs driven by their predecessors, and collect stones to be used in packing and ramming around the points. They also cut the pillars before mentioned, and do any heavy-work which may be re-

quired. The total per mile is about 200 cubic yards—an easy day's work for 100 men.

Party No. 4, or the evening squad, arrive by the construction train, with the materials; they unload the wagons, and place the final points in the holes, and built up the rest of the structure. The points are then ranged by eye as accurately as possible, being shifted up or left, or lifted and packed up a few inches if necessary, the train may then proceed with the materials. No 5 squads after the train has passed, run in stone and earth into the holes.

The shape of the road used on this railway is shown in the illustrations. The lower sketch shows a more primitive mode of transportation used in some parts of South Africa.

# STROLLING PLAYERS

JOHN WHITELY was an extraordinary character among English strolling players. Whenever he entered a town of any importance he always entered himself in his own Felix auto-pala silk and white satin, ruffled and shirred, a long feather in his hat, and a dagger in his side-pocket, and by a boy with a bell in his hand to announce the entertainment. In poor places, where money was scarce, Jeremy frequently took the price of admission out in kind—meat, bread, sugar, &c. At a fishing village once nothing but fish was brought by the inhabitants. The company remonstrated: none could eat fish by fish alone. One evening nineteen persons were ad-









ITALIAN WALK OF NEW YORK.—Drawn by E. O. McCann.—(See Page 641.)



PAROLE



PRIDE OF THE VILLAGE



MOLLIE MC CARTHY



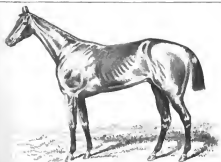
CLOVERBROOK



HARGO



TOM OCHILTREE



TACUPE



SPARTAN



GENERAL PHILIPS



VERA CRUZ



DANGER



DUKE OF MAGENTA





# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

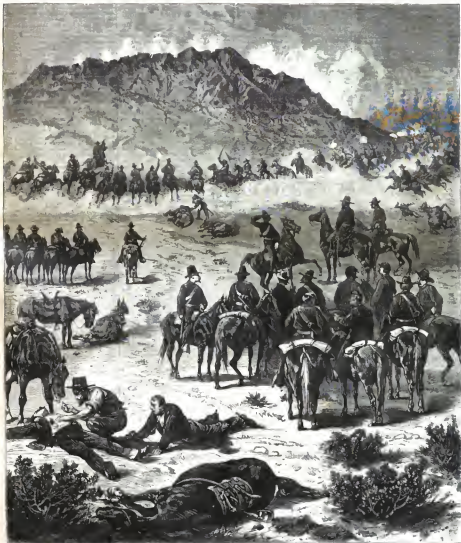
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THE BATTLE OF BEECH CREEK.—FROM A SKETCH TAKEN BY THE FIELD PHOTOGRAPH.—(SEE PAGE 651.)







SWEET MILK.

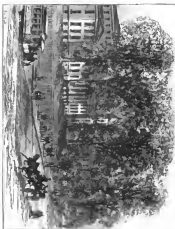








W. BROWN—1875-76



ALBERT T. GOSWELL—CHURCH AND BARN



CHARLES B. BROWN—1875-76



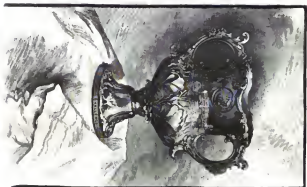
GEOFFREY BROWN—1875-76







OLD TRINITY COLLEGE.



THE BISHOP'S TROPHY CHALLENGE CUP.



COLUMBIA COLLEGE, N.Y.



H. B. GARDNER, JR.









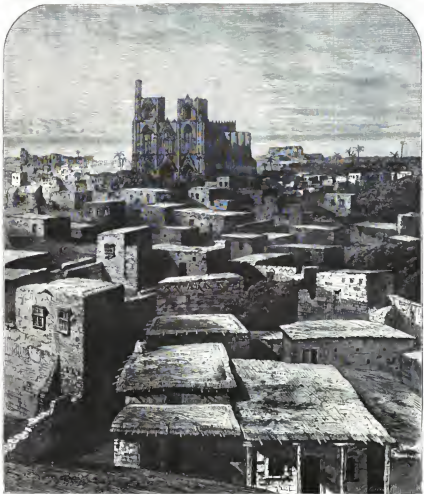
## ALL THE WORLD AT PARIS.

See Paris Exhibition, like any other great national gathering, naturally attracts multitudes of the world's champions. Representatives of every race and clime are invited to compete in a common struggle, and the student of human nature is enabled to gain upon his fellow-creatures from an estimate of their qualities which is not before him in a general way. The artist is where he is interested for the eye catches in a flash of a thousand things at once. He is more charmed with the ridiculous than interested in philosophical differences, and types of human beings that speak more fully to his sense of humor than the English portraits sketched with his brush. It is not possible

for the thoughtful traveler surely to find out why the Englishman should possess his individuality so much more than the representative of any other nation. There is no mistake here, one who. Whether he appears in the center of the exhibition, Paris or anywhere else, the student of human nature is never confused, and no trace of any of the features that may have been seen in his travels remains upon his memory, his conversation, or his appearance. It is said that the chief difficulty that lies in the way of writing "the American north" is the absence of social types. Certainly the duty of modeling himself in form, features, and expression exactly according to the class to which he belongs is better understood by an Englishman than any other inhabitant of the

globe. The particular French portrait by our artist is clearly an exhibition of the great show, for in the first sketch we find him holding a controversy with the visitor over what appears to be a photograph of himself. Two or three previous ones are interesting themselves in the question, and it will evidently go hard with the applicant for admission if his features do not prove to be identical with those on the card he offers for inspection. Our own view of him is at the table of his, surrounded by his family, and here, if we may judge from the expression of the various faces, there is another difficulty to be encountered. Whether the champion person has failed in his duty, or French society fails to keep the English palate, we are left to decide for ourselves; but clearly the first dinner in Paris has

not been productive of any measure of delight. The next sketch would be rather puzzling had not a hint been received from the artist that the morning procession depicted was the result of a demand on the part of the English family for lunch. What is not a popular food among the French, and an eternal application of it such a rare event that the necessary apparatus is not likely to be forthcoming on sudden call. Apparently, however, in this instance the preparation here done their best. In the last sketch we find the whole party forty or more, while the bells of the Exhibition. One young lady, paid back in hand, is the pioneer. Doubtless they will enjoy themselves immensely in spite of the "superior way in which they do these things in Old England."



FAMAGUSTA, THE ANCIENT VENETIAN PORT OF CYPRUS.

## FAMAGUSTA.

THE ancient city lies on a slope between two promontories on the eastern coast of the island of Cyprus. It was built from the ruins of the Greek city of Salamis, and is surrounded by high walls. On the land side there is a deep ditch twenty paces in width cut out of the solid rock. The walls are thick, and flanked by massive towers, whose sides are four paces thick and their interior four feet in diameter. The total extent of the walls is nearly ten miles. Within the fortress there is a mile with battlements, situated on a number of crumpled eminences. The town has two gates, each with draw bridges, the one toward the land, the other leading to the sea. The harbor, which is large, and protected by some high rocks at the entrance, could once admit vessels of considerable draught, but is now choked up with mud and rubbish. The city is still in little better than a ruin, yet it was once known as one of the principal commercial marts of the Levant, and numbered among its inhabitants some of the wealthiest merchants of the East.

Famagusta was originally built by the Christians somewhere about the latter part of the eleventh century, but was made a fortified town in 1194 by Guy de Lusignan, a French Crusader, who purchased the island of Cyprus from the English emperor, Richard the First. In the struggle which occurred on various occasions between Guy de Lusignan, a member of the Lusignan dynasty, and the sultan, the city suffered conspicuously. On the occasion of his coronation

King Peter entertained several eminent Genoese and Venetians at the royal palace, situated at Nicosia. These guests quarreled about precedence, and appeared to the Cyprian monarch to decide the point at issue. The Genoese, it is said, were so highly offended by a verdict which was adverse to their pretensions that they proposed to murder King Peter during the feast at which he had invited them and their circle. Hearing in some manner become acquainted with the intention of his guests, the king rescued the malcontents from the throned hands of the slayers of his palace, and ordered that every subject of Cyprus within his dominions should be put to death. This monstrous command was, unfortunately for Cyprus, only too faithfully obeyed. The apostle of fire, highly incensed by this treatment of his citizens, immediately proceeded to punish the Cypriote king by sending a fleet of war vessels to Cyprus under command of the Admiral Paganus Falcom. This officer, after several engagements, captured the city of Famagusta, which was now transformed into a Genoese fortress. Henceforth their hold upon the island and no longer as they retained this important city, the Genoese added busily to the fortifications, and made them almost impregnable. It was nearly sixty years before Famagusta again became the property of the monarch of Cyprus, and then it was only rescued from the Genoese by the aid of foreign mercenaries employed by James the Second.

The wife of this monarch, who had succeeded in stealing himself upon the throne of his father in spite of his illegitimate birth, was a Venetian

lady, who, after the death of her husband, ruled Cyprus in his name, but finally delivered it in favor of the government of Venice. Display given of comparative peace followed this event, when finally the sublimity of the island became aware that a danger threatened them greater than any they had known in the past. For a long time the Turks had been casting longing eyes toward Cyprus. Unobtrusively their impurity took an active form, and results of the plains order would meet various parts of the island and plunder such towns as were in the vicinity. Venice, in defiance of these incursions, determined to leave the fortress of Cyprus. Famagusta was among the most important, and Venetian engineers were sent thither and commenced to put the city in order for the reception of a large garrison.

In July of 1570 the Turks landed in force at Cyprus, and in September began the famous siege of Famagusta—the siege that lost Cyprus to Venice, and which made it an instance of Turkish perfidy that has few parallels even in the history of that most unprincipled and treacherous nation. The garrison at this time consisted of 7000 Venetians, commanded by the brave General Maximilian Strozzi. Every twelve months was sent away from the city, leaving only the men at arms. For months the garrison was enabled to repulse every attack of the Turks; but in the spring of 1571 the Turkish commander, Muezzin, opened a trench three miles in extent, which eventually cut off the Venetians from any communication with the surrounding country. This trench, it is said, was twelve feet high and deep to enable horsemen to gallop its length without

being perceived by the enemy. Behind it were erected iron forts, from which a constant fire was kept up upon the walls of the fortress. The garrison repulsed this attack, owing to the inferior quality of its arms and munitions.

After having repulsed the batteries of Famagusta the Turks attempted an assault, but were repulsed. In the mean time, however, operations went steadily forward, and the fortress was undermined. On the 1st of June an explosion took place, blowing the city and tearing down a portion of the walls. An assault was made at the same time, but was rendered ineffective by the heroic struggle of the garrison. Three weeks later a second explosion took place, followed by a third having not been, in which the Turks were wounded and beaten back to their intrenchments. Throughout June and July a series of such assaults took place, the garrison in every case displaying the most remarkable heroism. Finally starvation menaced them. By the middle of July there was no salt meat, wine, nor vegetable to be had in the city. The troops were reduced to subsisting on corn, and the lack of horses, dairy, and such. On the 27th of July the Turks made a desperate assault. It was the sixteenth, and the last the garrison was able to sustain. Officers and men fought together like heroes. General Strozzi himself falling several of the enemy with his own hands. The victory they achieved was, however, equivalent to a defeat. Their ammunition was exhausted, their food consumed, and, realizing the impossibility of resisting another attack, the unfortunate garrison surrounded, trusting themselves to the mercy of











STRUGGLE FOR THE PALM LEAVES.

## SKETCHES IN PALESTINE.

There is a never-fading interest attached to every thing connected with Palestine. Not only is it a land where "the infant of uncertain pilgrim-like throng," and the home of one of the oldest civilizations on the face of the earth, but it is a place where modern progress works little or its change either upon the monuments of the past or upon the manners and customs of the people. In spite of the ravages of the Turk and the destroying influence of time, the Holy Land under Moslem rule differs but little from the happy Judean provinces that four years ago lay, subdued under the dominion of Rome. This is the eastern heritage of man whose lives have been devoted to the study of the subject. The

Eastern traveler, whose exhaustive monographs have made him an authority upon all matters connected with Biblical lore, says: "The unchanged habits of the East render it a kind of living Pompeii. The outward appearance, which in the case of the Greeks and Romans we know only through art and writing—the marble, fresco, and pavement—in the case of the Jewish history we know through the forms of actual men, living and moving before us, wearing about the same garb, speaking in almost the same language, and certainly with the same general tone of speech and tones and manners."

In studying the accompanying engravings the reader may therefore feel that he is looking upon painted representations of the places in and about Jerusalem but little changed from what

they were in the days when Jesus the Baptist called men to repentance, and the Prophet of Galilee preached the Gospel of salvation to the world. The view of the ancient city which is given on our death page is taken from the Mount of Olives, and, owing to the equality of elevation, is undoubtedly the most imposing one that can be obtained. Jerusalem is literally a city upon a hill. It is built on a promontory that juts out from the table-land of Judaea, and drops to narrow gorges separate it from the surrounding hills. On the west and south the Valley of Hinnom lies between Zion and the neighboring highlands. On the east, between Sheich and the Mount of Olives, lies the Valley of Jehoshaphat, through which flows the brook Cedron. This valley is supposed to be the "king's dale" men-

tioned in Genesis, and its name is derived from the burial of King Jehoshaphat, or from the fact that he obtained here a great victory over the Moabites and their allies. Only on the north does the city adjoin the mountain range of which its site forms a part. Its highest towers are 2000 feet above the level of the Mediterranean Sea. In its present shape the city of Jerusalem is an irregular square, surrounded by an embattled wall about two and a half miles in circumference, erected by the Sultan Suleiman. In this wall there are seven gates, the four principal ones being named the Jaffa, the Damascus, the Sion's, and the Zion gates.

The streets of Jerusalem are winding and gloomy. They are paved with irregularly shaped flat stones infilling between the walls, and here







# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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THE GREAT SOLAR ECLIPSE.—Observed at Snake River Park, Colorado, by Dr. GEORGE DEANER.—[See Page 675.]







BENJAMIN DISRAELI, EARL OF BEAUCONSFIELD, K. G., 1874.—From a Photograph.—[See Page 670.]



BENJAMIN DISRAELI, 1871.—[From a Drawing by Gustave Dore.]











ROCKY POINT.



THE GUY.



THE CAMERA.



THE BAY.



THE HAPPY FAMILY.

THE GEORGE WASHINGTON JOHNS FAMILY IN THEIR BOAT. (Painted by A. B. Farns.)









MARKET STREET, DUBLIN, IRELAND.

## A VIEW IN DUBLIN.

CUSTOM HOUSE, as the Custom House, the first from the sea over the great river of the city, but there is no other landmark, and the coming of Custom House does not reveal upon you a spectacle of warehouses, neither are your ears deafened with the roar of vapors and the screaming of engine whistles. On the contrary, on either side of the bridge are wide and airy handsome streets filled with lofty houses and lined with splendid shops. Of the two thoroughfares diverging from the bridge, Mark Lane, on the north side of the Liffey, is the grander. There is, indeed, no wider, in point of vista, no more beautiful street in Europe. In ten minutes here, compared with the Broadway of New York, but there is much more elegance and lightness and

grace about Mark Lane than in the broad, brightly colored boulevard of America. And those effects are not produced by an absence of that animation which one expects to find in the center of a capital, for there is abundance of it here, but the street is so expansive, like the great and busy squares at Alexandria more than any thing else, and the houses and public buildings dwarf all street objects into such insignificance, that light Irish cars may be dashing past you, men may be tending all the corners of the streets on their way to the terraces at the base of Nelson's Pillar, and cool drays in lines may be slowly moving toward the shops along the quay, and yet neither all these nor the hundreds of people on the broad pavements convey to you ideas of crowding, nor of that overwhelming pandemonium business activity you get in other London or

Liverpool. It is the grace of the place that is its principal charm. In no other street in the world will you, at certain hours of the day, see so many young and beautiful women promiscuously up and down between the trees, which afford some shelter as well as such representation to the passers and the pleasant shops. And if these do not attract your gaze, you have public buildings with Ionic columns to gaze at, and hotels—sport mansions of hotels, and not those with flaming posters plastered forth from chimney stacks and side walls—and lastly you have, right in the center of this street, the Nelson Column, with the golden column standing hem-bounded at the top, and looking against a copse, and not, as in the London column, against a bay of ships, as if any one could gain support from that. If you want to take in all the picturesque at once,

you must stand on Custom Bridge and look down the river; for your eyes meet the Round Church and the church spire that seems to pierce the sky above the houses at the Docklands and of Mark Lane. You will at once admit that it is no wonder this magnificent avenue is the favorite street of the citizens of Dublin, for you can see nothing before you but tone and beauty and prosperity.

## THE INSURRECTION IN CRETE.

Even since the termination of the struggle between Russia and Turkey there has been a continuous series of hostilities going on between the Greek, laborers of Turkish provinces and the Moslem troops stationed within their limits. It





THE INTERSECTION IS CURIOUS—OCCURRING IN THE MOUNTAINS

has been suggested, and probably with some degree of truth, that the idea of the insurgents in Chios, Epirus, Crete, and elsewhere has been, not the possibility of throwing off the rule of the Turk—a matter they were entirely too feeble to accomplish—but to call the attention of Europe to the atrocious misdeeds under which they languish.

From the time that Crete finally passed from the hands of the Venetians into those of the Turk, the unhappy island has been the scene of constant contention. This contest took place in the middle of the seventeenth century. The Turk had been in the habit of making expeditions to Crete for the purpose of plunder, but the determination to besiege and take possession of the island grew out of a difficulty between the Sultan and the Maltese. A prize vessel was taken by the latter, which, according to report,

had on board the sons of the sultan, and also the favorite wife and son of the Sultan himself. It is probable, however, that the lady in question was only a slave of the sultan, who had been employed in the sultan's as a nurse, with her son, and to whom the Sultan had become attached. This vessel was carried off a short time into Calamatta, a harbor of Crete, but without the consent of the Venetians, who had no portion there. This fact did not, however, excuse them in the eyes of the Sultan, who became highly incensed, and by way of vengeance sent a large fleet to the island, which soon took Candia and Sifnos, and besieged the capital with vigor. The attack was bravely repulsed, but was repeated five years later, this time with the same want of success.

In 1696 the Turks made a third effort, but this, toward changed the siege into a blockade, which

they continued on years without success, since the Venetians, being masters of the sea, supplied the fortress with arms, ammunition, and men without difficulty. In 1697, after the peace of Passarowitz, the Grand Vizier Kiazim, in order to secure a furnished expedition, and to regain the favor of Mustafa IV by an important conquest, took measures for the entire subjugation of Crete, and lowered the standard with 10,000 men. The fortress was, however, well defended. A wall with seven bastions surrounded it, the same number of bastions were situated in front of the wall, and several detached works further in advance. A numerous fleet held the Turks in check by sea, and the garrison declared itself ready to be besieged under the walls of the fortress. The attack was at first directed against the bastion called Pharis, and the Turks were soon at the foot of the breach. Here, however,

the defense was so strong that six months' fighting found the enemy no nearer in advance, the winter was upon them, and they were obliged to withdraw to their intrenchments. During the cold months many of the soldiers were carried off by disease, but by spring they were fresh enough to attempt the assault. The Venetians, however, were weaker than the one which had so successfully resisted them, and this gave them fresh courage. As soon as the weather would permit, they showed their place and attacked the last-mentioned works. Their expectations of an easy victory were not fulfilled, however, for having succeeded in establishing themselves upon the bastion of St. Andre, they found beyond it strong intrenchments, which withstood the most furious assaults, and again winter forced them to suspend their operations.

In the spring of 1699 the Turks passed their









MEN AND WOMEN OF BETULEHEM.



VIEW OF JERUSALEM FROM SCOPUS.



MOUNT HERMON.

SKETCHES IN PALESTINE.

## SKETCHES IN PALESTINE.

THE above sketches are a continuation of the series published in our Supplement of last week. In the first two we have a view of the extensive work by the men and women of Bethlehem. These are to a great degree the same as were worn in Scripture times. The most ancient representations of the human form found in Egypt, Syria, and Asia Minor contain abundant evidence that no material change has taken place in the

dress of the people—in spite of the unbounded hospitality of the East, intercourse, except for business purposes, is usually confined among persons of like nationality and religious faith, while at the same time luxury, fanaticism, and pride of race all conspire to maintain unimpaired every outward distinction. The cloth worn by the people is manufactured by the wives and daughters, and dyed and fashioned into garments at home. Foreign manufactures of every description have, with a recent date, been unknown.

The taste of Oriental for splendor of attire has led all who can afford it to provide themselves with costly and showy garments worn only on special occasions; and these, being handed down from one generation to another, have also contributed to preserve the fashions and styles undisturbed.

The dress of the men may be said to consist of four principal garments—the "kum," the "dum," the "war," the "sabb," and the "kafan." The first is a sort of loose drawers over which the shawl,

or trousers, are drawn. Both drawers and trousers are shaped like a bag broader than it is long, with an opening at each of the lower corners large enough to admit the foot. They are girdled around the waist by means of a long, narrow band, with the ends, in the case of the shawl, extended in gay colors. Among the poor this garment is generally of dark blue cotton; these in better circumstances wear knowledge or some light woollen material. The sabb, or shawl, is not infrequently woven of camel's or goat's



TROUT-FISHING.

hair. In form it is felt, and when allowed to hang loose, reaches before the knee. It opens in front to the waist, and is without a collar, but forms with a single button at the throat. The best garment is the bellus, a robe usually reaching to the ankles, the sleeves of which are long enough to hang over and cover the hands. It has a narrow standing collar, buttoned at the throat with two silk buttons, and is upon all the way down, one side hanging over the other at the waist, where it is held by a single button. The garment is usually of striped or figured cotton, as silk, and often of more costly stuffs, according to the means of the wearer.

There is no marked distinction between the costumes of the men and women of the East, if

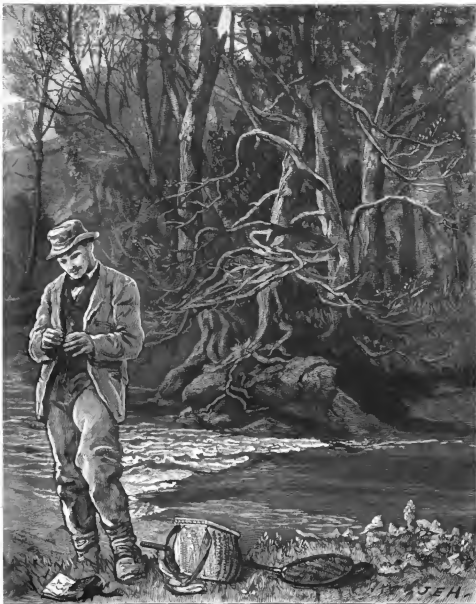
we except the veil, which is, of course, worn exclusively by the latter. The difference consists only in slight variations in the form of the garments. The shirt worn by the women is full and ample, like that worn by the men, but shorter, reaching only to the knees, and generally of a finer texture. Over this shirt they always wear the "shikias," a garment corresponding to the shawl of the men, and usually made of striped or figured silk, but sometimes of material far more costly, and richly embroidered. The head-dress of the fair sex and the manner of arranging the hair vary considerably in different localities. One mode, which is almost universal, is to divide the hair into numerous fine braids, which are allowed to hang down the back. Into each tren of hair are

often braided three black cords, in which small gold coins are fastened. The women never go bare-headed any more than the men, but they wear a low and small "turban," or red cap, from the center of which hangs a band of fine silk. A light handkerchief of printed muslin, whose lateral edges are often very beautiful, is bound around the red cap and tied in a graceful knot at one side.

The view of Jerusalem given in our second sketch represents the ancient city as it is seen from the mountain ridge of Beth Sappas. This ridge lies to the north of the Mount of Olives, and here, it is said, the Roman Emperor Titus first caught sight of the city which he had come to the

head of his legions to besiege. Sappas may be remembered among the "seventeen who were round about Jerusalem," though this image is not precisely fulfilled by the actual topography of the country. Jerusalem is not literally shut in by mountains except on the eastern side. Any one facing the city westward, northward, or southward, will observe that it is on an elevation higher than the hills in its immediate vicinity, its towers and walls standing out against the sky. On the east, however, the city is guarded by a long ridge having four distinct summits, with one another starting off to the north, and another to the south. This northern outlier is Sappas, and the south-  
the "Hill of Evil Counsel." The ridge itself is known both in the Old and New Testament as

the Mount of Sappas, and is mentioned in the Bible as the place where the Jews were crucified. It is also the place where the Jews were crucified. It is also the place where the Jews were crucified.



ST OF THE SEASON.

of Jordan, as well as the appearance of Jerusalem, has, however, been already fully described in the article accompanying our last week's dispatch.

Hermon, which occupies our third and last sketch, is a mountain which rises in a most interesting way, and is situated in the immediate vicinity of Jerusalem. It is the southernmost of the Anti-Lebanon range to which it belongs, lies between Damascus and the Sea of Tiberias or Galilee. Besides the common name Hermon, it is also called in the Scriptures Hama, while among the Americans it bears the name of Sennir, and among the Syrians that of Heron, both of which words signify a stronghold, referring probably to the snow on its broad summit shining in the sun.

Hermon is a conspicuous object from all parts of the Holy Land. It has three summits, rounded like the angles of a triangle, about a quarter of a mile apart. At most mountainous, it has the form of a massive truncated cone, and still has in summer its entire summit covered with snow, which then melts on the exposed portions of the mountain, and remains only in the gorges and ravines, giving the appearance of radiant stripes, or of the white locks of an old man. The height of Hermon has been variously estimated, but it may be safely stated at 10,000 feet. At the foot of one spur of the mountain lies the ruined village of Naïn, the scene of some of the most affecting of the miracles mentioned in the Gospels.

#### TROUT-FISHING.

When the white mounds loom, their soft, undulating shape, and the dark, pointed and pointed on its snowy, snowing wings. There may I be found such a scene, with the red and red, crimson, Not a spotted beauty, nor, Is the party around a most.

All disciples of ISRAEL WALTER are unanimous in pronouncing trout-fishing as the most fascinating of piscatorial pleasures. It is a sport that appeals to all who have a taste for rural enjoyment, and who love the quiet ripple of mountain streams, bordered by mossy banks and shaded by lofty trees. Like birding and other out-door sports, it has its enthusiasts who glory in it as their chief delight, and roll down mountainsides upon all who regard their sported thrills as something less than mere recreation, finding solely for the pleasure of the fly-fisher. One devotee to the art calculates its various pleasures of the streamer who would dare to loosen a trout by trap or net: "How deep about therefore be the torments of the crime of that regret that of vagabonds who recklessly rob the streams of their life, beauty, and most of recreation to the overworked citizen who depends on angling instead of physics for moving his waning health of body and decreasing view of mind?"

Where upon angling mercuries many families of the brook trout, but the *Salmo fario*, or common trout, is also found in many of the streams of the North American continent.





# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

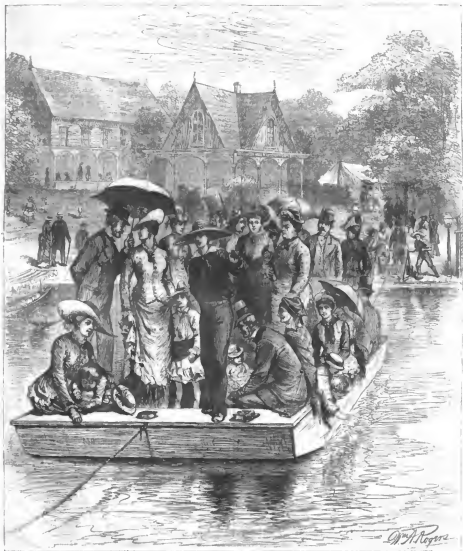
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DOWN BY THE SEA—FERRY OVER WEDLEY LAKE, OCEAN GROVE.—DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS.—[For Page 264.]







THE RUINED HOUSE



THE HIGH SCHOOL



MAIN ST. LOOKING SOUTH.



TORNADO.



THE VALLEY, LOOKING WEST.



BROKEN HEADSTONE.



RUINS OF ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH



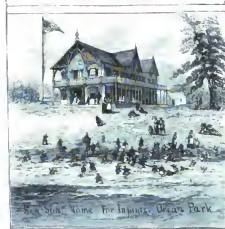
DECAPITATED TREE

IN THE TRACK OF THE TORNADO.—FROM PICTURES BY E. P. SNOW AND A. F. BROWN.—[See Page 654.]









DOWN BY THE SEA—SKETCHES AT OCEAN GROVE, ASHBURY PARK, AND OTHER



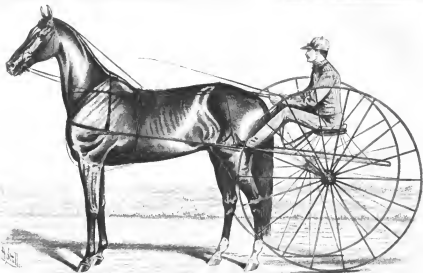








MR. KUENLENT CHEN LAY FAN, FIRST CHINESE AMBASSADOR TO THE UNITED STATES, AND HIS SUTLE—PROBABLES OF BROTHERS & BROTHERS, FOR FARMING—[See Page 604.]



THE TROTTING HORSE BARUS.—[RACED ON LAKE OF HENRY STAY.]

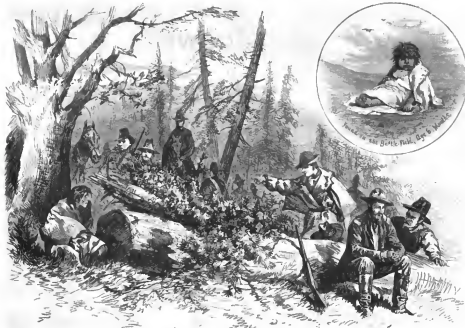
# THE CELEBRATED TROTTER BARUS.

THE subject of the above sketch first became prominent as a trotter in 1874, when he made for himself a record of 2:24. The following year he was very successful in his races, and earned his record in 2:24. The next season (1875) he was almost every race he started for,

and reduced his record still further to 2:20. In 1877 he trotted a mile in 2:16, and again set Goldsmith Maid in a heat trotted in 2:14, when he was seriously and driven out. Such was his well-known speed that nearly all the prominent racing associations deemed it best to bar Barus from participation in ordinary contests, giving instead a special purse for his benefit. In one of these exhibitions of speed at Buffalo, August 4,

he electrified the racing world by trotting a full mile in harness in 2:12, thus effecting the great performance of the late more Goldsmith Maid, whose record of 2:14 had stood at the head of the turf for over three years. Barus is a bay gelding, standing a little over sixteen hands high, with two white hind feet and a crooked blade in his forehead. He was bred by his present owner, Mr. E. B. Conner, of Georgetown, Long Island, and

has been trained and driven by J. W. Bell, since he has shown his unparalleled speed. Concerning the pedigree of Barus but little is known. He was sired by a horse known as CONNER'S B. gelding, whose origin is also doubtful. His dam's pedigree is also unknown. Concerning this last achievement of this "king of the trotters," a few items may be interesting. The dirt track, and condition of the horse were all that could be



INCIDENTS OF INDIAN WARFARE.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—[SEE PAGE 693.]











\* AU REVUE.—[Pour le Parnasse de Paris &amp; Comtes.]







# HARPER'S WEEKLY

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THE NEW YORK ELEVATED RAILROAD—VIEW IN FRANKLIN SQUARE.—FROM A SKETCH BY THOS. R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 714.]







A SKIRMISH WITH AN UNWELCOME INTRUDER.—[DRAWN BY W. L. PUTNAM.]



LOCUSTS IN SOUTH INDIA—DRIVING THEM FROM THE FIELDS.—[SEE PAGE 716.]



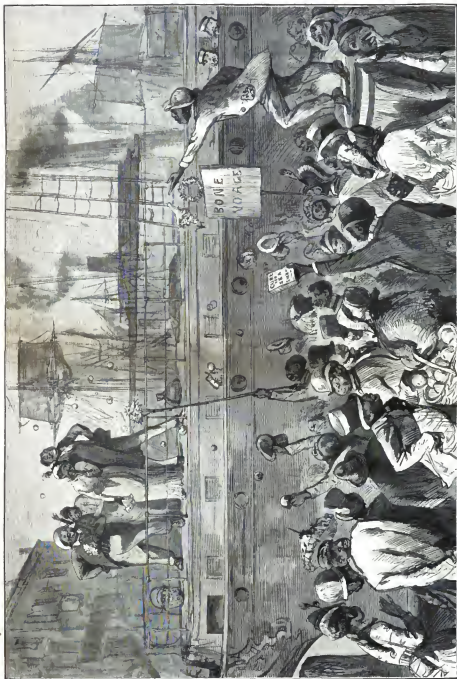








THE MOUNTAINS OF THE HURON, FROM ANTHONY'S HORN, LOOKING NORTH.—Drawn by James H. Smith.—(From Plate 114.)



WEDDING TRIP OF THE BLACKVILLE TRUSS-OFF FOR EUROPE.—(Drawn at San Francisco, Cal.)







PLAY-IDE HOMES FOR CHILDREN.—Drawn by JAMES CROFT.—[See Page 708.]





JOHN H. RAYMOND, LL.D., LATE PRESIDENT OF YANKEE COLLEGE.  
FURNISHED BY G. W. FARR.—(See Page 55.)



EVERETT AUGUSTUS STEVENS.  
FURNISHED BY R. A. LEWIS.—(See Page 56.)

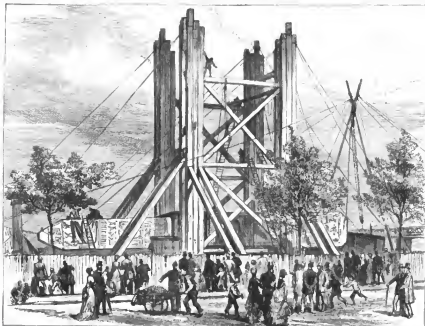
# CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE

The Egyptian obelisk called by this name, which Mr. James Smith, civil engineer, has removed from Alexandria to be erected in London, at the cost of a tremendous individual benevolence of the public, Mr. RALPH WILSON, the eminent surgeon, is now visible in all passers-by on

the Thames Embankment, and will soon be raised aloft upon its pedestal, at the stone steps opposite Adelphi Terrace. It will rest in a horizontal position, but supported of the iron plate casing that formed the vessel in which its adventurous voyage was performed, upon a solid timber frame-work over the granite base, sixteen feet square and six feet high, but making only four feet

above the level of the Embankment, supporting the pedestal and the two planks at the sides. The preparations for lifting the obelisk to the required height, then depressing one end so as to render it perpendicular, and finally placing its lower end upon the pedestal, have already begun. The plan for raising may be here described. The column will be fixed with a powerful iron

jacket as near the centre of gravity as is wanted; and this jacket has two massive iron truss-ropes, just like the truss-ropes of a great gun. These truss-ropes will rest on two wrought-iron girders of great strength, and the whole will thus revolve a monster column on a disk without wheels. Each of the four main supports of the staging consists of six sticks of timber, each one



RAISING CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE ON THE THAMES EMBANKMENT.









A MUSLIMAN PILGRIMAGE TO THE TOMB OF MOSES.

## "IN HER OWN SPHERE."

"Now that Charles Dickens's letters are being gathered from the treasures of his library, I wish," writes "Atlas" in the London World, "that some collector could also be made of the letters not written but received by him. It would be an amazing volume, because his peculiar and exquisite responsiveness of fancy seemed to attract the like, and his friends had the habit of pouring down for his undying delight any thing quiet or comic that they came across. I was riding with him one day, when he suddenly asked the others with one of his bursts of laughter, 'By my asking, with the smile of anticipation, what the joke was, he took from his pocket a letter just received from Horatio Martineau, who was staying at Tremont for his health, and who had noted the fol-

lowing incident of life in Ireland. In the year house at the village were residing a good natured woman, conductable as person and in character, and not a little elegant and, on the face of it, a lady in all the usual of structured heroine, but of distinguished conversation, as the poetical in the Tremont world.' As Mrs. A before was sitting down one day all alone to her mid-day dinner of meat and wine, it occurred to the good and that even her enjoyment of so quiet a life would be increased by participation with the solitary, silent, and if not Mrs. B above, she therefore set some delicate, scarce, from the breast and then there up (about) two hot plates, accompanied by sage and onion and pork and her companions, to the benefit of both the world. There was no outcome, as a rule, of some devotion, and then Betty came down again, pale,

with the forehead scratched between the two hot plates, and on the top of them a note, which was in this effect, written: 'Mrs. B will thank Mrs. A to domesticate her guest in her own sphere.'

## THE FAILED TOMB OF MOSES.

REASONS of the actual cause of the death of the great Hebrew leader and prophet, the Moslems have raised on him a tomb on the west side of the great Jordan, which is annually visited by thousands of devotees. During several days, about the middle of April, fanned mud-ramp is and about the sides of the mosque and walls within which is supposed to be the tomb, the approach of fresh bands of pilgrims causes are food from the mosque with old that both gone and pitiful. This is answered by the

Arabs or Turks, who beat drum and cymbal as they enter on their women generally carrying in the rear singing, and clapping their hands. Each pilgrim discharges his gun in the air on entering the gate of the mosque.

But, no one knows where the great prophet was buried. In childhood in the Desert command, just before his death, Moses acceded Mount Nebo, one of the Pisgah range, whence he could overlook the land he was not permitted to enter. "I have caused thee to see it with thine eyes, but thou shalt not go over thither." From that height he came down no more. "No Moses the servant of the Lord died there in the land of Moab, according to the word of the Lord. And He buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Beth-peor, but no man knoweth his sepulchre unto this day."



THE CATHEDRAL.



ENGLAND.—[SEE PAGE 724.]

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# HARPER'S WEEKLY

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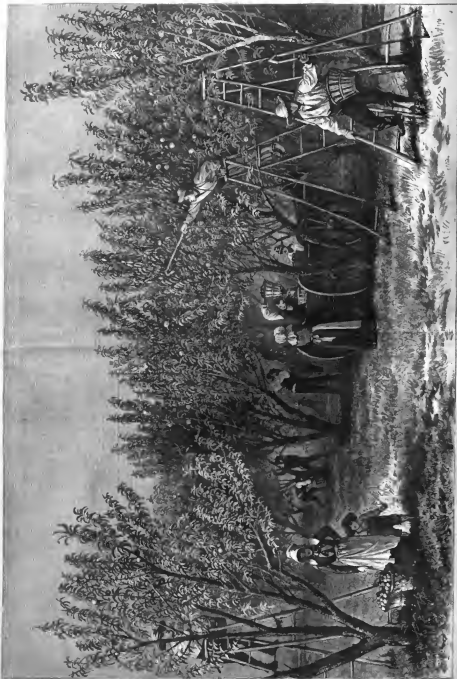
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"IS SINCERITY TO BE REWARDING? IS THE WORKING MAN TO HAVE HIS RIGHTS? THAT'S NOT I WANT TO KNOW."







PEOPLE PLACED IN DISAPPEAR—How a House of cards looks when it falls—(See Page 704.)









FROM MINE TO MILL.—DRAWS FROM A SCENE BY HENRY R. FOOTE.—[See Page 114.]





## FROM MINE TO MILL.

The transportation of iron ore from the mine to the mill is an important step in the progress of the metal from its origin to its useful condition. It is an important feature of mining and metallurgy, and it is the first step in the process of the metal.

The gold and silver of our Western States are found scattered in various localities, and in quantities of varying size, from a few ounces to a few tons. In some instances they are found in veins, and in some in small pieces, and in some in the form of nuggets. They are found in all parts of the country, and in all kinds of rocks.

The first discovery of gold in our Western States was in 1848, when James W. Wicks discovered it in the American River, in California. Since that time, gold has been discovered in many other places, and in many different forms.

These workings were once abandoned, and resumed when it had not the original veins of quartz, and thus more or less of the original veins were left in the ground.

The quartz rock is taken from the mine to the mill, and there crushed to powder, and the metal separated from the pulverized rock by the use of machinery. The mill consists of a series of rollers, which crush the rock into small pieces, and then into a fine powder.

In many of the mountains, the gravel is used, and the metal is separated from the gravel by the use of machinery.

Each wagon is furnished with a powerful pump, capable of stopping and holding it in any position. The pump is used to pump the water out of the mine, and to pump the water into the mill. The pump is used to pump the water out of the mine, and to pump the water into the mill.

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## BROKEN IN.

James was fast disappearing from high road and farm, and the gravel was being taken to the mill. The gravel was being taken to the mill, and the gravel was being taken to the mill.

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short of water, the rapidly drawn carriage came suddenly to a halt.

"Have you any more?" said a gentleman who, seated in the open barouche behind a griffin figure quietly seated in the water, had been for a while or two a passenger in the gravel.

"The gravel is all gone," said the driver, who was not of the gravel.

All outcroppings being in the way of the gravel, the gravel was all gone.

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style suits you, but you can ride in the old carriage upon a pillow, and gain glory in that way.

"I have a better idea," said the gentleman, who was not of the gravel.

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country," and to tell her of the gravel, who was not of the gravel.

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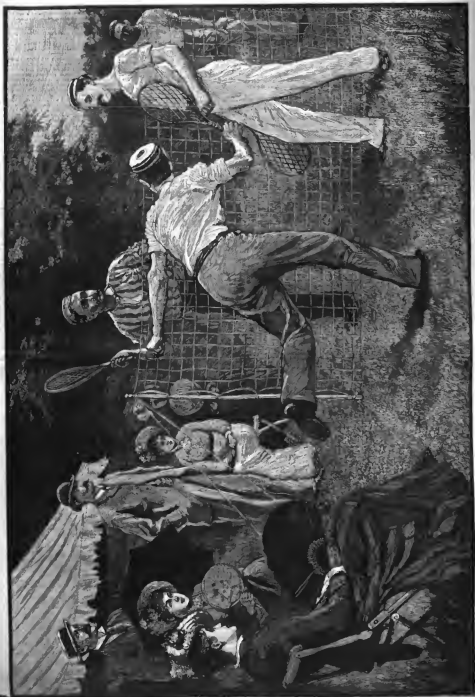
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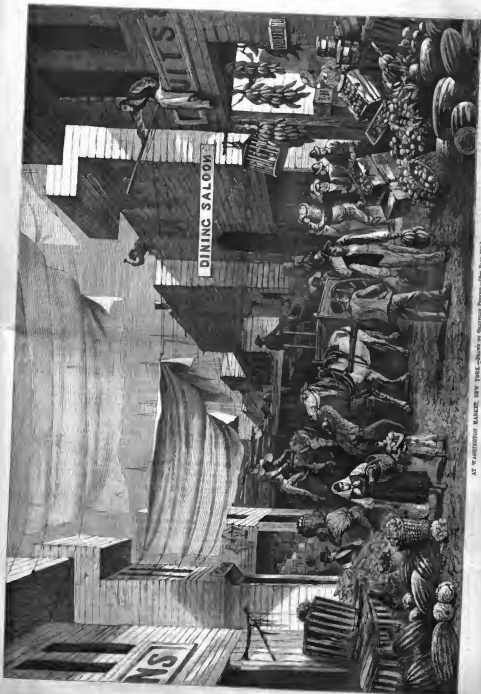
The gravel was all gone, and the gravel was all gone.

The gravel was all gone, and the gravel was all gone.





LAWYER TENNIS.—Drawn by G. B. BROWN.—[See Page 711.]



AT WASHINGTON MARKET. NEW YORK. Shows the various produce, (see page 736).











THE CHAIN OF MOUNT GAYRUL.



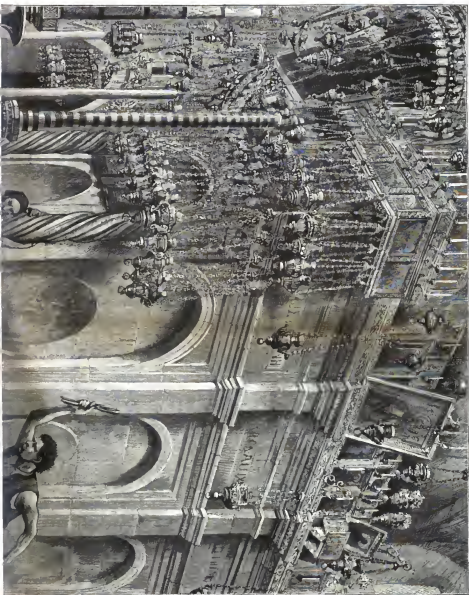
CAPE KOBRAKITA.



THE PORT OF SYENNA.  
SKETCHES IN CYPRUS.—[See Page 744.]



A PILGRIMAGE TO THE HOLY LAND—THE GREAT CRAMONY OF THE HOLY FIRE.—[See Page 144.]





# HARPER'S WEEKLY

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"WIDOWED AND FATHERLESS"—[FROM A PICTURE BY T. WALTER WILSON.]







A FISHERMAN'S BOAT BY THE BEACH. DRAWN BY F. E. COOPER.—(See Page 746.)



## AMONG ALIENS.\*

By MRS. FRANCES S. TRILLINGER.  
Author of "Fanny," "Anna Fennell," "Mrs. Fennell," "The Doctor's Household," etc.

## CHAPTER XIX.

But had scarcely spoken the words when I heard Lucy's voice in the garden. I never knew whether the Princess Carlotta reluctantly shrank back at the sound, or whether I instinctively pushed her away from a corner of the room not visible from the window; but she was not out of sight by the time Lucy came up, and standing on tip-toe—after the window was at a height of some five feet from the ground—glanced her eyes above the level of the sill and called to me. "Carlotta dear, will you do what I tell you to do early for me next on Sunday? Here is Mr. Rochester some back. I told him that you were wanted to see my fresh cake, and is a good husband to get her the day or night. But he won't be needed until he has paid over what. What's that in the window with him?"

"The great box, little white pigskin," said the great box, coming forward, and looking like a horse on the window sill to me in full up nearly

her on religious subjects, I will promise not to do so," and the Princess suddenly took hold of my gown to detain me with an imposing gesture. "Signer Sordani came to my room," she said, "and he—" I will remain with the Princess," then turning to her, he continued, "Donna Virginia, I am in the place of a father to these young women. I have the whole story. What information there is to be given, I can give you better than Carlotta. And if I ever help me, I will then see that you are not left in the lurch."

He almost threw me from the studio, and as soon as I was on the outside of the door I heard him lock it.

I joined Lucy and Mr. Rochester in the sitting-room. They both said I looked tired, and they urged me to come out to the terrace walk among the olive-trees overlooking the Campagna, and enjoy myself in the sunshine and breeze. There is no other story to be told here, you would stretch for me to look and listen. Lucy was a fine person and paper with you, and dear my first on you on the great in the school."

After a moment's reflection, I decided to do as they wished. It was better that I should keep Lucy safely out of Princess Carlotta's way. So

go me further. "But you won't mind waiting just those few yards, Carlotta dear," said she, in her coaxing way, "and just making that my check has me, will you?" And Mr. Rochester will walk with you to leave a look at our favorite statue. You haven't seen my mirror, Mr. Rochester? I do go, please. And if you could bring me a few fresh—what grows in that moist place—it would be very kind."

I descended a little at leaving her alone, but she urged it so strongly that at last I yielded, and passed the park across a whole and more unexpected path which was called my mirror. I thought, as we walked, that Mr. Rochester would probably not have taken time away from Lucy's side, to come out and gather leaves. Then, as he caught up a very good grace.

"And what is the scene in Rome, Mr. Rochester?" said I, as we walked.

"Well," he answered, gravely, "I chanced to happen in a very graceful scene there. I have seen some of the people concerned."

"Indeed? I do not know any people in Rome?"

"I conclude that you know this man, because Signer Sordani said that Mr. Lucy had given

him a look, and you also thought something about her, before."

My heart made a great bound, and I could not

I felt hurt and distressed for a moment, but I tried to suppress the feeling. Whatever Mr. Rochester had been told, it was clear that it had not been told in the way and respect for Lucy. So I made an effort to regain a frank and even, strained manner, and asked him what was the painful scene he had witnessed in Rome. "I will tell you when we reach our destination," he said. "The path is so narrow here we can not wait there."

We went on in silence until we came to the terrace. It is a narrow path in the mountains, through which a stream of water flows to the sea down to the plain. The sides of the terrace are covered with dwarf oak, and a variety of shrubs and break-wood, and at the south, where it ends, stands a small, old, stone bridge. The spot is very picturesque; on the one hand, the spreading olive hills covered by olive trees, and on the other, the vast Campagna seen through a screen of olive trees. I have seen many a scene like this in the further side of the bridge, and I have still seen a singularly old olive tree, gnarled and hoary.

"There is not," said I. "This will be about my point of view." And having arranged my mind for a minute and placed myself, I got my paper and pencils and began to sketch. Mr. Rochester came and stood up against the hole



"MR. ROCHESTER CAME AND STOOD UP AGAINST THE HOLE OF ANOTHER TREE CLOSE TO ME."

the whole space. "The great box, very good, and in a very early mood," on my side before you reach our mountain of."

"That's the Calcutta work herself to death, Signer Sordani. She has been here all the morning, ever since she left her house in my eye. Mr. Rochester found me in my mind in her about the carriage. Make her come. I can't entertain her all by myself."

"I will come, darling. I will come. Go to the station. Ask Mr. Rochester to wait for a minute. No, no! don't stay there in the garden. Go up to our sitting room, Lucy. I will follow you. After we were with her usual guests. And then I turned to the Princess, and told her that I neither knew, nor had any means of knowing, where her son was, and that I was anxious to do as she supposed for an instant that I should know."

"You are determined to be reunited on me," said the Princess with an agitated look. "If you are not positively sure where Virginia is, you have some idea, some information. Think it in a mother who is in society about her son."

"Think if you do not know, your sister can tell me something. Let me ask Lucia."

"Not for the world," said I. "I will not hear her clamor. And I must go to her at once."

"If you are afraid of my seeing any thing to

do so, then do not go with through the dirty and narrow streets of Rome to the lovely woman I have mentioned to you. Before visiting the house, I left word with Signer Sordani to tell my sister where she was. She was in the house with the Princess's child, and her strong words and ways. I was not so much on my feet as to enjoy the beauty of the day and the air. Donna Virginia had no such on my feet. I knew not whether I was more heartened than my neighbor. And I must even that I recognize in myself a large reserve of indifference to the opinions and sentiments of others, and that I was in a position to see the Princess had meant when the belief of the English being "made of stone."

We reached on slowly when once out of the town. Mr. Rochester and I adopted our pace to Lucy's, which was still rather languid, and in these moping ways we went and then in great open the landscape before with flying shadows, as the wind whistled through the olive trees and the clear blue sky.

"Let us sit down here," said Lucy at length, selecting a sheltered spot, covered with spring grass and wild flowers. And, as she spoke, she spread her chair on the ground, and sat down. I observed that she was still somewhat far from the old olive tree she had wished me to draw; but she declared she was tired, and would

help glancing round to be sure that Lucy was out of sight. "Do you mean the Calcutta?" I asked.

"Yes, the man I speak of is the man—Don Virginia, she calls him."

"Is he an acquaintance of yours?" I asked, wondering.

"No, but I have seen him several times at a club to which I was introduced by an Italian friend of mine, and I have heard a good deal about him. I hope you will not mind my saying that I believe him to be a thoroughly wicked scoundrel."

"I don't at all mind your saying so; but I am surprised that you—"

"That I should see such strange terms?"

"No, I think you should know Don Virginia as well."

He looked his frank, hearty laugh. "How quickly and quietly you say that?" he exclaimed. "But I have a request to make to you, Mr. Rochester, which is in a laughing matter. I beg that you will not refuse to show me this family of Calcutta before me. I can not fully explain to you why, but the subject is a painful one to me."

"I think I know why, and I have carefully refrained from mentioning the Calcutta before you," he answered. And then, in response to my look of surprise, he said, quietly, "I had heard something of the behavior of those people to you and your sister before I came to Rome."

of another tree close to me. He was a pure and on behind me, looking over my shoulder as the shadow of that I did not see his face, where he hid. "Before I tell you what happened yesterday, I want to say a word to you on another subject."

He passed a little, and then went on. "I want to be able to speak to you with full and free confidence. But it is in, I feel that I am in the position of a mere stranger, whose interference may seem insignificant."

"As he has stopped asleep, and seemed to look, I said, "I am sure you are incapable of any perfidy in any case. And as to being a stranger, friendship is not always to be measured by time."

"And how still I am! I want to have a better right than simple friendship, to take care of you and Lucy, and be treated by you. Forgive me if I am too abrupt. Have I startled you? I thought you would not be quite surprised for what I have to say. I have been waiting to say."

"I'm afraid I am prepared for it," said I, and, for, for now that he had spoken, I felt more sorry and downhearted to think of the incredible disappointment than I could have imagined before."

"(And?) Why should I? Don't say that, Calcutta."

A sudden tremor and shudder in my voice

that I was unable to make his any answer. He





TRUCIENT AND DANGEROUS LYNACY—GO EVEN TO THE BEASTS, THOU THRONIST, AND HE WISE











A HARVEST SCENE IN THE WEST.—THRESHING GRAIN IN THE FIELD.—How a Harvest is Done at O. B. HARRISON.—[See Page 151.]

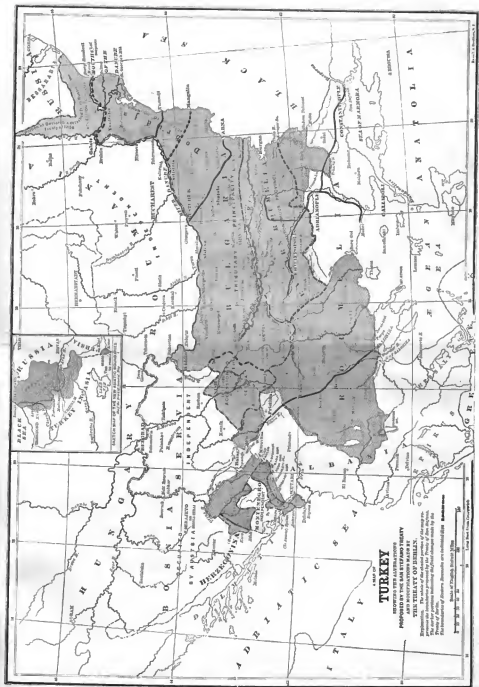












THE ARREST CHANGED IN THE MAP OF TURKEY—(See Page 194.)

# SKETCHES IN WHITE ISLAND, NEW ZEALAND.

White Island, New Zealand, lies about fifty miles southeast of Otago, on the east coast of the North Island, and derives its name from the clouds of white steam in which, at passing mariners, it appears to be enveloped. It rises only about four acres, while it is about nine feet above the sea level in height. The landing place, only five to ten minutes' walk from the shore in sketched No. 1 and 2) partially sheltered from certain winds by the adjacent cliffs, and are especially favorable in the water well caused by the action of the sea. The water is deep close to the beach, which are fringed with huge water-worn boulders, and leading from a well-anchored boat yard or so from the shore can be easily effected by means of the ship's boats. A stream

and with moderate acid. In fact, when boats are used for the purpose of reaching the active geyers on the opposite side, the water in their bottoms are carefully examined to make sure that they are not so hot, and the water is heated to a point, when shipped in the water, at some time a break and color, the water shortly afterward hiding when to the rest of the geyser. By means of which in 1860 from a well-bored fifty yards from the north shore, by Messrs. and Lieutenant E. A. Evans, of H. M. S. *Porpoise*, found the depth to be about two fathoms, and the soundings appeared to be uniform. Temperature of the water was 116° F., and they carried much more water to the lake than when visited in 1860. They further remarked in their report that the largest measure at the northeast corner (No. 3) was not quite so active in 1860. And they reckoned the diameter of the mouth of one of the hot

As they, the owners, made another visit, for the purpose of securing for shipping the deposits of sulphur, which lay over the flat in horizontal layers, like white, round the lips of the crater, in a pure white state, and also mixed with the soft mud at the bottom of Lake Rangi. In this corner the lake was as full as it was ever known to be. Visible in this early infancy describe as approaching in the extreme the mountain experienced when in a boat in the middle of the phreatic hot freshwater lake on a fine moonlight night. Ten years ago appeared upon the horizon, covering over quite fifty acres, binding and meeting and lighting forth volumes of pure steam vapor, while the dark and silent cliffs seem to stand up in forever. Large when the wind varies the sulphurous vapor from the craters toward the landing place, the land underlain by the volcanic operations is comparatively

Some emitted from the crater. The "camp" of the phreatic artist, consisting of a well first protected from the sun-burn and the punishment by a break-out of his traps and some other work, is seen in sketch No. 1.

## THE WEATHER CASE.

The following description of the "Weather Case," or "Weather Weather Indicator," and the directions for its use, are condensed from the circular sent out by General August J. Smith, Chief Signal Officer of the United States Army.

Stand facing, and look at the weather case: now the right of the case is at your right hand, the left of the case is at your left hand. The pointer, or index, at the top of the case (No. 1), slides on the brass arc; it is known as the "ma-



SKETCHES IN WHITE ISLAND, NEW ZEALAND.

er, being comparatively independent of shifting winds, would find little difficulty in steering toward the island in almost any weather. Overlooking the southern landing-place (see representation in sketch No. 2), and at a height of nearly 900 feet, stands a column of rock for all the world like a conical in ground.

Proceeding inland across the flat, which is principally composed of gneiss or granite of Puri, approached with moderate sunlight, and every where on the road, and perceptibly warm even through the thickest clouds, are seen at Lake Home (No. 3), and meet with fumes of sulphur and cyanide, though nearly as strong in gases given off by a lighted lucifer match, while the air is greeted with a mist like that of the Northern Fells or the simultaneous blowing off of steam by a thousand steam-engines. The water of the lake is of a pale green hue, and is strongly impreg-

gation, which are situated on the western margin of the lake, to be about twelve feet. The mud bring on the margin of the lake is black, very fluid, and in a very hot and dangerous state for walking over. By digging, a depth in the ground is obtained of four feet, where the temperature is 200° F. The steam from the various craters rises over the highest point of the island, and, with the particles of sulphur ejected from the craters, appears to fall again in large quantities, like yellow sand, into the lake itself, as when some years since, Mr. Wilson, one of the owners, visited the island with a party of soldiers, gentlemen, they found, to their surprise, the lake, which is over fifteen acres in extent, and lies about fifteen feet above the sea-level, perfectly dry, and large compact deposits of eighty per cent. sulphur twelve feet high centered over the bottom. A few months since Messrs. Wilson

and his sons, provided two large protected supplies of food and water from the mainland. Large herds of sea-larks inhabit an inaccessible grassy plain, facing the north, and a little flat and elevated patches of water exist upon the south side. No seeds or vegetation of any description are found on the flat or on the hillsides. Geyers and conflagrations appear to abound every where, and no traces of original formation have yet been discovered.

The illustrations are from photographs taken by the instantaneously present by Mr. Crozier, of Napier, and for which we are indebted to Mr. E. W. Ayle, Auckland, who is the New Zealand agent. They were obtained with great difficulty. Mr. Crozier having spent twenty-five days on the island, without communicating with the mainland, dependent upon his own resources for food, for obtaining water, and exposed to the sulphurous

and indicator, when set, by the figure to which it points on the "main barometer scale," which is just below it, the reading of the barometer at the time of the next year.

The "main barometer scale" (No. 3) exhibits all the barometric readings likely to be used with this instrument.

The pointer (No. 1) just below the "main barometer scale" is called the "mean barometer index," and indicates, when set, the mean or average reading of the barometer at the place at which the instrument is set, and for each separate month. When the barometer reads above or below this reading at any place, each reading is said to be "above the mean" or "below the mean" for that place in that month. This index is set once for each month in the year. When the barometer pointer goes around the







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A MUSICAL STRATAGEM, 1812.—DRAWN BY E. A. ARNET.—[SEE PAGE 716.]







THE COACHING MEANT IN BLACKVILLE-THE GRAND START.—[Drawn by Harry W. Lee.]

## AMONG ALIENS.\*

By HEN. FRANCIS K. TROLOPE.

Author of "The Vicar," "Aunt Fanny," "The Vicar's Son," "The Vicar's Daughter," etc.

## CHAPTER XXII.

James Tarnan was saved from taking much trouble about the search after Don Vitaris. Accidents, the chance meeting in a night of Tivoli with the very father who had been misled by the beguiling-thoughts to his knowledge that Don Vitaris was staying at Givernay with a military party of young men, among them, revealed whom his master had some acquaintance. There were a battalion of noble family, and a captain of no family at all. *Rogier Andrieu's* account of them was not favorable. He described the Italian as being a chaste, singular, disquieting young man.

"Although," said my mother, "regarding," "the man has a fine sense of color, and has done some clever poor pictures after the fashion of Fortuny and the Spaniards."

"And he is the friend of no artist?" I asked; whereupon *Rogier Andrieu* first drew down his heavy eyelids and passed as if from beneath them, and then raised them and opened his eyes

stared one third and *Rogier Andrieu* of the dead. He spoke on the *Paraguet* at *Rogier*. It seemed a secret between *Rogier Andrieu* and myself—not least so far as our own immediate little circle was concerned.

I had no unrepentant sense of comfort and satisfaction in the Englishman's counsel and sympathy at this time. And the truth with which I relied on his good feeling and good sense increased with every hour of our conversation. Now I had never in my life before felt it otherwise than pleasant to be brought into accidental relations with persons whom I did not know. In the way and friendly without advice I was contentedly aware from. And yet the daily intimate and familiar intercourse with *Rogier Andrieu* was very pleasant to me. "Decidedly," said I to myself, "I must love him; for when I did I should dread the sight of him."

He does this was a surprise way for a young man to mean about his first love. But I must take the case as it was. I had been too much occupied with other things since I met him; my sense to have paid the kind of experience in affairs of the heart which some girls appear to acquire insensibly, just as they learn what sort of heart is the fashion at any given time, without any ostensible teaching on the subject. And then, to me, the consciousness of Mr.

I looked on as I did it, but I was conscious of looking red and foolish.

"Oh, he is such a good fellow, Catherine! And so kind of you! I really believe he loves and admires you as much as ever I think you ought to be loved and admired. He confided in me at once. But I had found it out long ago."

"Really?"

"And suppose I say I don't know who it is you are talking about?" murmured I, looking over the leaves in the lower picture.

"I can't suppose that, because you couldn't say a falsehood. Ah, yes, I found out that Mr. *Rogier Andrieu* was ever kind and sure to love with you, Catherine, long before he confided in me. And I was in hopes—indeed I had made up my mind that he would tell you on that day when you two went to the stable together. And he lost the chance, after all. They would of him I declare that—Mr. *Catherine*! Then your face round this way. No, a little more. Let me have a good look at you. I am sure you! And what did you say? Oh, quite clear, you said you would have him, didn't you?"

"No, I—said nothing! I—said 'Yes'—I—be pointed to him, wasn't it my answer?"

"Not why didn't you say 'Yes' at once, and make him more and happy?"

poor man would be driven away. But you haven't shown any disposition to leave Mr. *Rogier Andrieu*, Catty."

This consideration was so completely in harmony with the thoughts which had passed through my own mind on the subject that I could not further explain. But I mostly murmured that we had had say as much about the matter for the present, but wait, and let the hours hang round us, as it is their business to do, if we will but pass our time in patience. Lucy felt made a little glowing glimmer at this, and then blushed me, and said, "Well, only this was said, Catty! I know John would be pleased. He's just the sort of man after John's heart." John was our brother.

Then our guests came in, and we had tea, and were very cheerful, talking about tomorrow's excursion. This was to be the order of it: We were to start at four o'clock in the morning in a carriage, and drive to a place called *San Polo de Cordova*. There we were to mount ponies and ride to the summit of *Monte Givernay*, and down to *Livorno*, at which latter place the carriage was to meet us again, and after having visited the site of *Don Vitaris's* house, there at hand, we were to drive back to Tivoli, and be at home before sunset. At first I had been intended that *Rogier Andrieu* should have the carriage of his own and ride up



\*THESE WERE BOTH TOGETHER BEHIND AND TABLE NEAR AND THERE, NEARLY ALL OF WHICH WERE CROWDED WITH OTHER MEN.

with a wide stare, as he answered, "An artist? I believe his noble family allow him five thousand francs a month, and he is quite a young man."

Which our dear response was all he designed to make on this subject.

He made, however, immediately to the Princess, informing her where her son was. And he told me that he had advised her to let him alone to work off his mood of self-defense without interference. "He is in dislike to him, and he told me that he had advised her to let him alone to work off his mood of self-defense without interference. "He is in dislike to him, and he told me that he had advised her to let him alone to work off his mood of self-defense without interference."

But I believe there's no question of which side in which *Don Vitaris* (Catherine) could've given thinking (James), as anyway it'll be no worse than before."

*Rogier Andrieu* afterward said to me privately that perhaps *Don Vitaris* had plunged into a work of debauchery by way of concealing any anxious thoughts of the deceased girl which might be haunting him. For my own part I did not know that *Don Vitaris* was beset by complexions of his mind and cold selfishness. Sometimes I felt as if I myself were wicked for mistaking his wish above an elderly. Although the subject was one which made me shudder, and I could never so good as by dwelling on it, I put it out of my thoughts as much as possible. Neither Mr. *Rogier Andrieu*

*Rogier Andrieu's* warning had afforded me an opportunity of gradually developing a tender sentiment. There had been no series of shy hopes and fluttering doubts to move my fancy and attract my interest. I was wiled suddenly one day to love a man whom I had never thought of in the light of a possible lover. And that, I perceive, is a rare case. My fathers was wholly taken by surprise in these matters.

On the evening before our reception *Lucy* and I were in the sitting-room. It was nearly seven o'clock, and at that hour *Rogier Andrieu* and Mr. *Rogier Andrieu* were coming at dusk to visit us, and make the final arrangements for our start in the morning. I was putting a few flowers—the sweetest products of our English garden, but sweet and fresh—into the heavy earthenware pitcher for the adornment of the tea table, when *Lucy* suddenly said, "Do you know what beauty of the water-color sketch you made of Mr. *Rogier Andrieu's* portrait of old woman?"

"By-the-by?"

"No."

"Have you got it?"

"No. Some one carried it off with my keys. Some one who thought that bit of my handwork a precious treasure."

"Dear me! I wish some folk would think my handwork a precious treasure. Eithers private appreciation of it has not risen beyond their words for a good deal more."

"Lucy, Lucy, how could I! It was an accident, no unexpected."

"Why, Catty, what on earth did you think the man was carrying about in Tivoli by all this time?" asked *Lucy*, merrily.

"I had to be silent, and to feel my cheeks growing colder and colder."

"And besides—don't be angry—but I've seen you've a new bit in here with *Rogier Andrieu's* portrait."

"Am I, do you think?" said I, and I said it as suddenly that *Lucy* burst into laughing.

"Am I? I don't you know you are, Catty?"

"No, dear's just it. And I want to be sure, because the truth—the very innocent truth—is that I'm."

*Lucy* laughed again, but three more some tears on her eyelids, and she wiped away smilingly. "Well, well, well, Catherine—don't be, how wonderful it seems for me to be giving you advice! But just all yourself this consistency: suppose any other man you ever knew had told you that he loved you, and wished to make you his wife, how would you answer to be duly and bravely in that man's company, living in the greatest intimacy, and making his love for you show at every moment in some way or other, not the less plainly because not spoken in words? How would you—would, say you—like that, Catty? If you don't know, I do, that the

the mountains with us, but on impulse at the time and danger was found that this would be too far-fetched for her; and it was ordered that *Don Vitaris* should remain with the carriage, drive leisurely to *Livorno*, where *Rogier Andrieu* was to meet us again, and after having visited the site of *Don Vitaris's* house, there at hand, we were to drive back to Tivoli, and be at home before sunset. At first I had been intended that *Rogier Andrieu* should have the carriage of his own and ride up

"I have to speak with you," said she, abruptly, in her eager voice.

"To me, *Rogier*? Well, come, and make your selection private. You must not forget your manners, you know."

I never allowed our young sister to take her own side very much; and I had accepted some influence over her that the noblest selfishness of the world, from, apparently from the back of the head, the dropped a rough courtesy, and







HOLIDAY EXCURSION—STARTING IN ROCKAWAY INLET—SHIPS BY HARRIS AND HARRIS—(See Page 774.)

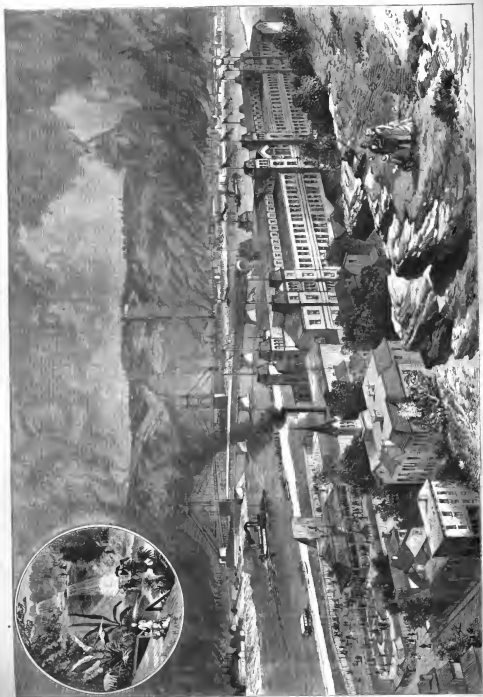




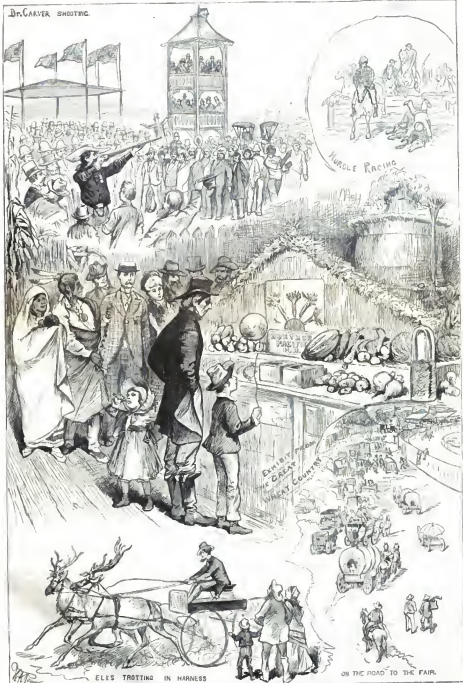
HOLIDAY EXCURSIONS—IN THE MOUNTAINS.—Drawn by W. M. Carr.—(See Page 772.)



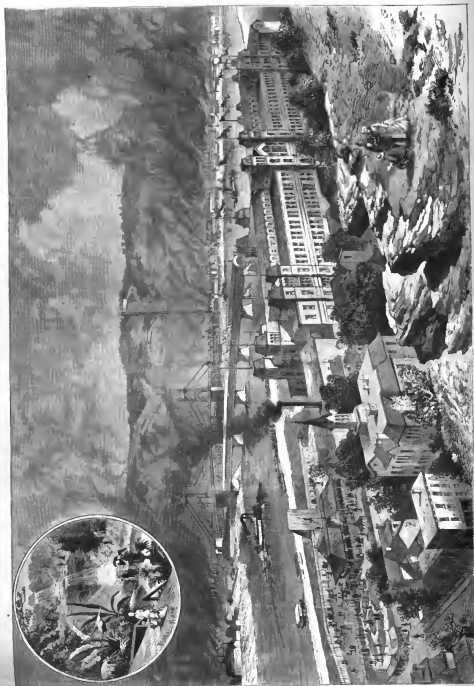




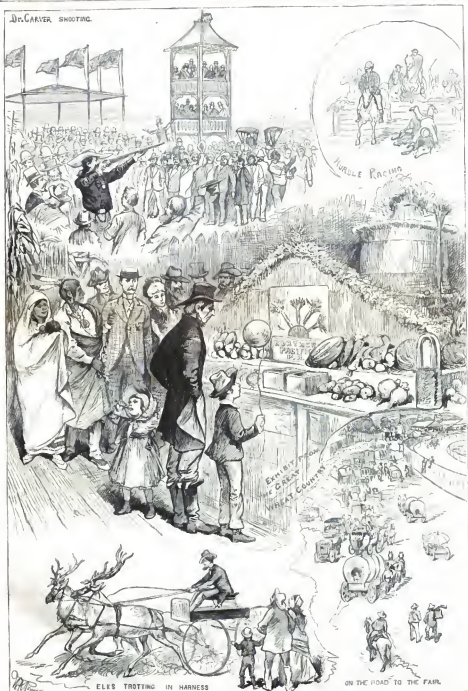
THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION.—BAY OF CHAMBERS.—[See Page 774.]



THE MINNESOTA STATE FAIR AT ST. PAUL.—Drawn by W. A. BROWN.—(See Page 716.)



THE PITTSBURGH EXPOSITION.—PAINT BY CURRIER BROS.—(See Page 176.)



THE MINNESOTA STATE FAIR, AT ST. PAUL.—DRAWN BY W. A. ROSS.—[SEE PAGE 776.]























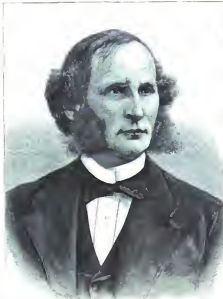


# THE REV. SAMUEL L. CALDWELL, D.D.

HARPER, a few weeks ago, gave a portrait of the late John M. Hays, LL.D., the first president of Vassar College, we take pleasure in now presenting to our readers an excellent picture of his worthy successor. At a meeting of the trustees of Vassar, held September 12, the Rev. Samuel L. Caldwell, D.D., was unanimously elected to fill the vacant presidency of the college. The election was quite spontaneous, and was made by an enthusiastic riding vote. Dr. CALDWELL is a native of Newburgh, Massachusetts, and is fifty-seven years of age. He is a graduate of Waterville College (now Colby University), Maine, and of the Newton Theological Seminary. At the close of his theological career he became pastor of a Baptist church at Hamam, Maine, and went from that place to Providence, Rhode Island, where he served for several years as the pastor of the First Baptist Church. A few years ago he accepted a professorship in the Newton Theological Seminary, which he has held to the present time. He is distinguished for wide and accurate scholarship, and is especially eminent in historical studies. He has been estimated with testimonials of learning for many years as teacher and scholar, thus acquiring experience which especially fits him for his new post. Add to these advantages financial resources and able yet dignified bearing, and Dr. Caldwell seems to possess precisely the qualities required by the position he has been chosen to fill, and under his administration to anticipate continued prosperity for the college. It was a difficult matter to select a fitting successor to a president so able and accomplished as the late Dr. Hays, and the trustees may be congratulated on having made a choice so fortunate.

## THE MINNEAPOLIS FAIR.

THE show of cattle at the great Northwestern Fair, recently held at Minneapolis, was one of the largest and finest ever witnessed in this country. The Western farmers are taking all possible pains to improve their stock, by importations and careful breeding and raising, and no country in the world can show finer specimens. With the unequal facilities afforded by the west and rich grazing lands of the Northwest, diverse by lagoons and enterprises that region has already become one of the most abundant sources for the meat supply of America and Europe. The renowned "great herd of old England" feeds a most popular rival at home in the importations from this country, and its supremacy is already on the wane. Foreign proprietors, indeed, still repeat the idea that the imported beef can be as good as the native, and consequently still in London and other English cities as about half the price



THE REV. SAMUEL L. CALDWELL, D.D., PRESIDENT OF VASSAR COLLEGE.  
(Photomicrograph by A. S. Hays.)

paid for the better; but some dealers, we are informed, get away this difficulty by selling to us English beef. The larger proportion of Amer-

ican beef exported to England is as yet from the Northwest. The trade is enormous, and is constantly and rapidly increasing. Little are most

from Texas to New York by thousands, and shipped thence alive to Glasgow or London. The Northwest has already shown its ability to compete with the Southwest in this important branch of industry, but the demand abroad is so great that both sections together can hardly overmatch the market.

Our illustration below shows some of the finest specimens exhibited at the fair, reared for inspection by the President and his party.

## FIELD TRIAL OF DOGS.

On the next page will be found sketches made by our special artist at the field trial for dogs, held September 20, 21, and 22 at Wagon Lake, in the vicinity of South Union, Minnesota, under the auspices of the Minnesota Kennel Club. The first sketch shows some of the members of the club seated round a table and engaged in an animated discussion of canine points. In the heat of argument they seem to have retired from the labors of knife and fork. The second sketch presents the appearance of the camp in the evening, and the third, a vast interior, where hounds and dogs manage to keep cozy and warm on a frosty night.

The large sketch is one of the field trials. Our artist writes in regard to it: "From our camp on the lake we started off each morning from eight o'clock. The day my sketch was made we had had a sharp frost, and the wind from the north was with the sun. Several of the party were in the field, and another night hunter had on a valise over his shoulder, and his hunting bag over his head. A hunting rap, with vast dog and all, completed his costume. Another was slapping his hands, the result of his shivering in the streets of Florida. About fifteen States were represented by hunters and their dogs at the trial."

"In my sketch I have given the moment when a dog has made a point on game. They hunt one dog at a time, each dog being accompanied by his hunter. In the foreground are the three judges, the two hunters, and the representative of the club. Just back of them is Dr. Hays, of the Chicago Field, in the act of putting up a red flag, indicating to the crowd behind a point of merit. Among a white dog indicated a deer. The crowd was supposed to keep about seventy-five yards in the rear, but such was the eager interest of the spectators in witness the exciting sport that it was difficult to restrain them at that distance."

The attendance at these field trials was quite large, and the entries were numerous. As the weather was clear though sharp the season was thoroughly enjoyed by all who took part in it, except, perhaps, the points skilful and guests that furnished the sport.

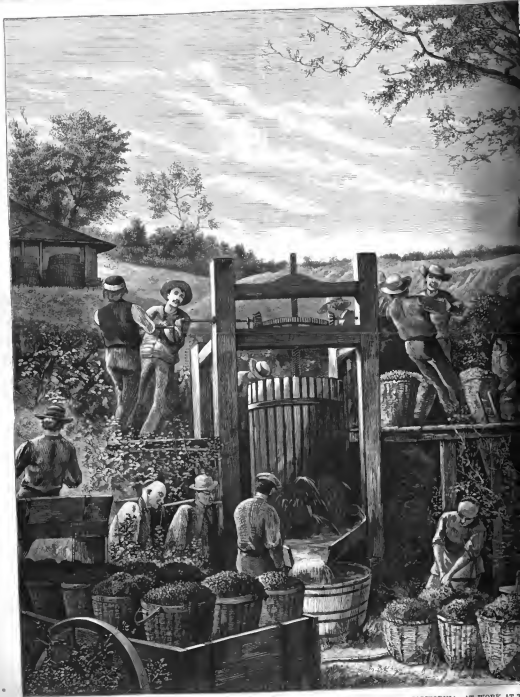


PRESIDENT HAYES AT THE NORTHWESTERN FAIR, MINNEAPOLIS—VIEWING PRIZE CATTLE.—(DRAWN BY W. A. BROWN.)

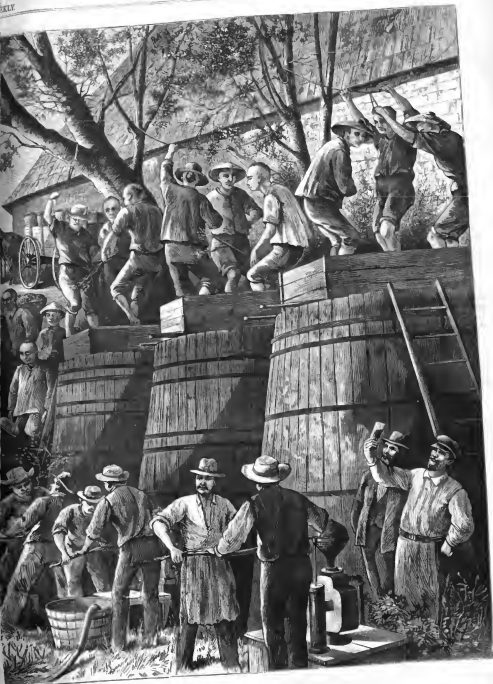








THE VINTAGE IN CALIFORNIA—AT WORK AT THE PRESS



PRESSER.—DRAWN BY F. FARRINGTON.—[SEE PAGE 790]









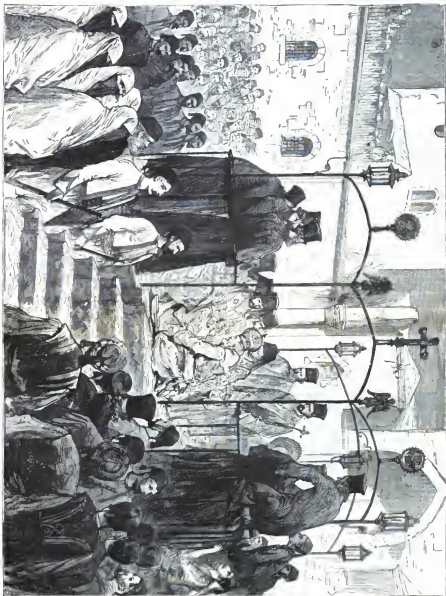
"COKE RACK, FISHING, COKE RACK!"



THE INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE.

THE EXCITEMENTS OF A SKETCHING TOUR IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.—[Drawn by W. M. Cary.]

THE ROYAL LANT—WASHING THE PILGRIMS' FEET.



## WASHING THE PILGRIMS' FEET.

Thus where engraving gives a view of the porch of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem as it appears during the ceremonial of washing the feet of pilgrims, which takes place on Rosh Hashanah. This scene is derived from a miniature, the first wood of the series which is usually printed on the occasion. The washing of the pilgrims' feet is a very ancient usage, being referred to by St. Anselm. In ancient times it was accompanied by a distribution of "loaves," which were handed to the pilgrims in small baskets, these called "manak." In the first steps of the mosaic in England the number of loaves distributed was reckoned according to the years of the monarch. Generally the custom was to have them distributed by the Lord

High Almoner, but James II. performed the ceremony in person. In most medieval countries the custom was given to all the great houses; and in England, in the Household Book of the Earl of Northumberland, which begins in 1315, there are entries of "all manner of things given by my lord of his bounty and my lady and his lordship children."

At Rome the ceremony of washing the feet is associated with other rites intended for the benefit of pilgrims. It takes place at the Trinità dei Pellegrini—an establishment adapted for the accommodation of pilgrims, and situated in one of the most populous parts of the city. Poor persons are admitted to the benefit of the charity who have come to visit the holy places from a greater distance than Italy, and who bring certificates from their bishops. The ceremony

on the evening of Holy Thursday consists of washing the feet of pilgrims of both sexes, the men in one place and the women in another. To the female department ladies only are admitted as spectators. After the feet washing such also is entertained as supper. The following account of the ceremony is by an eye-witness: "I went to the foot-washing of the male pilgrims about eight o'clock. On entering a passage I saw a tremendous crush at the farthest end, where there was a door opening on a lower floor, in which the ceremony takes place. With some little squeezing I got through a doorway, down a few steps, and found myself in a hall, whose appearance warranted no reflection. Along one end and side was a bench to be used as a seat, with a back-board raised off the floor. A pillar and garble kept back the crowd. In half an hour a troop of

poor-looking people, very much resembling the ragged beggars whom one sees in the streets of Rome, entered by a side door, and ranging themselves along the bench, proceeded to take off their shoes and stockings. Several points now appear, and one of them having read some prayers, they join the body of spectators. There are gentlemen and persons in business in Rome, who form a confraternity devoted to this and other acts of charity. They are habited in a red jacket, a little cap, and apron, and at chatting and laughing until the sole with warm water are brought in and set one before each poor person. They now begin the operation of washing, the general remark of the onlookers being that of appearance the feet had previously been cleaned, so that the act of voluntary humiliation does not seem particularly seasons, nor does it









A STREET SCENE IN RAGUSA, DALMATIA.

## RAGUSA.

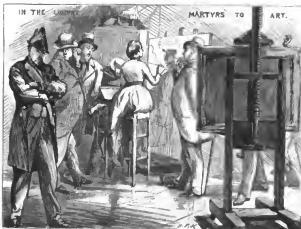
First of the cities of the Old World can boast no more ancient walls or monumental towers than Ragusa, in the Adriatic province of Dalmatia. Daughter of the gods, her citizens can trace their blood descent from the Greek-Roman republic of Epidaurum. Like ancient Rome, Ragusa began life as an asylum. When the Schwabach Inland, fleeing, descending from the mountains of the interior, descended the city of Epidaurum, the Roman ascription migrated in a body to the present site of Ragusa, then a *poderosa* rock. By her right a city of refuge, her rise and progress were mainly due to the policy of defending, at any cost, her rights of hospitality. Again and again Ragusa was assailed in one her territory merged and her walls beleaguered on account of the protection which her senate offered to the confederates. To Ragusa must be ascribed the honor of having possessed the first founding hospital and the first law book in the civilized world. Again, if we except the early English legislation which put a stop to the traffic in human beings at Bristol, Ragusa was the first state to pass laws abolishing

the slave-trade. In the year 1445 the great council of Ragusa passed a law that any one who brought a slave should be liable to a fine and six months' imprisonment. During the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries large sums were left by philanthropic citizens of Ragusa to be spent in purchasing the freedom of slaves. The citizens of the modern Ragusa were of the most serene type. Her heroes revealed those of ancient Rome; her senate forbade the erection of a theatre; the slave was pushed into the background, while scholars and literates took the lead.

The literary and commercial prosperity of ancient Ragusa continued in the middle of the seveneenth century, reflecting little abatement from a plague which, in 1516, destroyed twenty thousand of the inhabitants. A more catastrophe than this, however, occurred here in 1667, in the shape of a tremendous earthquake shock. Not only was the whole city overthrown, but one-fifth of the population was buried in the ruins. From this blow Ragusa never recovered. Her commerce was for a long time reduced to a petty coast traffic. Her literature, indeed, partly revived;

and during the early years of the French was the stronghold of Ragusa toward her own name the Wollermanns carrying trade. At the close of the last century she had so far recovered herself that her population amounted to fifteen thousand. But in 1796 Napoleon seized Ragusa, and two years later an act of General Buonaparte announced that the republic of Ragusa had ceased to exist. After this it remained for the diplomats of the allied powers to consummate in cold blood what the French Emperor had begun. At the signing of the Treaty of Vienna on English plenipotentiaries placed his signature in a document by which the ancient republic was handed over to the government of Austria. Since that date Ragusa has been the head town of a creek, and the capital palace of her rulers has sunk into the "maison of an Austrian Archduke." The Ragusa of to-day has lost all but the memory of her ancient greatness. With her ruined architecture, her scanty population, and the complete desolation of her commerce, she has sunk to the level of an Eastern manufacturing town, with this difference, that even where there are relics of a glorious past. The weather has

spared some wandering about Ragusa, exploring her streets, her churches and mansions, her palaces, and the private houses of her citizens, leaving almost no more interesting material. In the narrow lanes, in the old walls, and in the pavement there are fragments of sculptured marble-walls from the sixty columns of Ragusa as they existed before the earthquake. But one of the narrow old streets has been kept nearly level, and the old walls have been kept nearly level, and the old walls have been kept nearly level. The light that has fallen upon the city is now but too plainly in the air and distance of the inhabitants. Where sturdy carriages were sold, covering the *colles* back and forth to meet and public assembly, are now seen the rough soldiers of Austria changing command with market girls, while Turk and Christian hawk their goods about promiscuously, except their spot chosen travellers whom curiosity has brought to explore the desecrated city. It was thing only does Ragusa retain her ancient character. She is still a city of refuge, offering an asylum to many an unfortunate fleeing from the adjacent distracted provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina.



SCENES AND INCIDENTS AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION.





REMAINS OF ANCIENT AQUEDUCT.



BUYERS AND SELLERS IN THE BAZAR.



SERVING OUT RATIONS TO THE TROOPS.  
SKETCHES AT LARNAKA, CYPRUS.—[See Page 804.]



# HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XXII—No. 1137.]

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1878.

[WITH A SUPPLEMENT.  
PRICE TEN CENTS.]

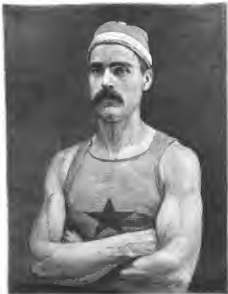
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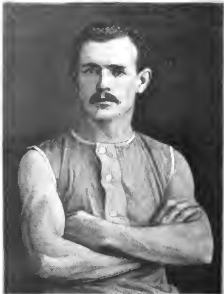
PACK-MULE TRAIN OF A GOVERNMENT SURVEYING PARTY IN COLORADO.—DRAWN BY PHOTODUPLICATION FROM PHOTOGRAPH.—[SEE PAGE 814.]







CHARLES E. COURTNEY.—(Photographed at Rochester &amp; Son.)



EDWARD HANLAN.—(Photographed at A. Barns &amp; Co.)

## COURTNEY AND HANLAN.

We rarely meet with finer specimens of physical development than the two famous swimmers, whose portraits are given on this page, and whose race over the Larkins course near Montreal for the championship of America and a purse and stake of \$11,000 has excited general interest. Both are young men of pluck, skill, and endurance, and each has a record to be proud of.

CHARLES E. COURTNEY was born at Fulton Springs, New York, in 1842. His height is six feet one-half inch, and his usual weight is con-

sistent in 165 to 170 pounds. At an early age Courtney knew what hard work was, and having served an apprenticeship at the carpenter's trade, he has made a most excellent workman at his mastery. Like a large proportion of the youth of his section, Courtney developed a fondness for racing horses, and while in his minority gained considerable local fame as a professional caddy. On leaving his own section to pull in amateur regattas, older and more experienced boaters soon found him a "tough customer." He was victor in seventy-three amateur races, and was never defeated. His professional career began in August,

1871. In September of that year he won the championship of the United States. On the 12th of last August he was badly beaten by "Franky" Johnson, the colored swimmer, at the Silver Lake regatta, Plymouth, Massachusetts. This was the first defeat ever sustained by Courtney.

EDWARD HANLAN is several years younger than Courtney, having been born at Toronto in 1848. He is of Irish descent, five feet eight inches in height, and weighs when in condition about 150 pounds. While still a boy he developed great fondness for working; but it was not until 1873 that he made his first appearance in a short, con-

tending for and winning the amateur championship of Toronto Bay. The record of his victories is too long to give here, and we can only mention his achievements during the present year. In May last he beat PLAMMER in a three-mile race at Toronto; in June defeated MANN, five miles, at Pittsburgh, in 57 m. 46 s., and afterwards beat PLAMMER, HALEY, LORRA, and others in regattas at Brockville and Cape N. Vincent. HANLAN's recent match with him in July last, in the Kenosawauke River, St. John, New Brunswick, in which the stake were for \$10,000 a mile, resulted in the decisive defeat of his antagonist.



THE PORT OF BATUM, SURRENDERED BY TURKEY TO RUSSIA.—[See Page 810.]

BUNGTOWN STATION  
& OYSTER SALLOON  
& OTHER REFRESHMENTS.



THE GIBBS WASHINGTON. JOHN PEARLY LETTER FROM PEARLY. -Nancy in A. B. Power. -[See Page 511.]







## THE THAMES DISASTER.

The sad story of the sinking of the American steamer *Princess Alice* in the *Rope* Point on the river Thames, already familiar to our readers, may be briefly recapitulated in connection with our picture of the terrible disaster. The *Princess Alice*, with a full freight of more than 300 souls, was returning to London early in the evening of September 3, from a pleasure cruise down the river, when the *Rope* Point, a large screw tugboat, bore down upon her round a bend in the shore. The heavy rain was falling, the darkness lent by the late platform in front of the public boat, forced its way through the dense crowd, and brought out her in half. The *Princess Alice* was almost instantly plunging as violently into the water, as a vessel graphically reports, "like a cork down a stream." It is impossible to describe the terror and confusion of the succeeding few moments, but it is worth noting to know that there is no truth in the statement that the *Rope* Point went on her way without making assistance. She stood by, and did all that it was possible by lowering boats and throwing ropes to save life, as, indeed, did all who were near enough to the spot to be of any service. Boats put out from every shore to pick up the downed, and many instances of heroic behavior on the part of those on board are recorded, but in spite of every effort only about 150 persons were saved.

Herbert of this awful calamity says that it was with the utmost difficulty that any strong witnesses could obtain themselves long enough to receive assistance from the boats put out from the shore and the *Princess Alice* was the point where the search for the dead began the next morning. As far as the bodies were recovered they were taken ashore, most of them to the Waterloo Dock, and laid out for identification. In the majority of cases recognition was only possible by the clothing and articles found upon them, the faces of the dead being blackened by suffocation, and horribly distorted by the action of the water.

The correspondents of English and American papers are in describing the scenes that took place while the work of recovering bodies was going on in hundreds by the victims. Thousands of flowers and bunches of all sorts went down from London, and held a kind of carnival. Dead bodies were stripped of clothing and ornaments, thrown in baskets, and carried off to be buried in the common grave.

Terrible relief in the minds of this calamity, and it is as yet undetermined upon when the blame ought to rest. The remains of the *Princess Alice* was among the last, but the first officer says that the *Rope* Point was seen when 120 yards away, and that had she been sighted in time she would have been off. On the other hand, the captain of the *Princess Alice* attributes the whole blame to the *Princess Alice* outward for her helm when she ought to have maintained "the starboard helm."

"The captain of the *Princess Alice*," says a London journal, "appears to have been for some time combined upon a kind of happy-go-lucky system, each pilot doing what seemed

right in his own eyes, and accommodating the movements of his vessel to the exigencies of the tide and the circumstances of the moment." It is now proposed to appoint a committee to consider the whole subject of the rules of the road, lights, signals, speed, number of passengers carried, appliances for saving life, and the hours during which passengers should be carried by river steamers. It is, indeed, that the regulation of so important a river as the Thames should be subject to legislative control.

The London papers are filled with suggestions of plans to start such a commission in the future. The performers recommend that every person who takes passage on an excursion steamer be provided with some sort of a garment which can be readily inflated into a life-preserver? Many other plans, equally absurd, are eagerly discussed as the London papers, while the suggestion of a New Yorker, that the river steamers should adopt the simple American mode of signaling by the steam-whistle, was treated with silent contempt.

## VIXEN.

By MISS M. E. BRADDOCK.

Arriving in "Dear, dear, dear," - (The story is in "The Vixen," etc., etc.)

## CHAPTER I.

A FURRY HOUSEHOLD.

The moon had nearly risen, a late October moon, a pale silver crescent, above the dark pine grove in the distance through which Rodolph

was going, a pale silver crescent, above the dark pine grove in the distance through which Rodolph



THE GREAT DISASTER ON THE THAMES—COLLISION BETWEEN



MISS ALICE AND THE "BYWELL CASTLE," NEAR WOOLWICH.

soft and spongy, slippery with damp dead leaves, and inclined in a general way to begethous, but it was ground that Roderick Yarrow had known all his life, and it seemed more natural to him than any other spot upon modern earth.

On the edge of this dikelet there was a broad ditch, with more mud and dead ferns in it than water, and beyond the ditch the fence that enclosed Roderick's domain—an old cow-house in the heart of the New Forest. It had

been on either before the Reformation, and was well known as the Alder House.

"I wonder whether I'm too late to catch her?" muttered Roderick, shifting his bag from one shoulder to the other. "She's no end of late."

At the end of the clearing there was a broad five-barred gate, and beside the gate a boy's cart, a dog, and a cat.

The door of a newly lighted candle flicked out suddenly upon the wet ground, while Roderick stood looking at the gate.

"I'll ask at the help," he said. "I should

like to see your goodby to the little thing before I go back to Oxford."

He walked quickly on to the gate. The boy's cart was empty, and he was playing at making parties just inside it.

"Has Miss Tempest gone for her ride this afternoon?" he asked.

"Yes," drawled the eldest shrew-headed youngster.

"And not come back yet?"

"No. If she does take care she'll be longed."

"Old house!" interrupted Vain. "That's the best conversation I can have."

"A little vulgar for a young lady."

"You might say so, but I can't help being vulgar when I'm with you. You should hear Miss M'Crake go on at me—terribly so long!"—here Vain looked at his watch.

"I'm afraid she'll make me as much impatient as Timothee as they do upon me. But she's so late she'll be longed!"

This was always Vain's way, making up his

Roderick kicked his bag on to the top of the gate, and stood at once waiting. It was late for the little lady of Fromport Manor to be out on her pony, but then it was an undoubted thing within a radius of ten miles so that she was a self-willed young person, and even at fifteen years of age had a knack of following her own inclination with that noble disregard of consequences which characterizes the human race.

Mr Yarrow had not waited more than ten minutes when there came the sound of hoofs upon the soft track, a flash of grey in the distance, something flying over their heads, and as something across the way, then a full-onset, half-chill out, like a horse, at which the keeper's children scattered themselves like a brood of scared chickens, and gave a rush, and a grey pony charging suddenly into the air and coming down on the other side of the gate, so if he were a new kind of sky-rock.

"What do you think of that, Roderick?" cried the child, as the grey pony's sides—

"A clean jump, eh?"

"I've misheard of you, Vain."

"You'll come to a bad end some of these days."

"I don't care if I do, so long as I get my bag first," replied Vain, waving her away.

She was a little thing, in a short black dress, green hat, she had a small pale face, brown eyes that sparkled with life and mischief, and a rippling mass of reddish-brown hair falling down her back under a magnificent little bow.

"Here's your mamma, forgotten, jumping, Vain?"

"Yes, that she has, she," said the other old woman, riding up to a post in his chestnut brown robe.

"It's quite against Mr Tempest's orders, and it's a great responsibility to go out with Miss Vain. She will do it."

"You mean the pony will do it, Roderick," cried Vain. "I don't jump. How can I help it if I jump has given me a jumping power? If I didn't let Timothee take a jump when he was in the house, he'd kick like old horse, and pick me a corpse. It's no business of old preservation that makes me let him jump. And as for your dear little mamma—"

"continued Vain, addressing herself to Roderick, and changing her tone to one of patronizing undertone, "all she had to say, I should be tempted to say in a life has accepted in justice's word to keep me safe, but you see I take after Papa, Roderick, and it comes so natural to me to be over-given as it does to you to get plucked for me."

Then, Roderick, "jumping off the pony, "you must take Timothee home, and I'll come presently and give him some apples, for he has been a day, doing, proving, proving of a pointer."

She shook her head at this conversation with a look on Timothee's grey face, and handed the little to Roderick.

"I'm going to walk home with Mr Yarrow," she said.

"But Vain, I can't, really," said Roderick. "I'm due at home at this moment, and I couldn't have without saying good-bye to little Vain."

"And you're coming at Oxford, too, aren't you?" cried Vain, laughing. "you're always the same—never in the right place. But whether you are due or not, you're coming up to the stable with me, give Timothee his apples, and then you're coming to dine with us on your last night at home. I insist upon it; papa insists, mamma insists—my all insist."

"My mother still is an angry old woman."

"That's the best conversation I can have."

"A little vulgar for a young lady."

"You might say so, but I can't help being vulgar when I'm with you. You should hear Miss M'Crake go on at me—terribly so long!"—here Vain looked at his watch.

"I'm afraid she'll make me as much impatient as Timothee as they do upon me. But she's so late she'll be longed!"

This was always Vain's way, making up his





"CESS ALICE" AND THE "BYWELL CASTLE," NEAR WOOLWICH.

a long day's  
narrow way  
ing in the plot  
at dusk, and  
of a square  
telling event  
that had  
er never the  
at, here and  
ground was

soft and spongy, shaggy with damp dead  
grass, and inclosed in a general way to be in-  
spiration; but it was ground that Frederick Vawter  
had known all his life, and it seemed more na-  
tural to him than any other spot upon mother  
earth.

On the edge of this thicket there was a broad  
ditch, with moss and dead fern in it that was  
water, and beyond the ditch the fence that in-  
closed (against Thompson's design) an old manse-  
house in the heart of the New Forest. It had

been an abbey before the Reformation, and was  
still better known to the Alderly House.

"I wonder whether I'm too late to catch her?"

pondered Frederick, shifting his bag from one  
shoulder to the other. "She's no end of fun."

At the end of the clearing there was a broad  
fire-barrel gate, and beside the gate a keeper's cot-  
tage. The door of a newly lighted candle shined  
out suddenly upon the entrance gate, while Frederick  
stood looking at the gate.

"I'll ask at the lodge," he said. "I should

like to say good-by to the little thing before I go  
back to Oxford."

He walked quickly on to the gate. The keep-  
er's children were playing on nothing parts out  
just inside it.

"But Miss Thompson gave me her little  
afternoon!" he said.

"To see?" demanded the eldest shock-headed  
pageboy.

"And not come back yet?"

"Yes, if she doesn't take care she'll be haggard!"

Roderick hitched his bag on  
to the top of the gate, and  
stood at once waiting. It was  
late for the little lady of Thom-  
pson Manor to be out on her  
pony, but there it was an un-  
derived thing within a radius  
of ten miles or so that she was  
a self-willed young person, and  
even at fifteen years of age had  
a knack of following her own  
inclination with that noble dis-  
regard of consequences which  
characterizes the hereditary  
rider.

Mr Vawter had not waited  
more than ten minutes when  
there came the clatter of hoofs  
upon the soft track, a dash of  
grey in the distance, something  
flying over those leafy branches  
as spurring across the way,  
that a half-overt, half-shield  
call, like a hoof, at which the  
keeper's children scattered  
themselves like a flock of  
scared chickens, and now a  
dash, and a grey pony shoot-  
ing suddenly into the air and  
coming down on the other side  
of the gate, as if he were a new  
kind of the rocket.

"What do you think of that,  
Roderick?" cried the shriek, next  
even of the great pony's rider—  
"a clean jump, eh?"

"I'm ashamed of you, Vin-  
cent," said Roderick. "You'll  
come to a bad end some of  
these days."

"I don't care if I do, so long  
as I get my Ring and," replied  
Vincent, tucking her legs man-  
ner. She was a little thing, but  
in a short Lincoln green habit,  
she had a countenance that  
brought out that sparkled with  
life and mischief, and a ringing  
mass of golden curls that  
fell down her back under a  
magnificent little felt hat.

"Haven't you means for  
hidden jumping, Vincent?" re-  
monstrated Roderick, opening  
the gate and coming in.

"Yes, that she has, Sir," said  
the other old groom, riding up  
to a post on his thick-set  
knees. "It's quite against  
Mr Thompson's orders, and it's  
a great responsibility to go out  
with Miss Violet. She will do  
it."

"You mean the pony will do  
it, Roderick," said Vincent. "I  
don't jump. How can I help  
it if papa has given me a  
jumping pony? If I didn't let  
Thompson take a gate when he  
was in the house, he'd kick  
the old horse, and pack me a  
crupper."

"It's a matter of  
self-protection that makes  
me let him jump. And as for  
your four pretty little ones—"

"I'm not," continued Vincent, ad-  
vancing forward to Roderick,  
and changing her tone to one of  
patronizing tenderness, "if she  
had her way, I should be brought  
up in a little less respect for  
gentleman's word to keep me safe,  
but you see I take after papa,  
Bertha, and it comes as natural  
to me to be very game as it  
does to you to get ploughed for  
words. There, Roderick, jump-  
ing off the pony, you may take  
Thompson's word, and I'll come  
personally and give him some  
opinion, for he has been a dear,  
dear, dear person creature of a  
gentleman."

She explained into com-  
munication with a kiss to the  
Thompson's gray mare, and handed  
the bridle to Roderick.

"I'm going to walk home  
with Mr Vawter," she said.

"But, Vincent, I can't, really,"  
said Roderick. "I'm due at  
home at this moment, only I  
couldn't leave without saying  
good-by to little Vin."

"And you're overdue at Ox-  
ford, too, aren't you?" said  
Vincent, laughing. "You're al-  
ways due somewhere—where is  
the right place? But whether  
you are due or not, you're com-  
ing up to the stable with me to  
give Thompson his opinion, and  
then you're coming to dine with  
us on your last night at home.  
I insist upon it, more insist-  
ingly than I ever do—no ill-humors,  
my mother will be as angry  
as I."

"Oh, how?" interrupted Vincent. "That's the  
last summer I shall have for a young lady."

"You taught it me. How can I help being  
vague when I said that? You just  
know how I've been at the house—"

"—have Vincent scattered her over the  
manse—" and I've afraid she'll make an ap-  
proach on Thompson as they do to the  
manse—" and I'll be home."

"That was always Vincent's way, making up for  
her mother will be as angry  
as I."

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as I."

"Oh, how?" interrupted Vincent. "That's the  
last summer I shall have for a young lady."







The Tramp who never thought  
he'd come to this



Night.

The Representative Tramp



The Transcendent Tramp.



Looking for a breakfast



A Table boulder



The female Tramp who paddles toilet soap  
at midnight



Getting his early Lager



The Tramp who paddles toilet soap  
that won't work













ON THE TERRIBLE TAIL!



SCENES AND CHARACTER SKETCHES IN PARIS DURING THE EXPOSITION.

## THE AUSTRIANS IN BOSNIA.

It would appear that the terrible struggle of the Bosno-Turkish war has closed only to be followed by a series of conflicts equally bloody, even though they involve fewer numbers, between Austria and the insurgent population of Bosnia. The scene depicted in our double-page engraving, showing the manner in which the rebels under Gavrilo Princip made to retreat from Tuzla toward Dabrovo, is only one among many quite as horrible that have been enacted since the last days of July.

Our readers will remember that it was on the 28th

of that month that the main division of the army of occupation, under command of General Baron Potiorevsky, crossed the river Save at Brest. On the following day the troops began their march due south toward Sarajevo. Here they were compelled to pause on account of the heavy rain that had broken up the lines of communication. As soon as these were repaired the march was continued in the direction of the Bosna Valley. The population generally of the places occupied were, thanks to the tact and friendly spirit displayed by both officers and men, readily galled over to Austria. This was especially the case of the classes possessed of property. Already on

the 1st of August General Potiorevsky had dispatched from the camp at Dobretz the head of the General Staff, Captain Maximowicz, with a squadron of the Imperial Regiment of Hussars as a reconnaissance force into the Bosna Valley, not only for the purpose of obtaining correct information regarding the effect of the storm on the bridges and roads, but also of making known the Austrian proclamation to the people of the district, besides through which he should pass, and of preparing them for the approach of the imperial troops. The same level of the staff was also instructed to make inquiry in the larger inhabited places—Jabac, Magaj, and Zepce—what

provisions could there be obtained, as so to lighten the burden of sending supplies after them on their march. Every where, in appearance, he was gladly received. At Magaj in particular the Kakanians and the leading citizens expressed their unconditional submission, declared themselves ready to guarantee a peaceful reception to the army, and also promised to furnish supplies in large quantities.

Unfortunately for the troops at Dobretz the night of August 1 was exceedingly wet. They were partially prevented, however, by late bolts of lightning—the Austrian government not providing tents for its soldiers—and in the morning

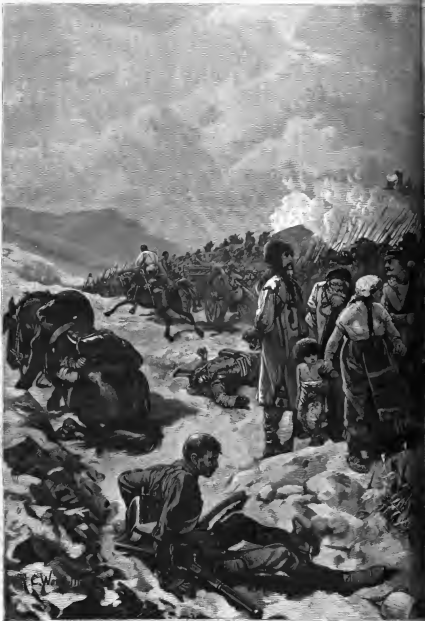
started marching in a good order, their progress being aided by the fact that the introduction to the interior was not difficult. It was here that the night of the Bosnia king was broken by the Hungarians under Hunyadi in a battle which was fought on the great plain of the river Bosna, and ended in the capture of the castle that was then a powerful fortress. It stands on a little spur of rock which juts out above the village and over the valley. The walls were still in a fair state of preservation, and testify to the original excellence of the masonry; but the interior is now a field of ruins and other picturesque plants, and one has to feel one's way step by step. A number of old brass cannon now lie about in the bushes, and a collection of granite projectiles recalls the primitive condition of military art at the time when this fortress was the key to the Bosnia Valley. The town itself is now only a group of wooden houses, but the population is largely Mohammedan, and was, until the Austrians approached, extremely isolated.

The arrival at Doboj was the end of the peaceful advance into Bosnia. The army was now divided into two parts, and the Turkish Division, having a left wing, under command of General Skarab, turned toward the east. In consequence of the damage done to the bridges, the march of the troops could go on but slowly. At a sharp turn of the Bosna River to the left of Kozma the rear-guard was attacked with shots. With the intention of pursuing to the village of Kozma, the Austrians had been ordered to march out and occupied a very advantageous position on a hillside overlooking the valley, only by forcing a way over rough, wooded mountains, and thus turning the flank of the enemy, was it possible to dislodge them from their position. For this purpose, while a reserve regiment engaged the enemy in a light, continuous fight, the larger part of the force was sent to perform that difficult movement.

In the afternoon several detachments of reserves made an attack on the enemy, who almost at the same time there arrived an advanced guard of another regiment, which was advancing along the right bank of the Bosna. The battle then took a favorable turn, by which the Austrians were able to drive from their position and pursued toward Kozma. This engagement took place on the 14th of August, and on the 15th there was a clash on at Hrasno, which was the following day there was a very obstinate conflict between the two armies, which ended on the 16th of August, at the end of that time the retirement of the enemy and the loss of the mountain of Hrasno occurred with the transportation of supplies, most of the troops employed in this service having succumbed to the hardships of the way, indeed General Skarab, for the sake of saving the line of communication still open to him, to fall back upon Graciano. On the 17th they commenced a battle here, and were vigorously attacked. Fortunately the Austrians were not so much, and on the 18th the division marched on north to Doboj on account of a lack of ammunition. The troops, who were now not with fatigue, offered the march a cheerful countenance, though they were not much harassed by hands of insurgents. At the wounded officers and soldiers and the entire train were safely brought back, though in accomplishing that task the troops with much labor and self-sacrifice, had their lives to drag or push the wagons along over very bad roads.

During the time that General Skarab was then engaged with the Austrians in the neighborhood of Graciano, the main column under General Fikret was not meeting with much success. After leaving Doboj, the first objective point on their march was the town of Tuzla, the rest of the way being a long and arduous one. The Austrians, who were not so much, and on the 18th the division marched on north to Doboj on account of a lack of ammunition. The troops, who were now not with fatigue, offered the march a cheerful countenance, though they were not much harassed by hands of insurgents. At the wounded officers and soldiers and the entire train were safely brought back, though in accomplishing that task the troops with much labor and self-sacrifice, had their lives to drag or push the wagons along over very bad roads.

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THE AUSTRIANS IN BOSNIA.

due to the fact that they have simply left them to join the "insurgent" bands. After leaving Tuzla, the first objective point was Zepa; but between them two were the road runs across a broad basin in the river, and over an extremely wild and mountainous country. The Austrians defended both by lock with valor and desperation. Their numbers are fixed by the Austrians at from 10,000 to 15,000, among whom was a large force of Turkish regulars, with several officers in full uniform. They

also had several pieces of artillery and some cavalry. The first attack was made in the morning, near Tuzla, and began with a fierce and well-directed artillery fire, which covered the head-quarters, and for a time placed General Fikret's army in great danger. Under an intense sharp the Turks fell back to their main position. In the mean time two firing columns had been put in motion, one on the left of the valley of the Bosna, while the other, on the right, skirted along the ridge of hills overlooking

the pass. The Austrians were not so much, and on the 18th the division marched on north to Doboj on account of a lack of ammunition. The troops, who were now not with fatigue, offered the march a cheerful countenance, though they were not much harassed by hands of insurgents. At the wounded officers and soldiers and the entire train were safely brought back, though in accomplishing that task the troops with much labor and self-sacrifice, had their lives to drag or push the wagons along over very bad roads.



ZAPARY'S RETREAT TO DOBOJ.

The second day of the military was a brilliant one, and the army, as was to be expected, was victorious. The army, as was to be expected, was victorious.

According to the statement of those taken prisoner, the number of the insurgents who fought at Jajce amounted to 1,000. Besides the regular army, the Peace-keepers of Jajce (known as the Peace-keepers of Jajce) fought with the regular army. The Peace-keepers of Jajce (known as the Peace-keepers of Jajce) fought with the regular army.

Colonel von Hatzfeldt, who is captain of the 1st Battalion of the 1st Regiment of the 1st Division of the 1st Army, was killed. The 1st Battalion of the 1st Regiment of the 1st Division of the 1st Army, was killed.

greets connected in making prisoners the major of the 1st Battalion of the 1st Regiment of the 1st Division of the 1st Army, was killed.

ing, the Second Division of the 1st Army, was killed. The Second Division of the 1st Army, was killed.

wounded at the capture of Mostar, but hidden away among the mountains of the Bosnian hills, where he was found, a few days later, when he was executed by the army of the Government of Bosnia.

The 10th of August was a promising day for the Austrians, for on the same day an auxiliary column, under command of General Tschirner, who had crossed the river at Ali Grahova, encountered the insurgents at Jajce, and defeated them, after a battle lasting some hours, in which 100 men were killed and wounded and 500 taken prisoner.

In the same time, while these events were taking place in Bosnia, another division of the Austrians army, commanded by General Jovanovic, was entering Herzegovina from Dalmanica, and moving toward Mostar, the capital of that province. To ward the latter part of Jajce, a large body of women had taken up their position along the Dalmanica frontier. In the last days of this same month the women division of this body, having suddenly received intelligence of their operations, started from different points toward Jajce, where they encountered their forces, and on the 1st of August created the heaviest fighting of the war. On this occasion an unusually trying plan of march had been arranged for the women, but in spite of the extremely difficult nature of the ground, the progress was rapid and successful, and, very soon by night, and delivery of good aid, the progress was rapid and successful, and, very soon by night, and delivery of good aid, the progress was rapid and successful.





# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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THE CROWNING POINT OF HIS LIFE.  
WHAT IS WEALTH IN COMPARISON WITH FAME?







W. H. BROWN.



J. MACHAN.



G. R. BAILEY.



F. ALLEN.



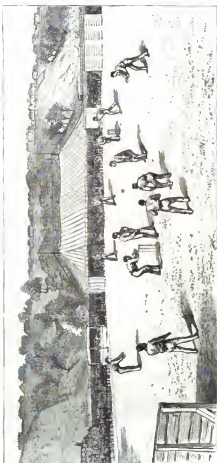
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T. DOLAN.



A. BARKERMAN.

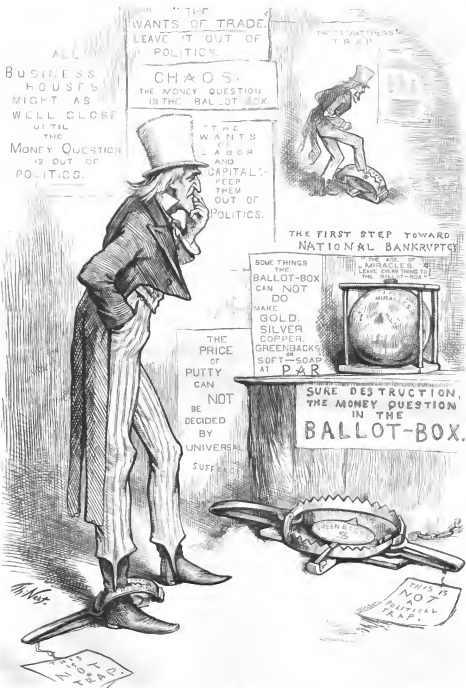


C. BARKERMAN.



J. CORPAT.

THE CHURCH MATES BETWEEN THE AUSTRALIANS AND THE NEW YORKERS, WITH PORTRAITS OF THE AUSTRALIANS.—Four pictures are furnished.—(See Page 829.)



THE NEXT STEP—LOOK BEFORE YOU







THE SPANISH KING—NORTHERN ENTRANCE TO THE MOUNTAINS OF THE HEBRON—DOWN AT HANCOCK COAST—(THE FINEST VIEW.)





TOO LATE FOR THE COACH—AN OLD TIME INCIDENT—(Scene at U. S. Bureau—[See Page 830])







WRECKERS ON THE FLORIDA KEYS.—[From a Sketch by S. G. W. BOWMAN.]

## WRECKERS ON THE FLORIDA KEYS.

A wrecker schooner, often hastily modified, makes up a large part of the marine registry of Key West. Here we have a business eminently legitimate, but closely allied to piracy. Its temptations are great. Every Key Westian should be by nature a wrecker. The long, low, ugly boats which fringe the coast of Florida in the most horrid manner, leading on either side the peninsula to the terminal point of Key West and the Tortugas, seem like there is a trap to catch every mariner. After traversing the wide ocean in safety they suddenly bring up, perhaps in those narrow, and are caught there as securely as in a spider's web. No wonder does the name wreck Key West than the wreckers, white and black, come from their

lottery, the boys spin cart-loads of evolution on the dusty wharves, and the sharks gliding toward their prey, the schooner stand out of port and make all sail to reach the wreck. There she lies fast, firmly imbedded on the coral, treacherously pointed down, perhaps, by the pilot. Each thing leaves her. Never more shall she ride the waves like a thing of life. Her transient career is ended, and now boats, canoes, and schooners crowd around her, laden with yelling and shouting crews, swimming up her sides to strip her of her cargo and her booty, and leave her a skeleton blanketed in the beachers' net. Is there any savior more typical of the life of men than a ship? Are not the perils which hunt it like the temptations and seductions of the sea?

It is said the negroes of Key West are very religious; they are reported to have an abomin-

ing faith in the efficacy of prayer, and that they therefore beneath the Almighty to send them wrecks—ships well loaded with riches. The latter part of this statement is hardly credible, but there is abundant evidence that they are quite anxious so far as regards the material forms of religion. A people must be religious who will stand a full hour under the boiling sun, with the thermometer at ninety in the shade, on a glaring white beach at mid-day, to witness a baptism. The water once witnessed such a scene. Its fumes are instantly essential, and finally converted to a cooler spot; but the worthy pastor who presided over the meditation for baptism stood bareheaded under the full blaze of the sun for an hour, and no one complained of headache. It certainly would have been more appropriate if the ceremony had occurred toward night-fall.

## A MISSISSIPPI TOW.

The picturesque scene represented in the engraving below is not the fancy sketch of an artist, but the realistic work of the camera of a tourist photographer. It shows an one of those high-pressure tow steamboats plying to the Mississippi and other Western rivers, making its way up the stream with its bow of heavily loaded freight boats. Nothing can be more ugly, from an artist's point of view, than an "elephant" steamerboat, but these Mississippi boats present many picturesque features, favorable to artistic treatment. Their very clumsiness in its situation, and this is enhanced by the weather stains that cleave their sides and form so agreeable a contrast to the unadorned and gleaming white of the passenger boats.



A TOW ON THE MISSISSIPPI.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.]



PLAGUE-STRAKEN—WAITING FOR THE FROST.—(DRAWN BY C. R. BURGESS.)

## WAITING FOR THE FROST.

Still lifts the lily in the mid still air  
 In eap of perfumed snow,  
 And, star-like, gleam the myrtle blossoms where  
 The softness roams glw;  
 The fragrant beauty wears the mask of Death;  
 The whispering south wind in his poisoned breath;  
 We weary for those warm bright days to end;  
 The summer lingers at what fearful cost!  
 O pitying God! in mercy to we send  
 The white gift of Thy frost!

From its cold touch the pestilence will fly,  
 And plague-shat houses will their doom unfold,  
 And mortars, who have seen their loved ones die,  
 Yet, shuddering, fear their hapless hands to hold,  
 Will seek, with tears, the graves from which, to-day,  
 Love, terror-haunted, trembling turns away.  
 All powerless, Lord, at Thy dear feet we bow;  
 If Thou delay, how many lives are lost!  
 We ask a blessing never proud till now—  
 The white gift of Thy frost!

## ENEMIES OF OCEAN CABLES.

The amount of submarine life that comes up on a cable which is taken up for repairs after being immersed for a year or two is surprising. Three years ago the writer was with a repairing expedition on the Park in Cayenne section of the Western and Brazilian Company's cables. We were chiefly at work off the island of Marajo, in the estuary of the Amazon. The cable had only been submerged about a month, yet as soon as hoisted the ship at places literally covered with barnacles, as others overgrown with voluminous vegetation, coral, and various shells, often of singular delicacy and beauty. The sea weeds were in great variety, clinging to the cable sometimes in thick groves of red and yellow slim, slender, transparent, fleshy grasses, and slimy fucoids, and tufts of anemone moss. We found branching corals and plants several of a foot in height growing to the cable, the soft skeleton being covered with a fleshy skin, generally of a deep orange color. Sometimes a sponge was found attached to the coats of these corals, and delicate calcareous structures of varied kind increased

the stems of all these plants, and served to ornament as well as to strengthen them. Parasitic life seems to be so little under these soft, rapid waters as it is on the neighboring tropical shores. Rare star fishes, anguilles, and curious crabs and crustaceans were likewise fished up on the cable. The crabs were often themselves completely covered with the indigenous vegetation of the bottom, and in some cases were probably from it. Others, although not so covered, were found to have the same sorts of the vegetation they inhabited, and even in anemones somewhat resembled the latter. Others, again, were perfectly or partially transparent, and one most beautiful blue crab, now in alcohol, united in its person several of the prevailing colors of the bottom. Its slender legs, like jointed filaments of glass, were stained here and there of a deep opaque brown. Its mouth, pointed like a needle, was of a deep indigo; its transparent body was of a deep yellow; its eyes were green; and its tiny limbs of an ashy-brown hue.

Within a day after this cable had been laid a poisonous fish had occurred, and this we were in pursuit of. To our surprise, we found it to













5. Austrian Gun. 6. Turkish Battery on Fire. 7. General Philippovich. 8. General Popov, Chief of the Staff. 9. Mr. J. M. Spauld Arty. 10. Yellow Infantry.

THE AUSTRIAN CAMPAIGN IN BOSNIA—BOMBARDMENT OF SARAJEVO

and remain on the post, maintaining the utmost silence. No spear may leave his post or any person whatever send the preconcerted signal on the bugle to give. Should a bugle break from the corner near him, he holds his beating eye on his spear as high above his head as he can, thus letting the signal that the game "is close," or "game away," and every hunter who sees the signal repeats it, so that the whole line is apprised, and the moment orders the charge to be attacked on the bugle. Upon this, each man, mounted and waits impatiently for the sound of the next signal, the "advance," when the whole line descends upon the general.

The series of sketches we give illustrates the

full history of a bug hunt. In the first drawing we see the party preparing for a start, the hunters finishing their last pipe, and the snare team, ere departing of the last morsel of the rice which constitutes their frugal breakfast. In the next, two of them are stalked at their post, but the alarm has been sounded and the bug is in full view, so that the chase begins in furious pursuit, leaping ditches, and carrying consternation to the heart of the proprietor of a parcel of land. In the fourth sketch they are setting their exhausted prey, and in the fifth and last the final spear goes home, making the poor victim in his next vital part.

#### THE AUSTRIANS IN BOSNIA.

In the article accompanying the engraving illustrating the advance of the Austrian into Bosnia which was published in our last Supplement, we followed the line of march adopted by the southern division of the army of occupation as far as Zepce. In the conflict which took place at this point, our readers will remember, the Austrians were successful in vanquishing the Serbs, who were glad to escape by way of the Bosna River.

After the affair at Zepce, which took place on the 25th of August, General Philippovich's march

on to Travnik, and from thence to Zenica, where he took up his quarters on the 15th. On the previous day the supplementary division, which crossed the Save at Ah-Gradina, and whose forces we followed as far as Jajce, had occupied Travnik, a town situated a few miles from Zenica. A position was found between the two divisions, the commanders of which decided upon a truce of one or two days, in order that the troops might recover in some measure from the effects of their recent struggles.

While the Austrians were thus waiting quietly at Zenica, it was ascertained, by means of reconnaissance and other sources of information, that





# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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PAGE TEN OFFITS.]

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IN THE BATHING-MARKET AGAIN.  
WILL MASSACHUSETTS ACCEPT THIS ENTERTAINMENT?







FOR THE FEVER STRIKEN—COLLECTION OF CLOTHING IN NEW YORK.—FROM A SKETCH BY THOMAS H. BARNES.—[SEE PAGE 840.]



MEANS OF PROTECTING STEERING GEAR



NEW VIEW  
SHOWING TORPEDO CHAMBER CLOSED



TORPEDO CHAMBER OPEN



"THE DESTROYER"—CAPTAIN ERICKSON'S NEW TORPEDO-BOAT.—DRAWN BY C. A. KERR.—[SEE PAGE 830.]





"A LOVER'S TIFF."—(FROM THE PICTURE BY F. E. COX.)

#### GIFTS FOR THE FETTER-STRIKEN.

The collection of clothing for the sufferers in the fever-stricken districts of the South was begun on the 9th inst., under the direction of a committee visiting in cooperation with the Young Men's Christian Association, from whose building, corner of Fourth Avenue and Twenty-third Street, empty wagons and trucks were sent, to return in a few hours heavily loaded with bundles of clothing and bedding. The vehicles were in number about thirty, furnished by A. T. Stewart & Co., E. & N. Jordan & Co., Adams Express Company, Hedges & Co., F. W. Dwyer & Co., Hamstead, Haddam & Co., Lane & Rossmore,

A. J. Barker & Co., and other firms. American Express Telegraph vans were sent half a block in advance of the wagons to the houses which the committee intended to visit, for the purpose of giving timely notice in order that those might be on duty when the wagons arrived. Each wagon was in charge of a member of the committee, and two or more aids. The city was very thoroughly examined in the cross streets from Fourth to Thirty-fourth streets. The collection always exhibited their credentials, signed and sealed, authorizing them to receive the goods. The contributions were first taken to the Twenty-third Street headquarters, and thence to the office of Adams & Co., whence they were shipped South.

The contributions on the first day amounted to about \$200 value first of miscellaneous articles, collected from door to door. A. T. Stewart & Co. contributed 2,000 garments. The plot of articles collected is the room in the Association building presented a curious sight. There were blankets, bedding, mattresses, covered chairs, clothing, shoes, boots, felt hats, straw hats, high hats, and low hats. Every body worked with becoming zeal, and the committee men had their hands full, collecting, sorting, and arranging. Great enthusiasm was manifested in giving, and every trucking as well as public incident was witnessed as the wagons went their rounds. The poor gave as freely as the rich, according to their

means. As one of the wagons was passing through Ninth Street, where we passed school is, and the committee men, looking back, saw a little man frantically waving a bloodstained garment, and running with all his might. It appeared that he had seen the wagon pass, and had carried his mission. Thereupon he sprang to the front of an old pile of trunks that had been much not open, and straightway fell to putting a patch over the hole. One poor old lady, not trusting herself by a close scrutiny of the evidence, said that she was not being cheated, brought forth one old bloodstained shirt, which she said was all she had to give, but that it went with her whole heart. The latest official reports from the fever







"THE PRAYER BELL"—SCENE IN THE REEF

Mass Givis in her deep prejudice against all bells that call people to religious exercises. Those who have read the remarkable romance will perhaps remember that one Sunday morning, when this inquisitive young woman was compiling a history of her misadventures against Armadale, she is so amused by the jangle of church bells that she abandons her narrative and interpreters the following paragraph in her journal: "I must leave off for a little while. The church bells have broken out, and the jangling of them drives me mad. In those days, when we have all got

watches or clocks, why are bells wanted to remind us when the service begins? We don't require to be rung into the church. How extremely disadvantageous to the clergy to be obliged to ring to into the church!"

Until as the expression may be that are urged by nervous people and by those who object to having their occupations interrupted by emissions of such a character, the "sound of the church-going bell" (which, however, only goes in church and town, after which it rings there prominently) is too intimately connected with the services of

religion to be in any danger from those who look upon its music as a nuisance. From the time of the sixth century bells have played an important part in the services of the Christian Church—much so, indeed, that, apparently from a spirit of opposition, the Romanists reject the use of bells, and substitute for them the cry of the hymn from the tops of steeples. Not only were the bells indispensable to a church, but they had a sacred character. They were furnished with inscriptive religious sentences, and consecrated by a solemn baptismal service; they

sanctified manna, had sponsors, were sprinkled with holy water, and finally covered with the white garment and anointed with chrism like infants.

The liturgy of the Roman Church still contains elaborate directions concerning the formation to be observed in baptizing a bell, and the custom is still carried on in some countries. For the purpose the bell is suspended provisionally at such a height that the priest can extensively walk around it and touch the handle as well as the outside. Then a host or a deacon is placed by

its side with a white garment and anointed with chrism like infants.



MONASTERY.—[FROM A PAINTING BY EDWARD GRETNER.]

a table a vessel  
from cloth  
in holy dishes,  
of for burning  
de mire on his  
the down his  
pachas; then  
in the consecra-  
tion, mists and  
hairs and out-  
her whiskering  
redies more

pachas, make the sign of the cross with the holy  
oil (as in the case of a sick person) on the bell,  
and pray with uncovered head. This ceremony  
is several times repeated, while a vessel is placed  
under the bell to receive the holy water that may  
run down, and the linen cloths that served to dry  
it are solemnly burned. Then incense is thrown  
upon the coals, and burned off the whole bell is  
filled with the smoke, while the choir is chanting  
more pachas; a portion of St. Luke's gospel is  
read, and, after repeated crossings and genuflec-  
tions, the ceremony is ended.

The bells most frequently heard in Catholic  
ceremonies are those which are rung in the morn-  
ing, at noon, and in the evening, especially since  
these epochs, originally intended as an admoni-  
tion to prayer, have become signals for the be-  
gining of school hours and the return home of  
the weary laborer in the fields from his day's  
work. The evening bell is by far the oldest, as  
we may judge from the civility with which the  
curfew (*coucher-fes*) was enforced by the Norman  
monks of England, who prohibited the burning  
of any fire at night after this bell had been rung

at seven or eight o'clock. This was, however, by  
no means an instance of Norman tyranny, for  
the same regulations prevailed nearly throughout  
Christendom, in order to protect the houses, which  
were almost universally of wood, from being burn-  
ed and robbed by evil-doers.  
Under Pope John XXII, in 1320, was issued  
the three crystals of the Ave Maria which are  
now required during the ringing of this evening  
bell. The author of an article entitled "A Chat  
on Bells," published in *Reper's Magazine* for  
February, 1870, tells us:

"These prayers were originally prescribed as a  
protection against the infidels and an interces-  
sion for the souls of the slain crusaders; now  
they are not so fully suggestive of a blessing in-  
voked upon the faithful believers of the day. They  
often give you impressive descriptions of the  
deep and touching impression produced by the  
instantaneous effect of this custom, when the first  
sound of the bell produces in the lower and on  
the high road, on the public promenade and in the  
crowded assembly, an immediate cessation of work  
or movement—all drop their hats, the devout sick

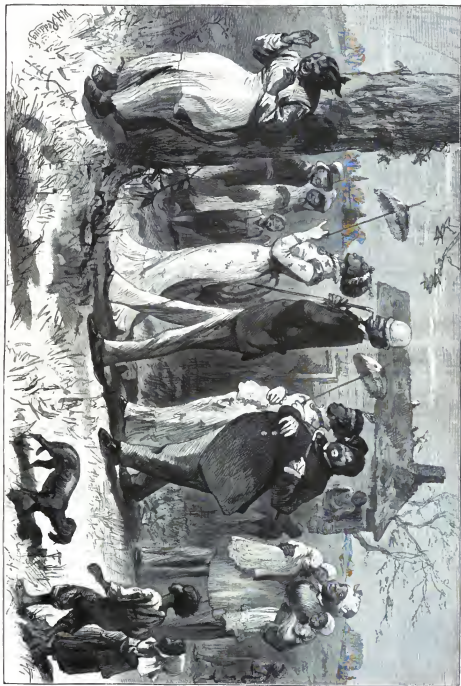






AN APPEAL TO MARBLE.  
 "THE TRUTH; DENIED; BE 'TRUTH TO MORE'—*Leary*

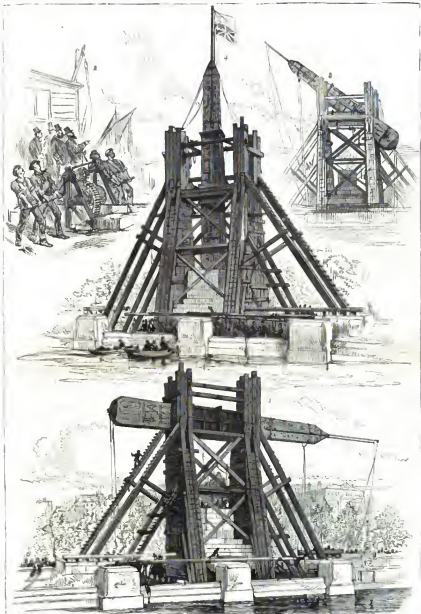




AFTER DRESSING FAIRLY AND THE HEAT OF KITCHEN, THE INITIAL PARTY BEGINS TO RECKON.—(Drawn by John R. Brown.)







1. The Crane, on September 11, tilted at a horizontal position. 2. Boom to lower the bottom end of Embankment. 3. Crane descending to vertical position. 4. Crane set on its pedestal.

#### CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE, ON THE VICTORIA HARBOUR EMBANKMENT

usually is the costume of the country, which consists of a light cherry-colored dress, striped with thin black lines, and a light-colored shawl. The last, however, is generally had on one side while the other is being washed. A great resort for pleasure parties is Frenchie, one of the highest hills in the neighborhood. Members of the party usually pass in a small chapel, where they are regaled with a pair of liquor consumed by the good monks, if their own story may be believed, but to my mind tasting very much like

Cognac and sugar. There are very pretty villas surrounded by beautiful gardens at Hyères and in the neighborhood of the town. These are situated in many cases on slopes rising to a considerable height above the sea. From the back of the one represented is certainly the most glorious view of the surrounding country, and of the blue Mediterranean stretched with craft of all kinds, from the mighty armada to the smallest fishing boat, and the islands of Provence and the Isles d'Or.

#### CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE

In 1691, when Memphus was seized with a determination to reduce Egypt to a single force, and was offering very large quantities of money for an equivalent in heavy stones wherever to build his dykes and canals, he presented one of the Cleopatra's Needles that had fallen, but was still entire, to George IV., then King of England. This obelisk, with its companion, which still stands erect at the very edge of the Mediterranean,

was, a landmark as well as a monument in an Arab suburb of Alexandria, surrounded by equal beds and fish and porphyry, formed originally, if we may not say built in tradition, the entrance to the palace of the Ptolemies, in which Cleopatra lived when Caesar and Antony. The one obelisk stands up boldly against the sky as if defying the progress of time to shake it from its foundations; the other lies for centuries across a little river, and was used as a bridge by mariners. "I trusted my destiny over it," says a traveler, "and



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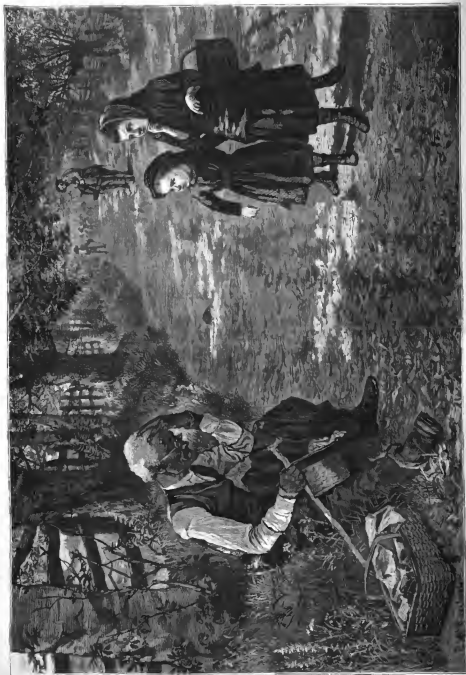


WOODSHED.—Drawn by C. E. Reinhart.—[See Page 618.]









OLD AND YOUNG.—Drawing by S. G. McWhinnie.—(See Page 607.)

N. Y.

DEMOCRATIC  
PLATFORM.

*Resolved*, That by an infamous conspiracy of force and fraud the high officials and unrepentant leaders of the Republican party entailed and reversed the nation's choice for the Presidency, and put a defeated candidate in the chair of Washington, and chained the people of that return of the Federal government which their ballots had demanded and ordained; and it is the stern resolve of the American people that such a fraud has been perpetrated for the last time.

N. B. THIS CARD IS  
NOT AN ACE  
AFTER ALL

DIE IN OUR  
TRACKS  
NEXT  
TIME."

ALPHATRIKTON

100,000  
MEN OR \$?

PRO\$ ET \$

REFORM IS  
NECESSARY

TWEED-LE-DEE,  
TILDEN-DUM & CO



"I TRIED To Do SOME GOOD"

A. MASTYR

IT WILL ALL  
BLOW OVER

IT WAS MY FRIEND TWENTY

POTTER'S  
REVOLUTION  
WILL  
NOT  
TAKE PLACE  
NOW

TABLE 8  
Oxford Prison, No. 10 Grosvenor Park,  
E. C. 1

Certificates required to make  
decision have London hear the  
Bolivia of just sold Edinburgh at  
Hendle had a way over Glasgow  
from one's mouth of

TALLAHASSEE, Fla., Dec. 10, 1918.  
 HENRY HATHORN, 18 West 11th St.,  
 N. Y.

Known Fitch may make this term, forty of half of a twelve eleven ten. One you may two in also immediately if twenty.

NEW YORK, 1 Dec. 8.  
F. W. WOODMAN, Toledo, Ohio.

Twenty one eleven two ten  
twenty one not however seven  
before twenty four thirty seven  
nineteen only forty six. H.

SM.6. RCUN-7

CIPHER NUMBER:

REPRODUCED BY THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE.—(See Page VII.)







DECORATIVE ART—THE LOAN EXHIBITION AT THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF



NEW YORK.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY PACH, AND SKETCHES BY OUR ARTIST.—[SEE PAGE 874.]

## THE LOAN EXHIBITION.

The ladies of the Society of Decorative Art devote great credit for the brilliant exhibition of china, bric-a-brac, pictures, etc., which makes the Academy of Design one of our most attractive places of resort. Our double-glass view of the corridor, with its fine, its most prominent group around it, gives an impression of the wealth of art displayed in the several rooms of that building. The present exhibition is not only much larger than that of last year, but more elegant and complete in classification and arrangement. The most interesting is found in the china; the north room with Oriental stoneware, porcelain, etc. The most curious, an Egyptian collection, in the room of the south-west. In the west room the tower will find a very interesting array of silver, jewelry, etc. In the room of the north-west, the boundary, painting on china, etc., exhibited by the Society of Decorative Art, may be found in the room, south-west room. Most of the articles in this room are for sale, and can be displayed. The exhibition presents a strikingly effective arrangement of Oriental bric-a-brac and porcelain, and of porcelain and stoneware from European manufacturers.

It will thus be seen that all the exhibition space in the Academy is fully occupied. The number of objects displayed is very large, and many have been sold. The exhibition is a very interesting one, and is a very good one for the study and admiration. The exhibition shows a great number of fine pieces of art, and is a very good one for the study and admiration. The exhibition shows a great number of fine pieces of art, and is a very good one for the study and admiration.

It would require too much space to attempt to describe in detail the various objects displayed in the view of the exhibition. The exhibition is a very interesting one, and is a very good one for the study and admiration. The exhibition shows a great number of fine pieces of art, and is a very good one for the study and admiration. The exhibition shows a great number of fine pieces of art, and is a very good one for the study and admiration.

## PERIODS OF RESUMPTIONS.

The connection between social progress and periods of property and industry is a very interesting one. The exhibition is a very interesting one, and is a very good one for the study and admiration. The exhibition shows a great number of fine pieces of art, and is a very good one for the study and admiration. The exhibition shows a great number of fine pieces of art, and is a very good one for the study and admiration.

This case the nation, amidst which, the most severe the country has ever known. It was not only severely poor and stunted nation. The West in 1867 nearly reached bankruptcy. The country was in a state of ruin, and the balance of credit was nearly exhausted. In the midst of its various the people were poor, the country was in a state of ruin, and the balance of credit was nearly exhausted. In the midst of its various the people were poor, the country was in a state of ruin, and the balance of credit was nearly exhausted.

In all its operations; it was not altogether without reason that you found the extraordinary prosperity of the last year. The country was in a state of ruin, and the balance of credit was nearly exhausted. In the midst of its various the people were poor, the country was in a state of ruin, and the balance of credit was nearly exhausted.

The first step out of the year of 1867 was a season in which the country was in a state of ruin, and the balance of credit was nearly exhausted. In the midst of its various the people were poor, the country was in a state of ruin, and the balance of credit was nearly exhausted. In the midst of its various the people were poor, the country was in a state of ruin, and the balance of credit was nearly exhausted.

It was a temporary check, an obstacle for more; the country was in a state of ruin, and the balance of credit was nearly exhausted. In the midst of its various the people were poor, the country was in a state of ruin, and the balance of credit was nearly exhausted. In the midst of its various the people were poor, the country was in a state of ruin, and the balance of credit was nearly exhausted.

But, in the midst of the wild days of the rebellion, gold, silver, copper, lead, Potatoes, etc., were in a state of ruin, and the balance of credit was nearly exhausted. In the midst of its various the people were poor, the country was in a state of ruin, and the balance of credit was nearly exhausted. In the midst of its various the people were poor, the country was in a state of ruin, and the balance of credit was nearly exhausted.

parade. This was the source of the new property of 1867, 1868, 1869, as almost everyone can see. The country was in a state of ruin, and the balance of credit was nearly exhausted. In the midst of its various the people were poor, the country was in a state of ruin, and the balance of credit was nearly exhausted.

THE NEW YORKER.

POTTERY AND PORCELAIN.  
The Ceramic Art: a Compendium of the History and Art of Pottery and Porcelain, by James J. Yerkes. With 444 illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This is one of the most useful volumes issued in the past year or two in this subject, but no one who has read even one of these books need to be told that the present volume is a repetition of former works, or that he can afford to neglect reading this; in the contrary, Mr. Yerkes has made a book which is full of fresh information, and is a very good one for the study and admiration. The exhibition shows a great number of fine pieces of art, and is a very good one for the study and admiration.

It is for those being a more particular, the study of the history of the pottery and porcelain. The exhibition shows a great number of fine pieces of art, and is a very good one for the study and admiration. The exhibition shows a great number of fine pieces of art, and is a very good one for the study and admiration.

Mr. Yerkes has made a book which is full of fresh information, and is a very good one for the study and admiration. The exhibition shows a great number of fine pieces of art, and is a very good one for the study and admiration. The exhibition shows a great number of fine pieces of art, and is a very good one for the study and admiration.

One of the most interesting features of the book is the history of the pottery and porcelain. The exhibition shows a great number of fine pieces of art, and is a very good one for the study and admiration. The exhibition shows a great number of fine pieces of art, and is a very good one for the study and admiration.

The French factory, especially those at Limoges, and the history of the pottery and porcelain. The exhibition shows a great number of fine pieces of art, and is a very good one for the study and admiration. The exhibition shows a great number of fine pieces of art, and is a very good one for the study and admiration.

With her in the attitude of the glass on the walls of some pottery and artists. But the present is a very good one for the study and admiration. The exhibition shows a great number of fine pieces of art, and is a very good one for the study and admiration. The exhibition shows a great number of fine pieces of art, and is a very good one for the study and admiration.

## HOME AND FOREIGN GOSPEL.

There are certain things which seem very interesting to the people of this country. The exhibition shows a great number of fine pieces of art, and is a very good one for the study and admiration. The exhibition shows a great number of fine pieces of art, and is a very good one for the study and admiration.

The American Southern Free press has written: It is well worth while to spend a few hours in the exhibition. The exhibition shows a great number of fine pieces of art, and is a very good one for the study and admiration. The exhibition shows a great number of fine pieces of art, and is a very good one for the study and admiration.

Two elegant lectures are arranged to occur this week. The exhibition shows a great number of fine pieces of art, and is a very good one for the study and admiration. The exhibition shows a great number of fine pieces of art, and is a very good one for the study and admiration.

Chloroform has seldom if ever been administered in this country. The exhibition shows a great number of fine pieces of art, and is a very good one for the study and admiration. The exhibition shows a great number of fine pieces of art, and is a very good one for the study and admiration.

It is announced that the second one of the Crown Prince of Germany is about to visit a large number of the people of this country. The exhibition shows a great number of fine pieces of art, and is a very good one for the study and admiration. The exhibition shows a great number of fine pieces of art, and is a very good one for the study and admiration.

The appointment made of the American People's Convention, to be held in the city of Washington, D.C., on the 15th of November, 1878. The exhibition shows a great number of fine pieces of art, and is a very good one for the study and admiration. The exhibition shows a great number of fine pieces of art, and is a very good one for the study and admiration.









AFGHANISTAN—IN THE KHITRA PASS.

hundreds are usually ride abreast. The most important section of the pass, however, is at Ali-Musghul, and here it is that the English are usually met when the rulers of Afghanistan are disposed to offer any opposition to their advance into Afghan dominions. It was at Ali-Musghul that Sir Vernist Channeman arrived the night which is likely to lead to war, and it was here that in 1859 opposition was made first to the advance of the troops under Sir Claude W. and later in a force of Sikh auxiliaries. This section is about

a mile and a half long, and is surrounded by jagged (brown) and jagged (dark brown) at every point. Ali-Musghul itself is perched on a rock 3000 feet above the sea. The fortress is about 100 feet long, and there are three hills within a short distance of it, each of which is fortified.

The town of Candahar, of which we give an illustration, is one of the most important in Afghanistan, for as soon as that should succeed in reaching this point would have the whole district

south of the Hindu Kush virtually at its mercy. Though it passes also the best line of communication between Kabul and Herat. Candahar is on the site of an ancient city, supposed to have been founded by Alexander the Great, and named Alexandria, whence came the old name Alexandria. This also suffered a change, so that the present city, founded by Akbar Khan in 1547, is known as Candahar. It was the seat of government until 1773, when Kabul became the capital. The city is large and populous, containing

it is supposed, about 100,000 inhabitants, chief by Afghans. In general form it is oblong, and planned with great regularity. There are four main streets, each 300 yards wide, meeting in the centre, where there is an immense domed building called the Chahar. Beyond it is a square where predominate are red, where the well-known houses of manufacturers are exposed, and where the best stores are located. In one portion of the Chahar is the Sikhar, or room where the royal head plays, and it is from the terrace of









1. Captain Enomoto. 2. Nagata Kinsaku, Marine Engineer. 3. Japanese Steam-Jacket (Steamer). 4. Japanese Torpedo Boat. 5. A Japanese Masted War of the Union Fleet, before 1861. (From a Japanese Wood-Cut by Goto of Tokyo.) 6. The Deck of the U. S. S. Albatross in the Japanese Ship. 7. In the Ship-Boy. 8. A Japanese Admiral in 1861. 9. A Japanese Marine, 1861. 10. A Japanese Sailor, 1861.

#### THE JAPANESE NAVY.

#### THE JAPANESE NAVY. OLD AND NEW.

For the more rapid civilization of Japanese shipsmen as we indicated to Mr. James Brown, of the English mercantile gentleman well known in Japanese circles under the title of *Shiratsuna*. The materials for the ancient drawings were gathered from old Japanese pictures, but the modern ones were sketched from life during a visit of H. I. F. W.'s private yacht (*The Brilliant*) to English waters. The *Yaku* is not only one of the two best and most completely equipped vessels of her class that ever sailed the high seas,

but is remarkable as being the first modern war ship ever built in a Japanese dock yard, and also the first man-of-war belonging to the *Yaku* that has ever sailed Europe. In the fifth of July, during the time that the *Yaku* was ordered in the Pacific, a magnificent entertainment was given by her officers, tickets being issued by the Japanese legation to such captains of London as were in any way connected with or interested in the matter. The occasion was a highly successful one, and offered capital opportunities for the people of Mr. Brown.

In making up a description of our sketches from the notes furnished by our gentleman we

will follow the example of the Egyptians, who in carving the hieroglyphs on their monumental boxes at the top and proceeded downward in three perpendicularly lines. Our first drawing is a portrait of Captain Enomoto, the commander of the *Yaku*, who has passed with his "mug" or top-knot, to adopt a uniform closely resembling that worn by officers in the British navy. But, if report be true, he has for ten years favored the "true" *Yaku* uniform, as "spirit of old Japan," which still clings to all true Japanese, and binds them to lay down their lives a willing sacrifice to their country and their emperor.

Just before the captain, but by no means next

in rank, stands NAKATA KINAKATA, the brother of the *Yaku*. This respectable merchant is looked upon as quite a character by all abroad the nation, and a story is told of him which might form a horrible accompaniment to his own's volume set of disbelievers in clashing the signal at Copenhagen. At a crucial moment during the struggle in Russia, the steady little marine refused to leave the command to retire, but kept on bravely sending an "advance" and eventually firing an effective shot, until his side had won the day. Nakata, as he is called, may be taken as a fair specimen of the average Japanese sailor, and a glance at his career will show why so many of



TO THE RESCUE—A WRECK ON THE

these men seem so much superior to the marines of other countries. He belonged originally to the samurai class devoted to the practice of military arts and to a certain extent to the study of native literature. When the revolution of 1868 took place these men were suddenly deprived of all endorsement. A large number joined the navy, and as all could not find places as officers, many were fated to remain demobilized with lower ranks, so that it frequently happens that the entire crew of a Japanese man-of-war will consist of what is our own country we should

call gentlemen. Just beneath our aristocratic bugler stands a sparse marine, apparently just about to enter upon military duty, while alongside him is the jolly Jack who looks after what might be English sailors.

Beginning once more at the head of our page, we find a Japanese war ship of the older type. This remarkable craft is, however, much more modern than the recent observer would suppose it to be, for the reforms in the Japanese navy which have lately been carried on with so much energy easily began about ten years ago. Prior

to that time whole fleets of such vessels might be seen plying the narrow seas of Japan, and causing much annoyance to foreign vessels by their clumsy butts, exaggerated bows, and square-shaped sails. Just below the old sea-farers, as we just, we have a view of the upper deck of the ship as it appeared on the occasion of the great reception. Being a powerful first-class cruiser of 1870 date, her accommodations were ample for the proud array of guests that visited her. Among those invited were many whose names are conspicuous in diplomatic, artistic, and professional

al circles, though naturally the naval and military elements predominated. After a cordial greeting they were offered to make their own way about the ship, the labors of exploration being rewarded by a charming feast. Apparently two of the fair visitors were determined to make their investigations exhaustive, for we find they have wandered into what is called the "cock bay." At the head of our third line stands on board of the Japanese man-of-war, as he appeared even as late as 1867, so immediately before the reform began. The figure below him is a marine, wearing a uni-





DE.—[FROM A PAINTING BY C. J. STANLAND.]

for several years as assistant and instructor. There is also a nuclear corps and a naval corps, in which several hundred young men receive a thorough scientific and technical education in addition to a preliminary schooling on floating ships.

**TO THE RESCUE!**

The series of inevitable marine disasters that have taken place within a short time give a peculiar significance to engravings like the above.

Few calamities are more appalling than shipwreck. In almost every other instance there is success of some sort immediately at hand. As on the shores are that the assistance rendered is wholly inadequate, even if the vessel does not perish before her miserable plight is made known.

In writing a background for his powerful church our artist has chosen the Hardy beach, off Norfolk, England. This coast, from its exposure to the North Sea, and the prevalence of fierce gale winds during many months of the year, is one of the most dangerous on the whole

island. For miles the beach is low and sandy, and seldom rises into bold elevations. The only lofty cliffs are St. Edmund's Point, at Hazeaton, and the chalk and clay cliffs at Cromer, and even these are then yielding to the incursions of the ocean.

The primitive structure of the life-boat in our engraving would suggest the idea that the scene was scarcely a modern one. The fact is that a large portion of the inhabitants of Southern England absolutely set their faces against all modern innovations. The "Royal National Life-boat

Institution" advocates the self-righting life-boat, and indeed, adopts it at nearly all their stations, but the Hardy Norfolk fishermen do not care for them when putting off to assist some vessel in distress upon the treacherous sands. They argue that the boat will right; but what becomes of her crew? On the contrary, they prefer the old-fashioned boat, where they can half out the plugs and half fill the boat with water before starting; her air tight compartments prevented her sinking, and the weight of water prevented her from being capsized. It is true, they hat-





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PAGE TEN SEVEN.]

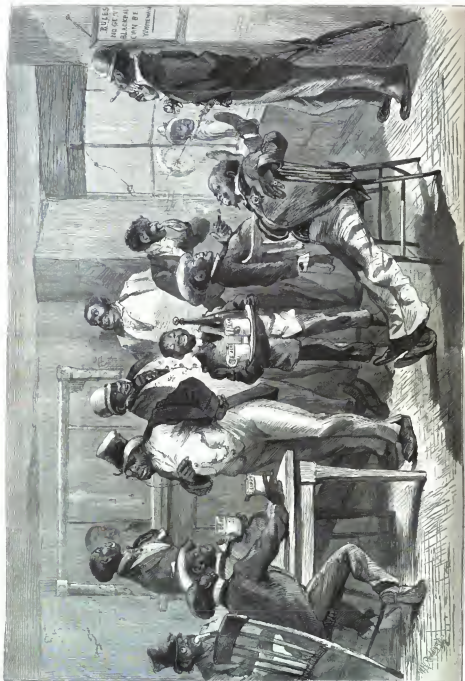
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Capt. Frederick Ward. Lieut. F. Bruce Blackden. Lieut.-Col. Edithen, Military Secretary. Lord Dufferin. Hon. Mrs. Edithen. The Countess of Dufferin. Lieutenant J. S. A. Murray.  
CANADA'S FAVORITE GOVERNOR-GENERAL—KARL DUFFERIN AND HIS STAFF.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NURRY & RANDALL. MONTREAL.—[SEE PAGE 210.]







THE BIRTHDAY CLUB OF HAYTIVILLE.—(DANCE TO THE BIRTHDAY.)









H.E.L.P.











—FROM THE LIFE OF THE LATE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES—



THE ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS—VIEW OF THE CRATER, SEPTEMBER 24.

THE ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS.

Eighteen hundred years ago the flourishing cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum were buried beneath the ashes raised down upon them from the crater of Vesuvius. After that for a thousand years only seven eruptions are recorded. In the last hundred years there were two more; then for five centuries only two very slight outbursts are known to have occurred. In the year 1631, however, the protracted rest was broken. The mountain had been so long dormant that it was supposed that it had sunk beneath the ocean. The walls of the

crater were covered with forests harboring the wild lion and other game; the bottom had grown plain, on which cattle quietly grazed; the slopes of the mountain were cultivated up to the foot of the cone. Suddenly, in the latter part of December, to the amazement and dismay of the inhabitants, began one of the most terrific eruptions recorded in the history of Vesuvius. After violent and repeated shocks of earthquake the volcano burst out with tremendous noise. The pho-

nic mud and dust, descending all vegetation. The rim of ashes extended beyond the Adriatic. Torrents of hot mud and scoriæ streams of liquid lava, rushing with unusual rapidity from the crater and the foot of the cone to the sea, finished the work of destruction. The beautiful city of Torre del Greco and others were overwhelmed, and almost entirely destroyed. From that time no eruptions have succeeded each other at intervals of nearly more than six years, and usually less. Of all those that of 1774 was the grandest and most destructive.

To-day the eyes of the world are again turned

toward the burning mountain. For two years past Vesuvius has been in an eruptive state; and lava has been steadily rising within the cone. The crop is full and most rich, but those who know predict that it will not be a violent eruption. The overflowing lava will prevent a violent eruption, but nothing more. Relieved from all anxiety, the people are looking for immediate recreation when the event can be seen, and the streets of the city are thronged every night with people watching the reflection of the internal fire. The greatest on this year was observed by the artist September 24. The flames



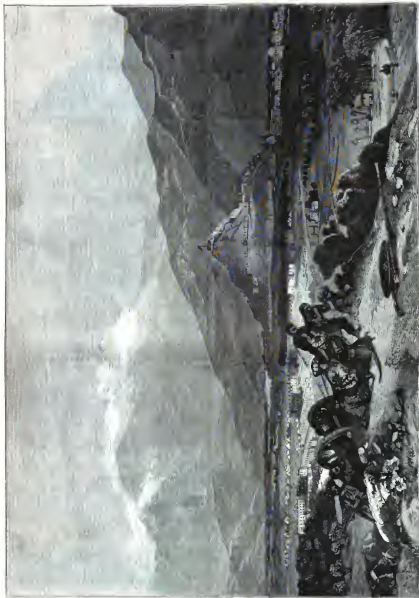
THE HOLY LAND—A DANCE AT JERUSALEM.—[See Page 896.]











AFGHANISTAN—CARNAGE FROM THE HELMERS' HILL, WITH THE BRITISH CANTONMENTS (1880, 1884)

THE ENGLISH IN AFGHAN-  
ISTAN.

A recent writer, in speaking of Afghanistan, says: "And as it matters had destined it to be the object of the world's attention, Afghanistan stands uplifted from the great plains of India, and the khazans open the choulders of the great mountain range that bound it on the northwest and east." How much of the world's attention would be attracted by this remote little empire in times of peace is a question that might be open to discussion, but the indignant attitude it has recently assumed toward England certainly endows it with a considerable amount of importance, and the foregoing are public, showing the capital, will not fail to interest our readers.

As an independent state Afghanistan has

scarcely had an existence of a hundred years, and during this time it never has been more united and coherent. The first suggestion of an Afghan empire was issued during the internal dissensions of Persia after the death of Nizam Shah Ibram Khan, of the race of Akbar, took advantage of these feuds, and liberated Afghanistan from Persian rule. His success founded the Durrani dynasty. When his son Taimur died in 1793, a contest for the throne arose between the brothers Zaman, Mahmud, and Shir Ali Khan, which ended in the success of Mahmud, who was, however, compelled to abdicate in 1825, and died in 1833. The empire now fell into the hands of three other brothers, of whom the eldest, Durr Muhammad, ruled at Cabul, the most important of the three divisions of the country. Here he employed a revenue amounting to \$1,400,000, and

commanded an army of 18,000 men. Still the country was in an unsettled state, for Durr Muhammad was at war with Lahore on the east, and on the west the Persians had invaded Herat.

The first difficulty between the Afghan and the English authorities in India grew out of the assumption by Lord Auckland, the Governor-General, that the former had unlawfully attacked the English ally, Shah Shuja, and that the operations of Durr Muhammad had betrayed a hostile purpose toward India. War was declared, and the English forces were ordered to advance by way of the Bolan Pass to Candahar, where Durr Muhammad, who had previously placed himself under English protection, claimed possession of the country. On the 21st of July, 1841, the army encamped before Ghazni, and after some hard fighting that fortress was taken. On the 11th of

August Durr Muhammad, with the British force, entered Cabul, and the conquest of the country was deemed complete.

A greater error could scarcely have been made. The land had been invaded, but it was by no means conquered. Durr Muhammad had surrounded the English, but his son Akbar Khan was secretly engaged in a conspiracy which was only discovered too late to avert the catastrophe. An outbreak occurred at Cabul, in which several English officers were killed. General Elphinstone, in command of the force, which consisted of about 10,000 men, immediately withdrew all his troops into the cantonments, leaving the enormous fort, containing all his supplies, to be guarded by a few troops, who speedily abandoned their post. From this moment the retreat of the British troops was only a question of time.



1. Ladyship of the Antelope. 2. A Village Court. 3. A Peasants Family in Hesse-Cassel.

#### SKETCHES IN A NORMAN CIDER ORCHARD.

to every day brought them closer to starvation. After a month of spiritual famine, during which the numbers of the enemy had enormously increased, negotiations were entered into. It was finally agreed that the invaders should leave the country, and Arnan Katak and his companions engaged to provide in return and make other arrangements for the revolt. Depending upon these promises, the British army left Calcutta in order to return by the Kayher Pass into India.

The story of this march is one of the most heroic in history. The writer is describing it here. It is quite true that the most terrible disaster that ever befell the British army was the result of the first occupation of Calcutta; the tale

was written large in blood on the mountains of the country. Neither covert nor previous were regarded by the Afghan rebels, and the mutual anxiety of the nations increased the history of the revolt. The famous tribes of the districts between the Hindu and one of the army, and also women and children as well as men. Out of a host of 10,000, including the women and children, only one man escaped to carry the tale back to India. When his story was heard, however, a terrible punishment was made prepared for the wretched Afghan leaders. The same writer shows us how quieted down given to us by "the most of the report of the army a cry of fierce with looks from our counterparts in India,

and, with us down, an army of vengeance dashed upon the mountain's face. The British leaders rushed into the Kayher Pass, and, seeing to it, except the mountainous from caves and in view, while the main body, breaking down the barriers with which, in their impetuous malignity, the hill men had crowded the pass, hurried on toward the devoted city. The village road to oppose the attacking force at the Jughah hills, but were hurled back upon the main army camped at Daphne. In five days more General Pollock was upon them in their strength. He inflicted a crushing defeat, and then swept down on Calcutta, and the ruin in the capital of the Afghans later eloquent witness to this day

of the completeness of our triumph and restoration.

Calcutta before the descent of this army host was a handsome and busy city full of life. The province city was built by Akbar, but the Afghans assure that the town is 10,000 years old, and that the inhabitants tell of when driven out of heaven. The view which gives of Calcutta is taken from an illustration in Afghanistan, published by James Burnes, one time a lieutenant in the English army, and, from him also we borrow the following description of the city in its present state, and for the second time in his country.

"A few months before us, and I again visited it."





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THE  
MIRACULOUS  
UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE,  
IS  
INFALLIBLE.  
THE WIZARD WAND.  
(THE ELECTION POLE(S).)



THE ABOVEGIVEN IN SEARCH OF THE GREENBACK FLEECE.  
Wynner: "The Soot is found: wait for the Hatching."









BOATMAN TO THE HARBOR, LOOKING HAWAII.



VIEW OF THE CITY FROM THE HARBOR.  
 THE CITY AND HARBOR OF HONOLULU, HAWAII.

LIEUTENANT BENNER, HERO  
AND MARTYR.

Lieutenant Hiram B. Benner, who went down from St. Louis in charge of the relief boat Julia M. Cleveland to carry medicines to the people of the epidemic infected with the yellow fever, and who recently fell a victim to that dread disease, was born at Shuhsburg, Pennsylvania, January 2, 1844. While he was a child his parents removed to Reading, Illinois, where they still live. He spent his childhood in the city of the Big Muddy. He was in the United States Army, and was made Captain March 15, 1864, and was promoted to Lieutenant March 16, 1865. At the battle of Shiloh his regiment suffered severely in killed and wounded, and among the prisoners was Lieutenant Benner. He was captured in Andersonville, and afterwards in the Libby, until duly exchanged. On the 10th of June, 1867, he was appointed from Illinois Second Lieutenant in the Eighteenth Infantry (regulars), and promoted to First Lieutenant May 1, 1873.

When the government called for volunteers to man the relief boat, Lieutenant Benner was the first to offer his services, and from the time of starting until death closed his noble career he was among the most active in the work of mercy and charity. He taught the Brazilians how to live on his station as a lady from the infected district, who was at the time suffering from the fever. He died at a point some miles below Victoria, on the morning of October 17.

The news of his death awakened profound sympathy and sorrow throughout the North. A Virginia paper puts this laudatory notice to his credit: "A soldier of the Union and Empire, he met his life, his fame, and fortune against the blood, mists and tempests. When he came to succor in the glorious cause of suffering humanity, he held his heavy hand upon the bow of a dying people in the sea of pestilence and death. His mission was to rescue and to save, and he died for those same people against whom he held a deadly hand when they were strong, and extended a soothing one when they were weak and dying."

At the time he volunteered to take charge of the relief boat, Lieutenant Benner was stationed at Athens, Georgia, where his widow and two fatherly little children remain to mourn his loss. To them and to his parents the whole country offers the tribute of sympathy and heart-felt sympathy. Major General Hancock, in a letter to the Southern Relief Committee, makes a touching appeal for contributions in behalf of the afflicted family. It is a worthy one, and we have no doubt the response will be generous.

## THE ROCK OF ANDOBOMEDA.

There is considerable danger wherever there is a single one on at Jaffa in getting from the shore to the passengers in the boats. The boats which form the harbor, in which only small craft can find refuge, is guarded from the rougher sea by massive rocks, against which the waves break furiously all day. The storm is more than we are indicated for the striking shock on this page written: "The boat we engaged to carry us from the boat to the packet in



THE LATE LIEUTENANT HIRAM B. BENNER. (From a Photograph by J. B. Sisson.)

the mode we hope and strongly built, and manned by a crew of stout Arab and Syrian, who assumed every muscle to pull through the narrow channel between those rocks at the mouth of the harbor, to one of which an ancient myth chooses the fair Andromeda. Like most, indeed, have suffered much from her both till Perseus came. It was with some anxiety that many of our passengers looked toward those black, rugged rocks to our strong crew, who stood up to their knees, pulled us safely through into the deeper water outside. This is not the only scene of ad-

vent, especially to lady passengers, on embarking on board the packet at Jaffa, for when arriving near the Andromeda Lion's or Mesopotamia murens the shore looks long and just one another to stand, and it is with difficulty that one can succeed in gaining the deck ladder of the portico, as it is necessary to wait the opportunity when the sea draws the shore boat down with the first ebb. Thus one will give a frantic jump, and almost realize the sensation of standing alone in space, as suddenly down the small boat drag from water."

## RIO DE JANEIRO.

The harbor of Rio de Janeiro, shown in the sketch on the opposite page, is said to be not without justice, to be the most beautiful, serene, and spacious in the world. It is landlocked, being enclosed from the north by a promontory about a mile in width. It extends inland about seven miles, and has an extreme breadth of twelve miles. Of its numerous islands, the largest, Ilha de Governador, is about six miles long. The situation of the bay, between islands and on granite mountains, is deep, and is so safe that vessels approach it without the aid of pilot. On the left of the entrance stands the rock, visible from its peculiar shape, the Imperial Mountain, and all around the bay this blue water is girdled by mountains and lofty hills of every variety of picturesque and fantastic outline.

One of the first things to attract the attention of the traveler, as he comes up this magnificent harbor to the city, is the massive character of the piers, which jut far out into the water. Instead of miserable wooden arrangements, half shingle, doted and decayed, such as surround our own great metropolises, he sees an imposing system of granite piers, from which at intervals broad stages lead down to the water, built as if to endure for ages. Thomas C. Evans, who some years ago published a series of delightful papers in Harper's Magazine describing a health trip to Brazil, calls special attention to these piers, and suggests that the time will come when foreign governments will look upon them as we do now upon the wharves of London. "These bastions will be here, and the waters around them, when the civilization of the New World has reached its consummation shall have followed that of Egypt and Carthage into the dust and ruin of ages and oblivion. Antiquaries inquirers in the ages hereafter will ponder these huge squares of granite, and fall into deep pits of conjecture concerning the people that lived and the architect that had them."

The city of Rio de Janeiro stands on the west shore of the bay, about four miles from its mouth. Seven green and smooth like hills densely to rise, and the white-walled and vermillion-roofed houses cluster in the intervening valleys and climb the eminences to long lines. From the central portion of the city these lines of houses extend in three principal directions to a distance of about four miles. The old town, nearest the bay, is built on a square; the street runs at right angles, and every part of the harbor and the houses, generally built of granite, are commonly five stories high. West of this portion in the elegantly built new town, and the two districts are separated by the Campo de Marte. Arise-up bastions upon a park—on different parts of which are seated the public buildings. There are many and imposing. In the spirit of its site and its half million of inhabitants, Rio de Janeiro is not an impressive city. It is in fact, an assemblage of suburbs, separated from each other by intervening hills and mountain spurs. The richness of Baiguem is at a distance of two or three miles from the center of the city, and that of San Christovam nearly the same distance in the opposite direction. It is only from the heights to the rear that any adequate sense of its magnitude can be obtained. In view, the proportions are metropolitan and not



FAMOUS THE ROCK OF ANDOBOMEDA, AT JAFFA.



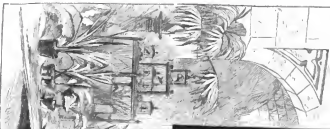




A FINE POND



THE FINE POND



AN ATTRACTIVE CORNER

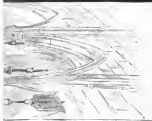
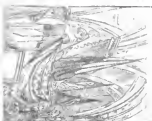
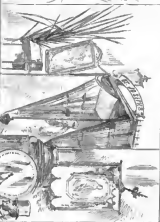


THE CORNER



THE CORNER

THE FAIR AT ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL, NEW YORK.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY PARY, AND SKETCHES BY OUR ARTISTS.—[See Page 114.]













1. The sale of a Virginia Antique. 2. How "Furniture Dealers" are made. 3. A Beggar. 4. "There, Mr. Martin, I think if you put your Leg in a Bath, and hold on tight, it will make a lovely Chair." 5. "Dear Mr. Martin, I don't want the Clock for nothing." 6. A Priest. 7. A Beggar looking upon the old Lady on Long Island who owns all Children Chairs, a few Old-fashioned go down to me. 8. "Dear Mr. Martin, I don't want the Clock for nothing." 9. A Beggar.

THE RAGE FOR OLD FURNITURE.—DRAWN BY A. B. FROST.—[See Page 716.]









A KATIVE DORNEY REBIBENT AT PLAY—THE WRESTLER PREPARING TO GRAB

## INDIAN SOLDIERS AT PLAY.

The native Indian soldiers are not only brave warriors, but they are also splendidly developed specimens of muscular beauty. Big fellows they are, with marvellous strength, but with an elasticity of body that enables them to do almost any thing short of turning themselves inside out. With a view of encouraging the practice of muscular sports, one day of every week is set apart for the officers for the public exhibition of feats of skill and endurance. Some of the performances are very extraordinary. For instance, that of the standing overboard, who is limbless, and rested on his lancehead on the ground in the Oriental fashion; a fig is then placed between his limbs, which are are close together. A sword is now put into his hand, and he takes a leap

into the air; of course leaving up the fig with his hands in making the spring from the ground. He whirles round in the air, making almost a circle, and then he hits and cuts the fig, without ever touching it, before it falls, and in this he wins accolade. Another man, with a pair of long, plain, elastic swords, one in each hand, rolls over and over in the ground, the swords going round and round with him, above and below him, leaving us to wonder how he avoids cutting himself. Another feat is to use the pair of swords in a series of whirling movements about the head and shoulders, and frequently passing the blades with great rapidity between the arms and the solid body, without inflicting a wound. Still another favorite amusement is the hunt at single-stick. Each man has a stick in his right hand, gripped, as it is, not at the end, but near, and a very small

small shield in his left, but no protection for the head, chest, or arms. With these sticks they whack each other in Donatello's fashion till they have had enough of it. The Indian clubs are also brought into play. But the chief attraction is usually the wrestling. This is done, in a circle, by active men of slight build with good muscular development. As soon as one picture the two athletes are going through a series of games which natives always indulge in preparatory to dueling with each other. On the left are seen some of the other athletes, and seated on the right are the European officers, around whom make no pretense of flowers after the native fashion. One officer has just retired, and a group of native officers are entering him in this way. The other two sides of the square are formed by spectators.

## THE COUNCIL OF WAR.

The Khasar Pass, of which a fine illustration was recently given in the Weekly, is again pictured in our double page engraving—this time, however, to the scene of a remarkable council of war. The handsome-looking men before us are the representatives of the Afghans, who dwell on the hills south of the pass. They are, in the true sense of the word, Harkness—strong, active, and warlike, and living in clans. Every man is armed, and several are also armed as the rest in the main military fashion. The council of the Afghans begins from the right bank of the Ghazal River, and extends for fifty miles nearly due north, in contact with British territory the whole distance. A large of Afghani warriors intercept between Peshawar and Kohat, directly intercept









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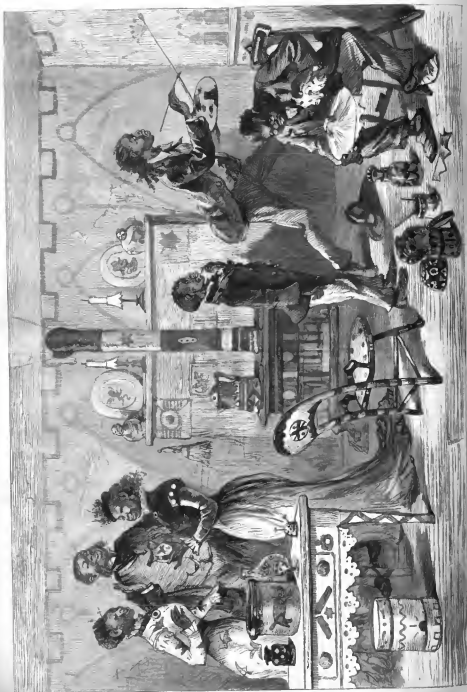
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THE HILLMAN'S PORTFOLIO.  
THE TIGER AND THE LAMB—A LITTLE MORE.







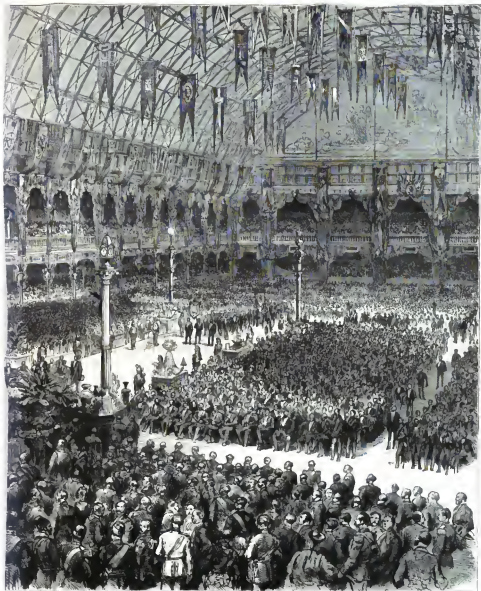












BY MARSHAL MAHON IN THE PALAIS DE L'INDUSTRIE.

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Whitely, and  
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va conclusion  
accumulating

Each ticket bore on its face the number of the section and the number of the seat to which the holder was assigned, while on its reverse side was a diagram of the building, indicating the entrance to each section. Just in front of the door where the President sat were three thousand seats for the fortunate persons who had obtained prices. These seats formed two immense squares, separated from the other portions of the nave by a wide passage, beyond which again were places for the thousand guests. Behind the guests was an inclined plane offering space for eight thousand persons, the seats being so raised that those occupying them could distinctly see all that transpired on the dais. This, however, was only a small portion of the accommodation which French

largely had contrived out of the space at command. Rows of seats ran up above another to the first story on both sides of the nave, and others were erected above these as high as the sub-stantial pillars that support the roof. At the end of the nave, and facing the chair of the President, were seats for about a thousand spectators. By ranging seats up toward the roof from all sides, and by judicious division of the galleries, seats were provided for about twenty-two thousand persons. The authorized accommodations were in part. Beyond hundreds of spectators, men and women, occupied seats in the nave very nearly in front of the President.

Although it had been announced that the ceremony would not begin until one o'clock, the

stage was filled some two hours earlier, so afraid were the ticket-holders lest their places should be appropriated. Prior to ten minutes to one M. Gidry and the Bishop of Bayeux arrived, and took their seats on the tribune to the left of the President's position, until the shores of the spectators. Immediately after followed the Duc d'Angoulême-Picquigny, with the Bishops of the Seine. These were seated to the right of the President's chair. At ten minutes to twelve booming of cannon announced the approach of the cortege, which had meanwhile crossed its bridge entrance in its march through the Champs Elysees. At one quarter of the Marché President, dressed in the full uniform of his rank in the army, entered the nave, preceded by the Intendant of Anjou.

and Master of Ceremonies. On his right walked Don Francisco de Asis, on his left his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, and followed by the Duke of Anjou, the Count of Flanders, and the Prince of Sweden, who took their seats on the tribune to the right of the President. This crowd a picturesque international procession, formed of the regiments which had been sent over by the various nations to guard their respective sections. These, clad in their national uniforms, and bearing each the flag of the country it represented, formed a most effective feature of the parade, ranging as they did from the old-time Cuirassiers, with their Yellow Dragons, to the United States sailors, with the Stars and Stripes, from the picturesque chief Himpertin to the busy negroes



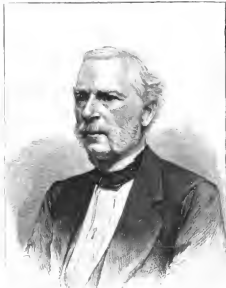




ONE AND INSEPARABLE.  
CAPITAL MAKES LABOR, AND LABOR MAKES CAPITAL.



HENRY M. BURT, GOVERNOR ELECT OF PENNSYLVANIA.  
(See Page 335.)



THOMAS TALBOT, GOVERNOR ELECT OF MASSACHUSETTS.  
(See Page 335.)

# A REVOLTING OUTRAGE.

An outrage more shocking to public sentiment has rarely been chronicled than the desecration of the grave of the late ALFRED T. STEWART, on the night of November 4. Under

cover of darkness and when the faculty tomb was forced open, the body of Mr. Stewart was taken from the casket in which it had reposed, carried away, and hidden. The purpose of the perpetrators of this daring and shocking outrage can only be guessed at, but the motive was probably the hope

that a large reward would be paid for the recovery of the remains.

St. Mark's church-yard is one of the most interesting burial places in New York. Within its sacred precincts lie the remains of many citizens whose names were famous in the annals of old

New York—the BETTMANS, WESTONS, DUNLAPES, CROTONES, TOWNES, VAN BRUNTS, and others. His large millions, inherited many years ago from FATHER, sent their numberless associates across the ocean. Mr. Stewart's family vault is on the west side of the church, and about fifteen paces from



THE DESECRATION OF THE GRAVE OF A. T. STEWART IN ST. MARK'S CHURCH-YARD—SCENE OF THE OUTRAGE.—(From a Sketch by W. F. STODOL.)



ONE AND INSEPARABLE.  
 CAPITAL MAKES LABOR, AND LABOR MAKES CAPITAL.



HENRY K. RUST, GOVERNOR ELECT OF PENNSYLVANIA.  
(See Page 335.)



THOMAS TALBOT, GOVERNOR ELECT OF MASSACHUSETTS.  
Painted by W. C. Smith. (See Page 335.)

#### A REVOLTING OUTRAGE.

An outrage more shocking to public sentiment has rarely been chronicled than the desecration of the grave of the late **ASTORIAN T. STEWART**, on the night of November 6. Under

cover of darkness and storm the faculty tomb was flung open, the body of Mr. Stewart taken from the coffin in which it had reposed, carried away, and hidden. The purpose of the perpetrators of this daring and shocking outrage can only be guessed at, but the motive was probably the hope

that a large reward would be paid for the recovery of the remains.

St. Mark's church-yard is one of the most interesting burial places in New York. Within its sacred precincts lie the remains of many citizens whose names were famous in the annals of old

New York—the **BRECKINRIDGE**, **WILKINSON**, **DICK**, **CLARK**, **CORCORAN**, **THOMAS**, **YALE**, **BRUCE**, and others. Its large widows, impetuous most from age, from **FINNEY**, cast their sorrow shadows over the tomb. Mr. Stewart's family tomb is on the east side of the church, and about eleven paces from



THE DESACRATION OF THE GRAVE OF A. T. STEWART IN ST. MARK'S CHURCH-YARD—SCENE OF THE OUTRAGE.—[From a sketch by W. P. Forrest.]











INTERIOR OF THE PALACE OF SHAH RUKHSHAH BEGUM, AT CALCUTTA.

## FROM INDIA TO AFGHANISTAN.

To the sketches published in previous numbers of the Weekly, describing the scene of what is likely to be another bloody and disastrous struggle between England and the barbarians, we add these more, the first showing the interior of the great palace at Calcutta, the second giving a perspective of the great Khayr Khan, which has been fully described in a previous issue, and the third representing the great fortress of Herat, one of the most important strongholds in the Punjab. From Herat, in spite of the determination of English troops will march westward to the pass, and thence to the road leading through Jelalabad to Kabul. Thus again, it is probable, the old palace will witness the same scene as was enacted in the great struggle of 1841. It was shortly after

that conflict that the events which we present were made. It is interesting to study the artist, who had some time before visited the palace in the company of a great command, a king, an emperor, resident, and palace guard, and army, all combined, except away, the palace of the greatest monarch in the world, the palace of the greatest of a military man, the great Khayr Khan, a large, a pink and white table, the great windows were now crowded by some of the very officers, mocking and chatting them, a few had taken as much as part in the company of command, and who stood beneath, as little noticed by the happy monarch as the great Khayr Khan had been. Even the Afghan monarch had been, on the former night of the palace, for, as I detailed the interior (the Western of the little Khayr Khan, the youngest son of the late Shah, whom we left behind as king, who was at

the same time, too, as the royal house, stretched himself on the marble throne itself in honor to the interior of the court, who was expected about and displaying his dazzling robes for our amusement. In the picture he is represented sitting down. The throne is said to be very ancient. It is composed of an original block of white marble, raised on legs of the same material. The arches and pillars of the chambers are of wood, carved and painted. The doors of the room are full of silver, which are enclosed in various patterns on the glowing plaster, the ceiling is richly painted in flowers and clouds. This English monarch has little difficulty in achieving a delicate victory over the wild abode of Afghanistan is surely to be desired, unless the danger's cause is most surely opposed by Russia or some other important power. She is much stronger now in the East than she was at

the time of her last contest with the invader of Afghanistan. The Sikhs were then her enemies, and the important fortress of Herat was set in her possession. The city itself is, after Lahore and Amritsar, the largest in the Punjab, and as captured on the 1st of January, 1842, by a British force under General Wynn. Two weeks later the city would have been stormed, but possible breaches having been effected, the whole garrison surrendered unconditionally. The fortress is as in form as irregular fortification, with its highest side, which remained its highest point, toward the northwest. The wall, substantially built of burnt brick, was about forty feet high outside, but only four or five feet inside, in some quarters of an accumulation of decayed building material. It was surrounded by sixty towers, and protected by a ditch filled with water. The destruction of the fortress was begun on



WATCHTOWER IN THE KHIVER PASS.

mediate after the narrative, but the worst mischance was due to a violent storm which a few months later overwhelmed the portion of the Punjab lying to some extent of the people in charge of the reinforcements which reached the Chitrali River above the fortress, the water forced its way through, and undermined the outer wall. Twenty-four hours later several of the towers and the principal wall gave way. At present the fortress is quite useless for purposes of defense, but a range of custom-made efforts shelter for a detachment of English troops.

#### LIFE IN THE DUSH.

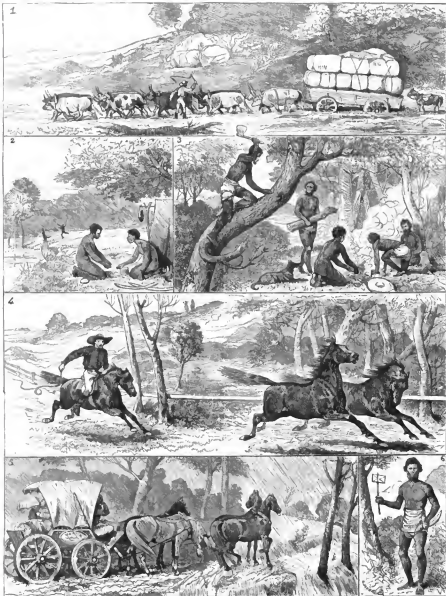
Quetta, one of the most beautiful of the Australian colonies, is a great pastoral country, and most growing is one of the principal industries. The Government land has always been desirable for its location, and it appears to improve as the pastoral occupation of the country extends northward toward the Plains of France, on the Gulf of Carpentaria. Wood-growing would be an exceedingly pleasant as well as a profitable occupation if it were not for the po-

caution of the Australian climate. During the rainy season, which are invariably spread and closed to serve the same purpose, most of every kind is almost entirely suspended, and the sheep-herds on the land sheep-herds have a most trying time of it. The difficulty of communicating with these remote places is great, and the effort it costs to get the wool to market is not only of a glance at one first sketch on the next page. The second and third drawings are devoted to glimpses of life among the natives. The one occasion during the week-days our artist found

himself in the neighborhood of a camp, and was glad to accept the hospitality offered. The party of blacks numbered about a dozen, including five "girls," or native women. Breakfast was on the point of being served, and the native men from a section of kangaroo hung on a spit before the fire proved most appetizing after a long ride. One staple article in a native meal is honey. It is produced by a small rhinoceros bee plentiful in Queensland, and although it has a somewhat peculiar flavor, is nevertheless one of the delicacies of the bush. The honey is secured



PORT OF WOLLAN WITH HOUSES IN THE FOREGROUND.



1. Wood Cart stuck in the Mud. 2. A Native Camp Broken. 3. A Black cutting out Paper Bag, at Native House, from Stick in Tree, and Camp of Blacks. 4. Hunting in Wild Horses. 5. The Coach.

#### HUTCHES IN QUEENSLAND.

by the huts is a tree, and usually a dry and withered one is selected by these huts as a depository for their treasure. The blacks are very careful in finding the places where the huts are hidden, and get at it by means of a small basket.

Our next church relates to what may be called "huts and trees." In Australia nearly every settler has a hut or more huts. They are cheap, the best and oldest source of supply being the native huts of perfect wild animals that grow in the vast inland prairie. The usual method of catching them is as follows: A strong cord is in the shape of a triangle is made, generally

in a small group of trees, one of the corners being left open. From one of the trees the open corner is carried out to a distance of about two hundred yards a strip of white muslin is broken wide, and fastened between the trees. Through various means the huts are caused toward some point where they can see the muslin strip. Being curious animals, they go near to examine the strange object, when the huts have upon them wild huts, and proceeding furiously with their long neck whips. The wild huts become terror-stricken, but, not daring to jump the muslin strip, are forced with it, until they find themselves in the stockade, the huts

men jumping them head in the rear and on the back. One artist, who has had considerable experience in "huts driving," says: "None of these huts are most exciting, and with a lively animal under you, healthy, vigorous life is every flow of your body, the enjoyment is far the more of the huts. The excitement in these and other similar scenes of the huts, uncontrolled, such life is no doubt the reason of so many preferring the life to that spent in the crowded atmosphere of towns and cities. Many are the men here who are used rough huts, but most lately were in the huts of the highest respectability in the West End of London. I have not heard in

my wanderings, and there are to be found in all parts of the different Australian colonies."

Travelling in Queensland is still in its most primitive stage, the large migrant wagen, with its white canvas cover, being the vehicle usually employed by those who do not ride on horseback. As for the postal arrangements, our last sketch shows a letter-carrier of the huts. The persons who are carried in a wits stick during a journey of many miles, and only delivered on the payment of full postage. Yet dwellers in Australia tell us a letter is rarely lost, and business here quite as much confidence in their method as we have in our own elaborate postal system.





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#### OUR PATIENT ARTIST







"IN GOD WE TRUST."

THE DEVIL TO PAY

THE  
FALL ELECTIONS  
HAVE GONE  
AGAINST  
THE  
OLD GENTLEMAN  
AND  
POLITICAL MONEY.

AND A WORD TO THE WISE SHOULD BE ENOUGH.  
AND THE STATEMEN OF THE EAST WILL MAKE A  
HOPELESS MISTAKE IF THEY DON'T SECURE A SATISFACTION  
ADJUSTMENT NOW WHILE THEY CAN, AND  
BEFORE THE DEVIL IS LOOSE

A YEAR AGO THE LOUISVILLE COURIER  
ON THE SEVER QUESTION

"UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE" CALL IT IF LIES REPEATED  
HE WHOLEY DID IT ORN I IT LINES SECRET SOFT  
ROAD TO S. CUMMIELEP

THE LOUISVILLE COURIER-NORMAL

BUT IF  
DON'T LIKE  
IT



CHAINED.

HENRY WATTESSON (the keeper). "I am very sorry, but I can't let you go just yet."

# THE STEWART MAUSOLEUM.

The magnificent mausoleum constructed for the remains of the late LUCIUS T. STEWART, in the Memorial Cathedral at Garden City, Long Island, is a noble specimen of architectural skill. The crypt, or burial vault, is beneath the chancel, and within the mausoleum is built. Carvings of massive granite slabs suspended to the vault from extrinsecas at the western extremity of the main structure. The cathedral is almost finished, and will be ready for the reception of the remains some time in the spring. It is one of the most beautiful examples of church architecture in America, and will doubtless attract many visitors. It is intended that the crypt shall be open to the public on all the festal days and solemn occasions of the Church.

Of the magnificence of the tomb intended to receive the remains of the dead administrator an idea may be obtained from the engraving on this page, which shows the crypt in the center of which the sarcophagus is to stand. The form of the cathedral, being what is known among architects as apsidal, has been followed in part in the construction of this apartment, but the walls of the crypt are confined around so as to resemble those of a temple. The shape of the structure is really that of a polygon having sixteen sides. Its interior diameter is twenty-seven feet, and its height to the top of the dome ceiling nineteen feet. At each angle of the structure are to be clusters of Gothic columns, these detached shafts in each column, making in all forty-two shafts in fourteen clusters. These columns are to rest on moulded bases, and have decorated capitals enriched with carved foliage. The bases of the columns are of Vermont granitic marble, the cost of which is ten dollars per cubic foot. The shafts have been cut out of previous work, rich in color, and selected so as



CRYPT IN THE STEWART MEMORIAL CATHEDRAL, AT GARDEN CITY, LONG ISLAND.—(HARRIS C. HARRISON, ARCHT.)

to harmonize and form agreeable contrasts with the general appearance of the interior. The tops of the columns are all open, and line of them over the purpose of windows, from which a flood of light is assumed sufficient to make the workmanship of the decorations

clearly visible. The heads of these windows, the pinnacles, the ribs, and the surrounding tracery, are all carved in the most delicate manner, each design having some special architectural significance. The second glass with which they all

are most exquisitely decorated. The domed ceiling is also very beautiful, both in design and execution. It shows gracefully from a box of white ornamented capitals, but it is certain that the ribs intended the arch of the false lantern is even in the center. Here are to be de-

corated. Although the effect of color in the crypt will exceed any thing of the kind known in this country, it is not of stone of a single bar, various varieties of Europe have been called upon to furnish material of the richest and also of the most delicate tints. Of these, different varieties have been employed in the substance that support the dome, so that the cold white effect apparent in many tombs is in this case entirely done away with. Nobody is there to be in the mausoleum any of their skill and magnificence that is so impressively manifested in the imagination with a place of sepulture. Not only are these arrangements for warming the apartment by stoves introduced through coils of pipe which are concealed at the base of the ribs, but the floor is so constructed as to prevent the possibility of the slightest moisture rising to its surface. The hollow marble of which it is composed is not only two feet thick, but rests upon a layer of glass, below which is a foundation of concrete also two feet in thickness. The design of the floor is very beautiful, the contrast of various colored marble alternating here and there.

Unexpectantly has been lost for the architect who designed the crypt for the introduction of elaborate and beautiful carved work. Thus a line of variegated of very rich and delicate pattern is carried around the walls to the height of seven feet, finishing on a line with the window-sills. This pattern is carved with a finely modelled relief-worked with a line of carved foliage. This, however, is not the case, but rather, however, the most exquisite work is to be seen in the center. Here are to be de-



THE STEAMSHIP "HARMATAN" AT SEA.—[See Page 935.]







THE WAY TO THE YOGHUTE VALLEY.—Paint &amp; Sketch by F.A. Fennell—(from page 951)

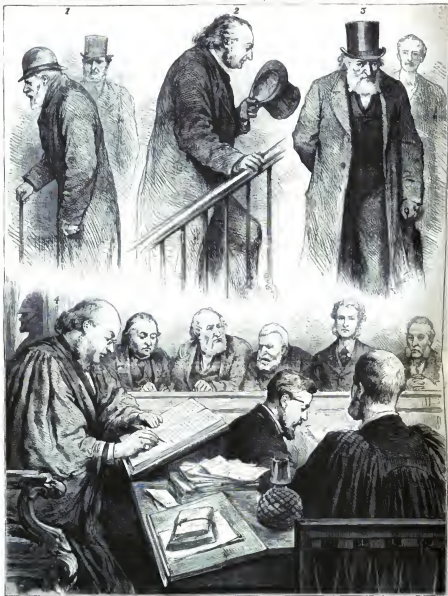


THEATRICAL SCENE-PAINTERS AT WORK.—DRAWN BY G. B. HARRIS.—(SEE PAGE 954.)









1. One of the Directors on his way to make his Declaration before the Court. 2. The Manager after the Declaration. 3. One of the Directors being brought before the Court. 4. The Directors before the Magistrate.

#### THE FAILURE OF THE CITY OF GLASGOW BANK.

##### THE GLASGOW BANK FAILURE.

Our readers are already familiar with the lamentable story of the great bank failure in Glasgow, which carried into thousands of homes an official proclamation into the affairs of the bank having shown the evidence of great frauds in the management, an order was promptly issued for the arrest of the guilty parties, and the directors, manager, and secretary were soon in custody. The charge against them was fraud, by having on various occasions, between 1872 and 1878, fraudulently kept the books of the City of Glasgow Bank, and represented large sums of money as assets of the said bank

which were not truly due, but were false and fictitious, and by having fraudulently and fraudulently undervalued the liabilities of the bank, and by preparing false balance-sheets and submitting the same to the shareholders, thereby concealing from them and the public the true state of the liabilities of the bank.

Our sketches depict scenes in and around the Central Police Court of Glasgow, where the prisoners were examined. No. 1 is a portrait of McEwan, one of the directors. No. 2, that of McEwan, the manager of the bank; No. 3, that of Mr. Forster, assistant director, while the remaining sketches show the interior of the Central Police Court, Glasgow, on the occasion of the second examination before the magistrates, when, on the application of the Procurator Fiscal, the prisoners were remanded to the sheriff of Lanarkshire. All of the accused stood well as the testimony, and the denials of their crime was a surprise and shock.

and examination before the magistrates, when, on the application of the Procurator Fiscal, the prisoners were remanded to the sheriff of Lanarkshire. All of the accused stood well as the testimony, and the denials of their crime was a surprise and shock.

##### INGENUITY REWARDED.

Our likes to hear of instances of ingenuity in which by a simple contrivance great loss of property is averted. We have lately heard of a man's ingenuity, in coming in this way as to be worth mentioning to our readers. The first notice

to a device for checking the destructive range of locusts. The island of Cyprus, lately ravaged by the British government, appears to suffer greatly from these insects, which, after having their claws in the soil, settle down with desperate energy, and the East crops are rapidly laid waste. Mr. Hering, a learned propagator residing at Larnaca, contrived a very effective method of locusts in this ingenuous manner.

He observed that locusts are too able to creep up a smooth surface, and to keep themselves suspended in the air for an considerable distance, and upon these two facts he based his plan for exterminating them. He contrived a device at right angles to the direction of their flight, in

blind which he placed low across of elbows, then, or round. The house, unable to creep up those screws, fell back into the ditch, where they were immediately released in such a manner, to be hoisted or covered over with earth. These among them which managed to fly over the first screen were interpreted by a mouse or a blind. These screens, having proved a perfect success at Larnia, were subsequently introduced into other parts of the island, and on and on was then put in the fearful ravages of these insects. The simplicity of this device will perhaps be appreciated in our Western states, which constantly suffer from the plague of locusts.

The other varieties of insects suitable in a plan for driving away plants from the ravages of the phylloxera—an insect whose calamities are the terror of vine-growers in the south of France. The proprietor of a vineyard at Cognac, in the Department of the Rhone brought himself of introducing strawberry plants between the rows of vines. The strawberry plants selected were of a kind which produced more berries, because these berries either repugnant or almost as loathsome that takes a phylloxera in seeking out, poisoning, and decimating the phylloxera. It was like setting one pest to destroy another. The plan was amazingly successful. The strawberry leaves sought out and killed the vine insect on its creeping, so that very soon not a phylloxera was left, and the vines were left in peace to give their grapes in perfection. This ingenious device has been followed by other vine-growers with equal success, and we are told that their vines have been perfectly healthy since the strawberry plants were introduced among them. A vine-grower in Adelaide has announced that he avoids any danger from the phylloxera by the simple means of obtaining the seeds of the vine as far as is safe to uncover them, and then applying a mixture of Canada balsam and turpentine.

#### CARDINAL CULLEN.

His Eminence Peter, Cardinal Cullen, D.D., Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, Primate of Ireland, and Apostolic Delegate, died on the 26th of October, at his residence, Dublin House, Dublin, in his seventy-sixth year. He was born April 27, 1812, in the parish of Ballymore in the county of Kildare, and received his first education at St. Mary's famous school in that town, where, it may be mentioned, the great Edmund Burke had been a pupil. He belonged to a family of the middle class, long settled in the counties of Kildare and Meath, and still resident there as modest gentry. The Cullens are an old Celtic family, and the name first occurs among them more than a century since. Passing through the ecclesiastical college of Carlow, he completed his studies in the Irish College at Rome. In due order he achieved eminent success, and even many honors, subsequently obtained in the private board, he became rector of the Irish College at Rome, and also held for a time the metropolitan of the Propaganda. In 1849 he was selected by the Pope to fill the vacancy in the Archbishopric of Armagh created by the death of Dr. Cullen, although he was not one of the three whom names were submitted by Ireland to the Vatican; and in 1852 he was appointed Archbishop of



THE LATE CARDINAL PETER CULLEN, ROMAN CATHOLIC ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.

Dublin, in succession to Dr. Murray. Finally, in 1861, he was created a Prince of the Church at Carlow, and took for his title that of St. Peter in Bononia, the burial place of the sainted Irish saints, Thomas and Tyrone.

Dr. Cullen was not distinguished either as a preacher or a writer; but, as a theologian, and as the fervent, self-sacrificing supporter of Catholicity and of his Church's rights and dignity, he was one of the most prominent figures of his time.

Church, hospitals, charities, orphanages, and asylums, besides the Buncrana College of Clonville, of which he was always on ground, the Catholic Curator, and the Mater Secoursus Hospital, an monument of his energy, piety, and zeal. He took the deepest interest in the question of Irish education, and cordially repudiated the measure with reference to it now about to be brought into operation. Despite of popular clamor, and at the risk of personal odium, he secured the British government to introduce in reorganizing the Board of Intermediate during the Famine era, when his great influence was thrown heavily into the scale of constitutional authority. He was at the same time a staunch advocate for every measure likely to decrease intemperance in Ireland.

#### CHATEAU OF ST. HILARION.

This island of Cyprus abounds in picturesque scenes like the one depicted in our sketch on this page, and when English rule shall have made travel safe and comfortable, its mountains and plains will doubtless become favorite resorts for tourists. By far the best scenery of the island, its history, antiquities, and present condition, is to be found in the interesting volume in which General Sir Canossa, for many years American consul there, narrates the story of his excavations and describes the ruins of its ancient cities.

#### USES OF THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.

One immense advantage that the electric light possesses over ordinary light, such as gas or kerosene, is that it is independent of oxygen as a sustaining power. It burns so brightly and so long in a vacuum as in the open air. This has been taken advantage of in illuminating the depths of the sea. Electric lamps have been devised that have steadily under water, and it is one of those improved lamps, supplying itself according to the strength of the current employed, that was used to divers in examining the wrecked hull of the *U.S.S. Albatross*. When the current is too powerful the carbon points recede; and when weak, they approach each other, thereby keeping up a light of equal intensity; and the lamp will burn in any position. It is believed to be a strong case, a fish is seen opposite the carbon points, and a smaller one of color to examine the light before sending another ascent. The casing, which the battery, is perfectly waterproof when closed, and is connected to the battery by means of a double cable of two insulated wires, the cable being made of India rubber, and the two ended by a tape covering. Fifty Bunsen elements placed in boxes of tin compose the battery, which is handy for moving about. The electric lamp, we are told, will burn for an hour in the open air, but in the battery it will burn for twice that period, as the combination of the carbon points is set in rapid as in the open air.

But if electricity leads to aid in the raising of ships, it also constitutes a slow destruction, through the ignition of vapors by electric wires, if it is so near the lamp and assistant, as to speak, in this species of machinery, since our ironclads are now fitted with electric lights and reflecting apparatus likely to be of good service in promoting



CHATEAU OF ST. HILARION, FROM THE VILLAGE OF TEMEROS, NORTH COAST OF CYPRUS.









"A WOMAN OF CONSTANTINOPLE."—[FROM A PICTURE BY J. L. GILBERT.]

**"A WOMAN OF CONSTANTINOPLE."**

The Oriental type of female loveliness is probably not so much endeared to the romantic imagination of those whose acquaintance with it comes from the reading of poetry as it was in the happy days of Byron's and Fion Macara's literary career, some fifty or sixty years ago. There are few young gentlemen, we believe, of this generation who are disposed to give their hearts away to an ideal light of the Harem, such as state formerly supposed to exist in unobtainable domestic felicity in every fortunate Pasha, Bey, and Aga, or weekly Effendi, of the Sultan's happy empire. We are now pretty well undeceived and disillusioned by the hideous bedchambers of the Eastern

question during the past quarter of a century, and by the multitude of travellers and newspaper correspondents, in those of power as well as in the ordinary characters, whose prose writings have made us too too familiar with the sorry realities of Mohammedan social life. As for the condition and quality of womanhood in that region of the world, they are evidently such as to render the sex, whether a man possess one wife or half a dozen, the most tedious incubator in their male progenitors. We should not be allowed, for one part, to make an exception in favour of this delicate creature, with her big black eyes daily looking out above the "jashnah," or veil that covers her nose and lips, in M. Gaillet's beautiful picture. She is, no doubt, an interesting

member of choice Syrian women, and it is very likely that she also: she has an easy manner, a keen intellect, a refinement, and a sense more than a few dolls, and so on, a whole, creating in her company would be the severest penance to any rational man. The women of Constantinople, and the men for their sake, are very much to be pitied.

**AFRICAN PASSES.**

In this Supplement we add two more to our series of engravings illustrating the principal points of interest in and about Mediterranean. The wild and mountainous character of the country throughout the whole country can scarcely be realized by

those whose travels have not been extended through this portion of Asia. Nowhere else in the world is there an independent country so guarded and defended on its borders by mountain ranges, so an intersected and strewn by them. In the northeast, the Alpine region of the Siachen Coast, a wild mountain barrier, cloth by numerous ravines and towering up into the clouds of perpetual ice, makes the high passes of land in Eastern with those in Western Asia, and presents formidable obstacles to communication between the territory of the Persians and that of the Indians. In the east the parallel chains of the Helman Mountains, together with those of Kailash and Khyber in the north, strongly divide the country from the far region of the Punjab





KHOORE FEAR AND VILLAGE OF NARSAI, KHOOREN VALLEY, AFGHANISTAN.

and the plains of the Lower Indus. The mountain-horsh of Persians, as the Greeks called the range of Elam and Elam, has been the capital either in its eastern parts or in the highlands stretching out toward Persia, although the historical importance of the region has long been known.

The two most important routes leading to the interior of Afghanistan from the east are the Khyber and the Helan, of which Hamadan has already been given in the Weekly; but the Khorasan Pass, though less easily practicable, is in reality the most important route from the Persian Gulf direct to the sources of Gihman or,

turning northwest, to the capital, Cabul. It seems to have been arranged in the plan of the impending war between England and Afghanistan that the central column of the English forces, which is now being collected at Thel, shall advance through the Khorasan Pass and valley, which is close to an eventual attack on Ghazni and Cabul. From the English military station at Kaldi to the frontier at Thel, on the banks of the Khorasan River, there is an excellent road. At Thel the Khorasan is crossed by an easy ford and from that point there are two roads, both of which are practicable for artillery. The shortest and most direct road is, however, the roughest. The eastern stages

along this route are sketched by an English writer as follows: "It leads from Thel to Yara Khan, seven miles; next, to Dera Paur Khan, fifteen miles; then, to Dera Paur Khan (not 400 yds), seven miles; fourth, Akhore, on the right bank of the Khorasan, a small mud fort, built by the late Amir Mirza Asad Khan when he was Governor of Khorasan and Kandahar (this place is held by a small Afghan garrison); fifth, Poyser Kohat is pass practicable for mules and might be easily rendered so for field artillery by a few sappers; twenty-five miles. An intermediate stage could easily be made, as the Khorasan Valley is throughout open and fertile

From the crest of the Poyser Kohat to Orkani is only twenty-five miles. The Orkani side of the pass is steeper and more difficult, but still practicable." The tribes here are, however, hostile to the English, the Ghilzies were especially so. The pass is never closed even in winter, though men to the depth of four or five feet cover it. Traffic serves to keep the road open, and Afghan troops cross it at all seasons. The Turb and Ghilzies tribes who inhabit Khorasan are so much opposed by their Afghan brethren that it would probably require but little persuasion to cause them to rebel.

The frontier of Khorasan, toward which this route



FORT AND CITADEL OF GHUZNEE, AFGHANISTAN, WITH THE TWO MINARETS.

along beds, is already manifest in connection with former wars between the English and Afghans. The site of Ghuznee, on a plain 7700 feet above the sea, seems to afford almost to be seen, the characteristic of the mountainous region, and, twenty degrees below zero. The hills are more black, but no population does not render them so prominent. In high walls, erected upon the top of a steep rock, with a wall thick below, there is no opening, but are not so imposing as they appear. The model is in the north corner of the town, but, in spite of its long, over a commanding height, it could easily be taken.

landed from the neighboring hills. Ghuznee was the capital of Julian Maharaja, the great Turkish conqueror of Persia and India in the seventh century. His capital, and the ruins of the ancient city, are the ruins of the existing town, in a place of great interest to all who visit Afghanistan. It is, however, but a simple structure of the great masonry, with a central tower, and a single door, the doorway of which is the most beautiful piece of carved wood and is supposed to have been brought from the Hindu temple of Benares or Benin, which it is found in Gujarat, Western India. The ruins are upon these ruins.

derful specimens of Hindu art is illustrated by the rather staid and simple of Lord Rameswar, Governor General of India, during the war which ended in 1848. When Ghuznee was captured by the British, the British General ordered the gate of the temple to be removed, and there was some dispute as to when. At the same time, he thought it worth while to have a proclamation concerning that the work of eight hundred years was brought to this country, to be placed, of the ruins of the temple of Benares. But it has unfortunately been proved that the gate brought from Benares to Agni, not to be those of the Benares temple, as they are not of Hindu workmanship, and are not of solid wood. The probability of this case was that the original gate was in stone, then destroyed by fire or by natural decay, and that these were substituted for them. One view of the temple is a part of the ruins of the temple, with the two, forty columns, both of which, a hundred feet high and twelve feet in diameter. These columns and the work of Benares Maharaja were spared by the Prince of Ghazni, who, when he destroyed the capital of the neighboring kingdom, in 1153, took the Maharaja's temple.



SKETCHES IN NORWAY.—[See Page 194.]

## THE HARDANGER FIORD.

TRAVEL IN Norway presents many attractions for tourists who do not object to a rough ride over mountain roads, mostly bare at this late date, and a general absence of all the comforts and luxuries of civilized life. Nothing can be more characteristic of Norwegian scenery from the north than the rude means of communication between even the most important points. Usually the traveler has to depend upon his own vehicle, or upon the strange and frequently dilapidated contrivances at what are called "stations." The means for tourists here only about three months, and during the remainder of the year but very few travelers pass over the roads. In winter, which lasts very long in these high latitudes, the whole country is covered with snow, and sledges

bring in the snow; a number of old white-headed men, smoking pipe pipes, and livery-dressed women on horseback, and children running about over the snow-covered hills in the neighborhood of the fiords to keep the pigs company, and here and there a straggling herd of a few ewings on a grassy and whistling for his own amusement; while cows, goats, sheep, chickens, and other domestic animals and birds, between which, and perhaps all over the fiord in such a hazy and rural manner as would delight an artist. This is the ordinary Norwegian scene.

The discomforts to be endured on the route are, however, apt to weigh lightly if the scene is so interesting and healthy, inspired with a low of still scenery, and food of the rural spots that the remote corners of inland Norway offer in abun-

dantly one of the most picturesque and beautiful in all Norway. It is situated some seven miles south of Bergen, and is usually reached on the journey from Christiania, on the northern coast, to that place. The scenery becomes very grand as the traveler advances northward and reaches Jostedal, which branches off to the northwest toward the most-visited mountains of the Fjorland. From Fjorland, near the head of the fjord, a horse road leads to Hardanger, on the way to the Hardanger Fiord. Those who have made the journey on, however, that travelers desiring to explore this wild scene would be better to proceed to the next station, Ostranden, from whence the distance is but a few miles to the next station, and to the Hardanger Fiord ten miles. For travelers who are best up exploring this part of the coast this is undoubtedly the best time, to

beach place. The fjord, and only in the narrowest part of the narrow shore Kala-fjord, is very strongly built, with steep and how greatly peering, to keep the hull away from the bank is one of the most curious sights. In addition to these larger craft, there are innumerable small boats of every description, which ply the river on various errands, and make the inhabitants of the shore to earn a money living.

The fish is indeed in quantity. They are of the myriad of long-headed kind, the common salmon being abundant in the river, though as scarce as herring near Koroelund. There are also fish and more abundant than in the fjord, and they form a large portion of the food consumed by those living on the shore. Various other interesting fishes, some being as large as eight feet in length. The poll, a species of carp,



A BOATMAN ON THE FJORD.

are used altogether, both for traveling purposes and the transportation of merchandise from the one town to the other.

The Norwegian stations are situated about the highway at distances of about every eight or ten miles. Nothing that can be called a village is seen in any part of the interior, unless a few straggling farm houses scattered here and there may be considered in that light. "The stations," says J. Ross Edwards, in one of a charming series of papers on Norway published in Harper's Magazine, "usually stand alone in some isolated spot on the river, and consist of a little log or stone hut, a line of shacks, a small, homely, old, and rude of roof, stone-house, and out-buildings, forming a kind of court or stable yard, a kitchen, and a few other buildings, and a few

houses. The parts to where we are indebted for the sketches on page 964 were situated by some well-known spots, but, if we may judge by the pictures, the good house with which they enclosed an open space and a few houses.

"The Hardanger Fiord is the most beautiful as well as the largest in all Norway, and the scenery is given an additional charm by the nature. Little as we find it to be preserved from the small 'quacks,' or farms, which are to be found on the hills round the fiord. Consequently with, which happily is to be got, is so great respect, and we did single out it, although being from the west and not from the east, it might have been better. But as long as the best scene, so there should make the best thing."

The Hardanger Fiord, as regards scenery, is con-

sidered those who follow it to traverse the whole fiord, and enter the road to Bergen again at its mouth, without going over any part of the route twice.

## AFLOAT ON THE INDUS.

An English writer observes: "The population of the banks of the Indus is almost everywhere. There can be no doubt that the best of the Lower Indus, for example, lies like the 'Channe' in their boats, and apparently the lower than of every description of persons is seen in the water or floating upon it. The dandi, or least most frequent seen on the river, is a slender vessel, but sometimes, of course, carrying from thirty to fifty men, each row and steer each forming an

is a rich and abundant fish, though heavy in a degree dangerous to the incautious eater. It is largely consumed at the upper end, and also dried for exportation, forming an important article in the country trade of Sindh. The fishermen of the Indus boats are seen everywhere on an oblique surface, the opening of which is closed by the weight of its body. In this position to pass along, taking the fish with it, and so the end of a long narrow row, and depositing them in the vessel which is inconspicuous line.

The value of the fish for commercial purposes is less than that of any other species of the same magnitude. It is eaten only once in the course of a year, and even after the fishing of the spring season it is not available for more than fifty days.

# HARPER'S WEEKLY

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A BATTLE IN THE CLOUDS.—Drawn by W. M. Cox.—[See Page 591.]

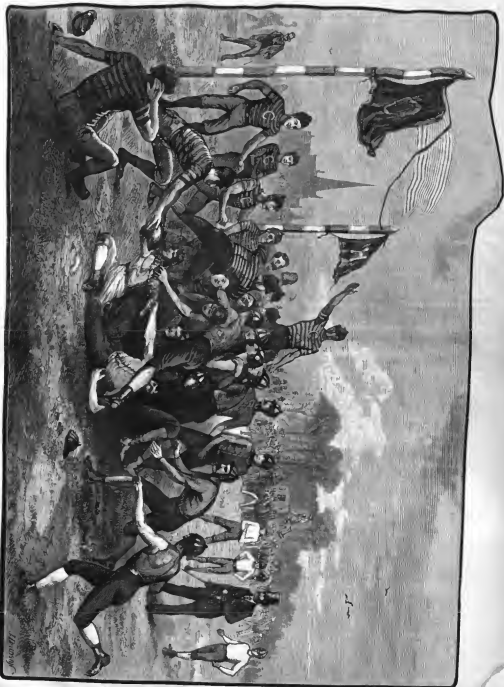






A DREAM;  
BEFORE AND AFTER THANKSGIVING DINNER.





A GAME OF FOOTBALL.—Shows in 2 hours—[See Page 971.]









THE PRINCESS LOUISE.



THE MARQUIS OF LORNE.



RIDEAU HALL, THE OFFICIAL RESIDENCE, OTTAWA, CANADA.—[Paint &amp; Photographs by Trollet, Ottawa.]

THE NEW GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA.—[See Page 974.]

4-9  
DECEMBER 7, 1878.]

PIRE ON THE BANKS OF THE RED RIVER.—Drawn by W. A. Brown.—[See Page 951.]









GOOD FRIEND FOR IESVS SAKE FORBEARE,  
TO DIGG THE DVST ENCLOSED HEARE;  
BLESE BE THY MAN THY SPARES THY STONES,  
AND CYRST BE HE THY MOVES MY BONES.

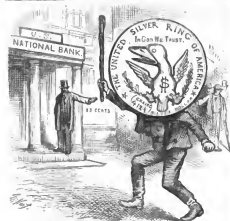
OF SHAKESPEARE'S TOMB.











"WHOM THE GODS WISH TO DESTROY THEY FIRST MAKE MAD."  
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REV. A. H. BAKER, 1893.

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APPROACHING-ENTRANCE TO THE KHUJAK PASS FROM QUETTA, ON THE ROAD TO CANDAHAR.

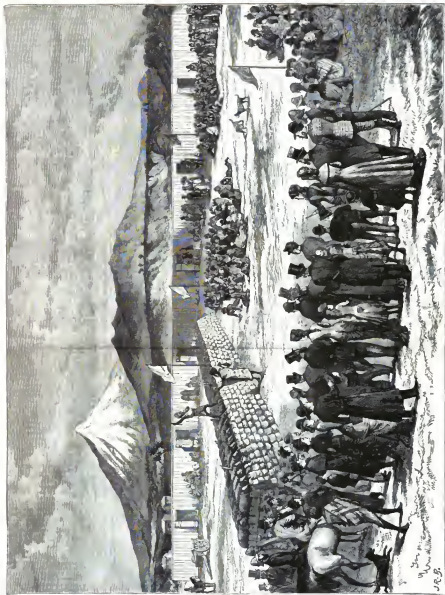
## FROM QUETTA TO CANDAHAR.

The Khejak Pass, although narrower and less frequently traversed than the Bolan—the route usually followed by caravans journeying between India and Southern Afghanistan—is nevertheless an entirely practicable road between the British outpost at Quetta and Candahar, the principal city of this portion of the Afghan Empire. There can be no doubt that the mountain frontier of Afghanistan presents fewer obstacles to the progress of an army from India than the cañons, though the positions of the English forces make

as advances from the side more desirable in other respects. In leaving Quetta the troops would first pass through a valley overshadowed by the Afghan range and infested by lawless mountaineers, who are ready to attack small parties of travelers, but who would scarcely attempt to interfere with the progress of an armed force. From the valley the Marghi Pass leads by an easy route down to the Peshawar district, and at fourteen miles from Quetta a small stream is passed, which constitutes the frontier of Khelat and Cabul. Another eighteen miles of practicable road brings the traveler by the Samanghat Pass to Bikh-

mi, situated on a plain of red clay soil—on former meadows of the annual herbage, and marked by numerous mounds and several inhabited villages. From Bikhmi a march of fifteen miles attains Arak Kari, several streams being crossed on the way, and a fair sprinkling of inhabitants encountered. There is a good roadstead thence past the source of the Toba range and the populous villages of the Dilwai Glen to the Khejak Pass. The various elevations of this pass are estimated to be, at the most northerly point, 7000 feet; at its highest point, 7400 feet; at Chankah, the northern terminus, 5600 feet. Here, as every

where else along this road, the pasture is abundant. From Chankah to Chaman, and thence to Gaid, some twenty-five miles, the route lies in a northerly direction along a gravelly slope on the undulating surface of a plain, and from Gaid a march of fourteen miles reaches Mal Mandah, the road lying across rolling downs which are entirely uncultivated, except in scanty pasturage and the want of water. After eighteen miles further Khat Karan is reached, the Marghat Pass, which lies midway at an elevation of 4500 feet, presenting no difficulty to the traveler. Thence a winding route leads to the village of Khat and



MEETING OF NATIVES WITH THE BRITISH AUTHORITIES AT WAITARA, NEW ZEALAND.

action miles farther, across an undulating plain as far as the Argentea River is very shallow stream, though of considerable width, and thence across twelve miles, to the head of the river. From here to Candahar is twelve miles.

An advance upon Candahar would, however, bring the English into immediate conflict with the Durand—some of the most powerful of the Afghan tribes. They inhabit a large tract between Herat and Candahar, and, it is estimated, number nearly a million souls. Their lands are held as a military league. The Amirs, being a Durrani by birth, consider their immediate chief and is thus able to rule them more effectively than he can the other tribes. Every plough in the Durand lands has to furnish one horseman for the king's service—a system that was gradually enforced up to the death of Durr Mohammed.

The poorer people live in tents, which usually surround the walled residences of their chiefs. Each section is ruled over by a *Shirak*, who is regularly appointed, and is not only nominally but actually responsible to the Amirs for the conduct of his people. Although very observant of religious ceremonies—no camp being without its mosque, or prison—they show great tolerance toward other sects. As a rule, they are very peaceably disposed, and have no intercourse with the other Afghan nations. The consequence is that the opportunities they have had for showing their military qualities have been in the wars carried on against other nations. In these great events they have figured conspicuously, and the reputation they bear as warriors is very high. All travellers in Afghanistan speak well of the Durand, who are credited with more spirit, bravery, and civilization than the other tribes of the country. Being of the ruling race, they compare themselves with dignity, and show great attachment to their homes. Candahar is invested with a halo of superstition; (thither they carry the bodies of all their great men, and it may readily be conjectured that an English occupation of that city would meet with the most strenuous opposition should it be attempted.

#### THE MAORI.

New Zealand is inhabited by British settlers and by an aboriginal race who call themselves Maori, and who belong to the Malay division of mankind. Though generally regarded as indigenous, the Maori have a tradition that their ancestors migrated to New Zealand from the island

of Hawaiki about five hundred years ago. They are said to have come in seven canoes, which had outriggers to prevent foundering, and were called *Araia*. These vessels were very different from those subsequently used, having been constructed of craft of a much simpler construction, named *Waka*. The first of these canoes which touched at the island was named *Araia*, and this brought over the first settlers, from whom the Maori are descended. If any faith is to be attached to this tradition, *Hawaiki* is probably the name as *Be*, the largest of the Sandwich Islands, situated some four thousand miles to the northwest of New Zealand, though how the distance could be traversed by canoe is utterly incomprehensible.

The Maori are a tall, handsome people, and whether of a pure or mixed race, occupy no mean place in the scale of humanity. In stature they



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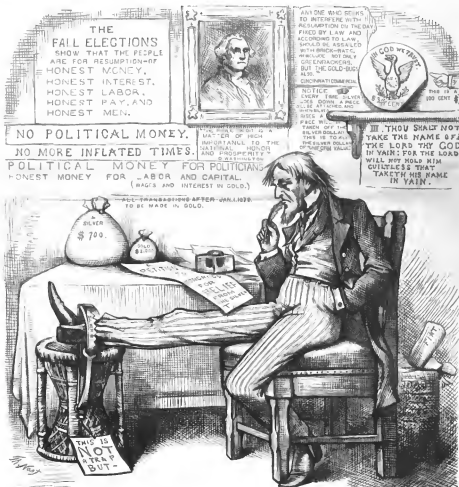
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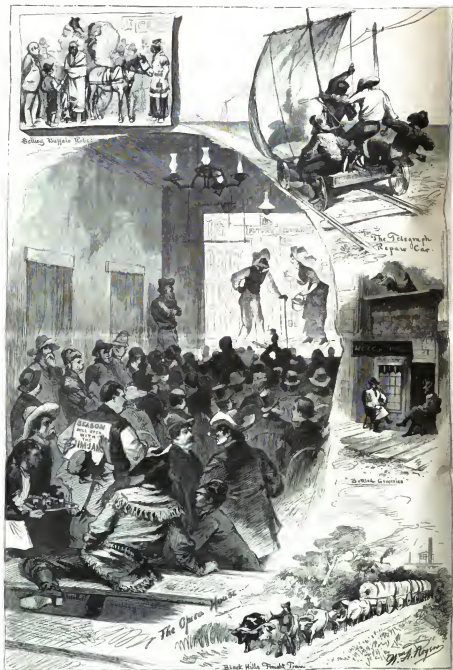


THE SOONER THE BETTER.









SCENERY IN DEADWOOD, DAKOTA.—DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS.—[SEE PAGE 989.]

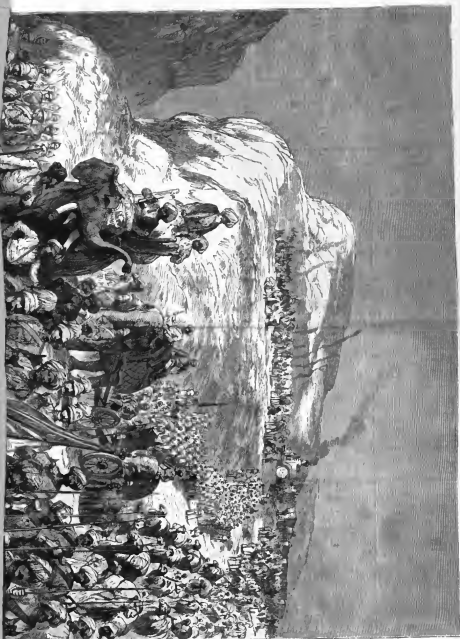


THE NEW LEADER IN CUBA—THE LANSING AT HALYAS—THE "SALVADOR" PASSING THROUGH THE FLAT TO THE MOUNTAIN—FROM A SKETCH BY H. BARNES. (See Page 189.)











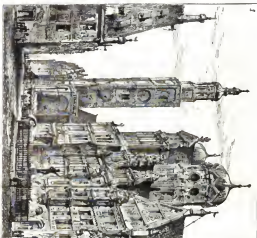






THE FIELD OF BLOOD.

REPRODUCED FROM THE CARICATURE BY M. GAMBETTA. "Monsieur, you must not set such a bad example to Republics. If American Statesmen should fight duels for calling each other names—just think of it!"



# RUABIAN ARCHITECTURE.

SE portion of Europe is richer in relics of a glorious past than that part of Germany which was once the wealthy and prosperous duchy of Silesia. Endowed with no more than a name, and parcelled out between the two modern kingdoms of Saxony and Wurtemberg, with little political importance and in great wealth to boast of, yet in whose time it was the cradle of the great GERMANY family, its chiefs exercised authority over the whole country around, and its capital was one of the great commercial centres of the world. At one time Silesia was the centre of German art as represented by the Silesians, BRUNNEN, and ALBRECHT, while its architects may find their own land with nearly and magnificent buildings, of which the cathedrals of Angsburg and Elm alone would serve to illustrate them, but were used for to erect the finest cathedrals of Silesia and Prussia, and even portions of the great monastery of Silesia.

Among the more marvellous of architectural art as to be found in Silesia, none are more imposing than those of Angsburg, whose history, much of which may be read in its monuments, dates back to the days of the CATHOLIC. The foundation of Angsburg was the "citadel" planned by the Emperor Frederick after the conquest of the Vandalic, probably on the site of the former residence of that people. It was called Angsburg (Friedrichsburg), from whence came the present name. It became the capital of the province of Silesia, and held state by the throne in the 15th century, and afterward made part of the dominion of the French king. In the year of CALISTO, with EXETER of Silesia it was again destroyed. After the division of CALISTO's empire it

came under the Duke of Silesia, but becoming rich by commerce, it was able to purchase gradually many privileges, and finally became a free city of the empire. After this it rose to greater prosperity than ever, reaching the summit of its importance by the beginning of the 18th century. All throughout the city may be seen evidence of the great wealth of the inhabitants and the interest felt in art during those the palmy days of its existence.

The first church of our group, University of Silesia architecture, gives a view of the principal church of Angsburg, the Maximilian Church. The large building on the right is the Rathsbaus, while just beyond is seen the lofty "Perfector Tower," over three hundred and fifty feet in height. The Maximilian Church, more than a mile in length, is lined on both sides with ancient houses decorated with fresco paintings embracing a great variety of subjects, ranging from portraits of emperors, clerics, and ladies to pictures of imperial diets, great battles, and other matters of national pride. Angsburg was celebrated for its human work during the Middle Ages, and these examples of skill in tracing the moral one to be seen in the three magnificent fountains which adorn the Maximilian Church, and the splendid shields and trophies which ornament the gates of the Rathsbaus and other public buildings. The cathedral of Angsburg, though not a very grand specimen of architecture, contains much that is interesting, and is rich in art treasures of the earlier Silesian school. Fine paintings are to be seen over the altar of the altar. The church, Zimmern, and Kasten tower. The nave is also worthy of attention, being in the very earliest Romanesque style, and carved by bronze doors carved with best relief which rep-









SUMMIT OF MOUNT OLYMPUS, CYPRUS.

## A CLASSIC MOUNTAIN.

In presenting our readers with a view of Mount Olympus, in the island of Cyprus, we should like to add to the interest of the scene by insisting that here was the favored dwelling-place of Immortal Jove and the other deities that figure so conspicuously in classic poetry. Unfortunately, however, there is so much mystery about the precise location of the Mount Olympus of Cyprian mythology and romance that it is difficult to form any opinion as to which, among the several peaks requiring in the same high-sounding title was real-

ly regarded by the ancients as the abode of Jupiter's most illustrious son. Cyprian tradition gives no clue to any great crags connected with the holy mountain that rises on her eastern shore, neither can we learn whether it was here or on another promontory of the same name on the northwestern side of the island that the once famous Temple of Zeus Acraea once stood.

Modern travelers find little to tell us of the Mount Olympus of Cyprus, except that it is a beautiful mountain rising above a range of lofty hills clothed in magnificent forests of cedar. Many of the finest trees have been cut down, but

the supply still seems unlimited. In height the mountain stands some 5,200 feet above the sea-level, and is situated midway between the towns of Nicosia and Larnaca, while on its side prevails the little village of Protokomna—a fitting place for persons who intend to visit the summit. Here a most beautiful view of the surrounding heights, the sea beyond, and indeed of the whole island of Cyprus, may be obtained. It was this fact that induced Mr. J. Thompson, the photographic artist to whom we are indebted for our sketches, to ascend the misty heights of Olympus. Having visited Cyprus for the purpose of obtaining

views of its scenery, and of the costumes, figures, and dwellings of its inhabitants, the ascent of the mountain was naturally one of his most important objective points. Of his experiences in endeavoring to reach it, and of the protest that was made against modern art by the sparkle of air that inhabits a classic mountain, we may judge from our second sketch and the following note sent us by Mr. Thompson:

"Accompanied by an Arab drayman, HARRIS KIN, and my muleman, I rested at Protokomna for the night. It is the village nearest to the summit of Mount Olympus, built on the crest of



PHOTOGRAPHS ON MOUNT OLYMPUS, CYPRUS.







between Major Cavagnari and the Commander of Ali-Majid. A. The Khyber Pass.

THE BRITISH TROOPS NOVEMBER 21.—[FROM A SKETCH BY MAJOR CAVAGNARI AND MAJOR C. W. WILSON.]

of the great clan of the Bakhar Rajpoots, second only to the Soudas of Thakpore in numbers, and bearing a real pedigree of a thousand years, and a family one of you should not wish to. Major's Father's name is an aristocratic name, and celebrated for his feats in horse-riding, and in a village a wild horse with round eyes, and of the spot generally used. The mother of Nawab Chaudhuran Khan is the fourth generation is Amer Khan, the Prince

of Pindia, and the terror of Central India, who, after an adventurous life of plunder and rapine, arrived at for himself the principality of Tonk, in Rajpootana, and obtained his recognition as a sovereign prince from the British government less than a century ago.

In the 14th of September the members of the mission were assembled at Peshawar, and every thing was ready for an advance. Great efforts had been made by the Natives to induce the Eng-

lish and camp-followers to within the smallest limits consistent with the dignity of a powerful nation advancing into a friendly country. The army consisted of the elements of discipline, equipment, rendering himself with a single-poled tent. A double-poled tent was taken for the men and officers. An few servants as possible were taken, and all unnecessary stores deposited with, but not within the camp near-

ness. This ended the preparations for the advance of the difference existing between the Government of Afghanistan and the British government. Since then the British have been in the Khyber Pass, resulting in the capture of the fortress of Ali-Majid, and also the village of Lala Chuan, which was given orders for the return of the whole party to Peshawar.

of some seven hundred followers, with about three hundred camels, and two hundred and fifty mules. The order for the start was about to be issued, when suddenly the news arrived that the garrison at Ali-Majid—small fort perched on a hill which commands the Khyber Pass, the route to be taken by the mission—had retreated unless from Ali-Majid to keep the advance of the English army into Afghan territory. The advance would have been to push slowly upon the face of the whole party, unless they were willing to turn back at the first relief. In which case the dignity of the mission would have been completely sacrificed. The decision appeared to be an exceedingly awkward one, but it was finally decided that the best course to pursue would be to send forward Major Cavagnari, with a small escort to overtake the advance of the mission, compelling the pass. Accordingly Major Cavagnari ordered Major Cavagnari to proceed with the camp to Jalandar, and at that point to have an escort consisting of some of the most important men of the neighbourhood—several chiefs of the Khyber, who had undertaken to conduct the English through the Khyber Pass unless forced down to do so by the Americans—a detachment of their own cavalry. With these he was to go on to ward Ali-Majid until he should be stopped either by a sufficient show of force or by the assistance on the part of the American officials that were would be employed to protect the passage of the mission. In the morning the Natives waited at Peshawar to learn the issue of events.

At half past nine on the morning of tomorrow the Elia, Major Cavagnari set out from Jalandar at the posthouse several of driving him. After proceeding some four miles along the river, the little party came in sight of Ali-Majid, which stands on a high, some six hundred feet above the level of a small stream winding along the bottom of the pass, and called by country people, the Khyber River. On arriving at the heights above the village of Lala Chuan, however, it was found that the pickets from Ali-Majid had been placed on the ridge in front, which commanded not only the descent to the village, but also the remainder of the road to the fort, which from this point lies through the bed of the river. As soon as it was ascertained that this point had been directed to oppose the advance of the English, messages were sent to the officers in command of the garrison, desiring that he should come out to an interview with Major Cavagnari, or else permit the latter to be proved unassailable to Ali-Majid.

After considerable delay a reply was brought in the effect that Feroz Khan was about to come to Lala Chuan, where he would hold an interview with the English officer. Major Cavagnari, accompanied by Captain Jenkins and a number of the staff, then descended into the bed of the river, leaving the main body with the escort on the heights above to cover the movement in case matters should not turn out favorably. After some half an hour's party Feroz Khan gave Major Cavagnari distinctly to understand that if the British mission advanced it would be opposed by force of arms. Although the responsibility that would rest with the Army if a peaceful relation was rejected in this manner was pointed out to the commander, he decisively declared that he had no other alternative. The interview ended with some Oriental expressions of friendship, and the English officers repaired their way and returned to camp. The result of the meeting between the officers and the commander of the fort was communicated to the British Government by the British Government during the day, and on the same evening the government gave orders for the return of the whole party to Peshawar.

This ended the preparations for the advance of the difference existing between the Government of Afghanistan and the British government. Since then the British have been in the Khyber Pass, resulting in the capture of the fortress of Ali-Majid, and also the village of Lala Chuan, which was given orders for the return of the whole party to Peshawar.

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THE NEW INDIAN WAR

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THE LATE GEORGE THOMPSON.



WILLIAM MORRIS, POET AND ARTIST.—(See Page 1001.)

## GEORGE THOMPSON.

By WILLIAM LLOYD HARRISON.  
 Two portraits of the late General Thompson, one in England, in the United States, in the present number of *Harper's*, is copied from an admirable engraving taken on his second visit to the United

States, in 1850, and in the forty-sixth year of his age. His numerous friends and admirers on both sides of the Atlantic can not fail to be gratified in having him thus brought to their recollection, as the original was deemed a striking "counterpart" of his features at that time.  
 Mr. Thompson was born in Liverpool on the

19th of June, 1804, and departed this life on the 9th of October, 1878. He was a man of cultured mind and literary attainments, and his mother a woman of good understanding. In very early life he began to cultivate that aptitude for public speaking which ultimately made him conspicuous among the most eloquent orators in

Great Britain. At the age of eighteen he was a prominent member of several metropolitan debating societies in London. In 1821 he entered into the service of the London Anti-Slavery Society, and succeeded by his eloquent advocacy of the cause of the West India Islanders in electing him to the position of secretary of the same.

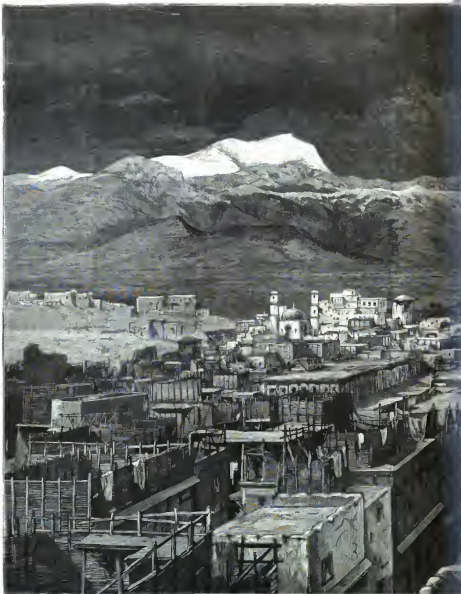


THE NEW RÉGIME IN CANADA.—THE ST. ANDREW'S BALL AT MONTREAL.—FROM A SKETCH BY HENRI FARRER.—(See Page 1011.)









THE AFGHAN WAR—PESHAWAR

## AT THE GATE OF THE PASS.

PESHAWAR VALLEY, a province of the Punjab, forms the northeastern corner of the British Empire in India, and fronts immediately upon Afghanistan, of which it was originally a part. Through it passes the great route which connects the India to Amak, and leads, by way of the passes of the Kohistan Mountains, to Kabul and Herat. It is also traversed by the great truck road from Lahore to the city of Peshawar, along which is situated in times of peace the army of the Punjab.

In 1879 the Afghans surrounded the province of Peshawar to its river border, the great Indian

river, from which again it was seized by the English during the famous Sikh wars, which gave the latter dominion over the whole of the Punjab. At present the city of Peshawar is regarded as the most important military post within the British possessions. The regular garrison consists of three batteries of artillery, two English regiments, two of native cavalry, and one of infantry. There is a series of mud forts along the frontier line, which are usually occupied by detachments of native troops, namely, Fort Mackeson, commanding the Kohistan Pass, Fort Mather, at the entrance of the Tarnak Pass, and Fort Bhek, which commands the Carappa Pass, leading to Lalpore, the strong garrison of Peshawar

itself standing sentinel at the mouth of the Khyber, with the police watch-tower on the extreme frontier line.

The city of Peshawar, when visited in the early part of the present century by General Evers, great, commander of the English troops during the Afghan war of 1842, was a flourishing town, about five miles in extent, and reported to contain 100,000 inhabitants. When compelled to surrender to the Afghans, it suffered the usual fate of conquered cities. Its way of conquest was the inhabitants he ordered the demolition of the Bala Hissar, at once the capital and the state residence, destroyed the fine houses of the chief Afghans, despoiled the mosques, and by cutting

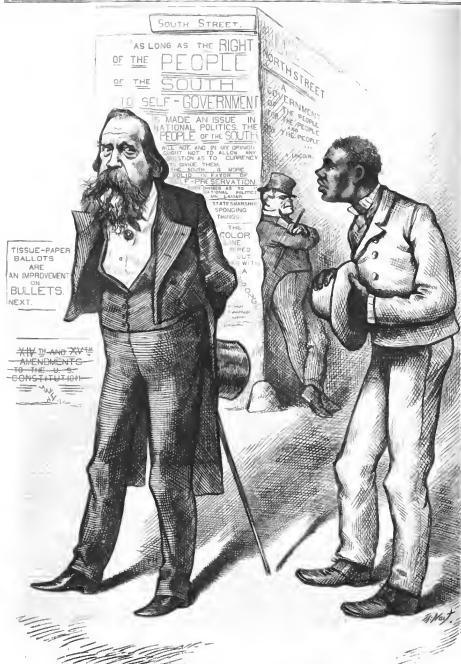
down groves and orchards laid waste the surrounding country. Under the rule of the Sikhs, oppression and exactions prevailed for a time, but the revival of the former prosperity. Commerce languished, and the residents of Peshawar were obliged to look on and see the finest ornaments of their city destroyed, and their religious edifices, many of which were splendid specimens of Oriental architecture, willfully perished. The one great monument of Sikh rule which remains is the fortress erected by them on the site of Bala Hissar. It covers a square of 230 yards, and is encircled by mud walls at each angle, every corner having in front of it a semicircular niche. There is a hauss-hayle all round, of

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widering  
of drans  
kill by a  
military  
valley is









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JOHN GILBERT.—Photomontage at Boston.—[SEE PAGE 1016.]



OLE BULL.—Photomontage at Boston.—[SEE PAGE 1016.]

## CHICAGO LOAN EXHIBITION.

The Ladies' Decorative Art Society of Chicago recently opened a Fair-Lent Exhibition, following the example of the parent society in this city. With a liberality deserving of the highest praise, the citizens of Chicago and their art treasures in the exhibition rooms, and gave the public an

opportunity to feast their eyes on paintings, sculptures, bronzes, engravings, beautiful specimens of pottery and porcelain, and other objects of interest.

The society under whose auspices this exhibition is held was organized in May, 1873. It now numbers about 250 active members, and during the past year and a half has received instruction

for teachers employed by the society. Several scholarships have been established for the benefit of those who can not afford to pay for instruction, and the number will probably be increased during the coming year. An art library is also in process of collection, which already includes a large number of works that illustrate the history and development of the fine arts. Every

course of lectures, and the reading of essays on subjects connected with art are among the means adopted by the society to interest the public in the efforts which it was organized to promote. These efforts have been attended with great success, and have done much toward the extension of art knowledge and culture among the people of the city.



THE CHICAGO LOAN EXHIBITION.—[FROM A SKETCH BY G. B. HENCKS.]











REGIMON'S TIP-ON, THE REGIMENT MOUNTAIN OF THE SULIMAN RANGE, ON THE AFGHAN FRONTIER OF THE PUNJAB

## SOLOMON'S THRONE.

THE above engraving gives a view of the Damm, or Boulder Lake, which lies between the Suliman Mountains and the river Indus, and forms a portion of the British possessions in India. This tract formerly constituted a part of Herat's Peshawar kingdom of Lohori, but was annexed by the English at the close of the Sikh war. With the exception of the small districts that are under cultivation, it presents a general appearance of a plain of smooth, level clay, bare of trees, but sprinkled with bushes, tamarisks, and occasionally ones of a larger size. These seldom ex-

ceed the height of thirty feet, both soil and climate being unfavorable to their further growth. In places the clay surface is more partly composed of a loose and unconsolidated sand. The clay seems to be deposited by the waters either of the Indus or of the numerous small rivers which, during the season of the melting snow, stream down from the mountains. Where only irrigated, it is very productive, and few countries are more fertile than the Damm, or this portion of the plain which extends along the bank of the Indus. The Damm is strewed with towns and villages, among the more important of which are Dera Feroz Khan, Dera Ghazi Khan, and Dera Ismail Khan.

From a house-top in the latter place the view given in our engraving was obtained.

The western boundary of this plain is formed by the Suliman Mountains, which also constitute the dividing line between the British possessions and Afghanistan. There may be said to commence in latitude  $33^{\circ} 50'$  and to extend due south to nearly the seventeenth meridian of longitude for a distance of about 230 miles. They attain their greatest height in latitude  $31^{\circ} 45'$ , where the "Tablet-Suliman, or Suliman's Tomb," which is seen in our picture, rises some 11,000 feet above the sea. Of its geological structure scarcely any thing is known. Various only

since that "it results of recent formations, principally sandstone and secondary limestone, rising in successive and other anticlinal ridges, the strata being much shattered and contorted, and often overlaid by shingle." The eastern declivity of this range rises rather steeply to the valley of the Indus, giving rise to the water-course already alluded to as watering the Damm. The eastern slope, which extends to the desert tablelands of Swatow, is much more gradual. It is remarkable that no stream rising in this range is known to reach the sea by any channel except the Kuram, which discharges a steady volume of water into the Indus above Kala Bakh.







ENGLISH CHURCH ARCHITECTURE



W. AT ELY.—[See Page 1026.]



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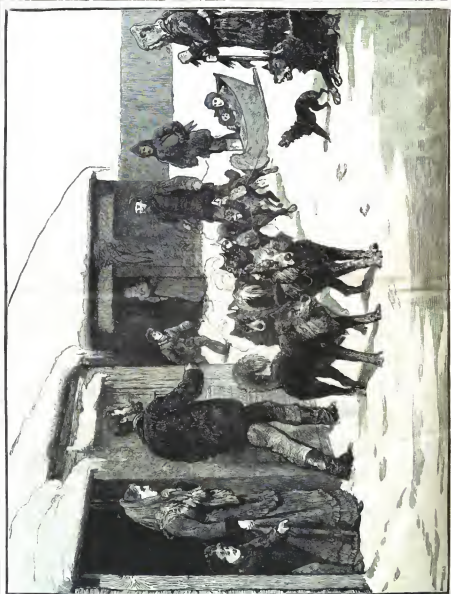
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